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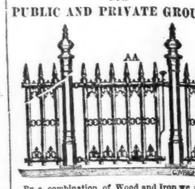
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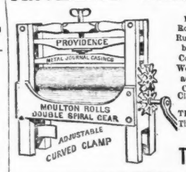

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NO LOSS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHAT thou puttest by
Without a sigh
Is not wasted for God's treasury.

Nor is that a wise,
True sacrifice
When a stifled aspiration dies.

Blind zeal may betray;
Fling not away
What was given for thine immortal stay.

Never lay the blame
On God's great name
For the lack that of thine own choice came.

Every hour brings seed,
That, sown, will feed
Some half-famished Future's eager need.

Go to, hungry heart!
Standing apart,
Gazing on abundance, starving art?

Hast no clew to this?
Something's amiss
When a soul of joy defrauded is.

Yet take courage—wait!
Early or late
Life restores the missing Keys of Fate.

Whatso is thine own,
Divinely known,
None can take from thee, save Self alone.

All thy unclaimed gold,
Riches untold,
Time for thee with usury will hold.

Near thee, close before,
Opens a door:
Safe at home, no heart shall hunger more.

THE ANNIHILATION DOCTRINE "EXPERIENCED."

BY REV. WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

M. RÉNAN prefaces his romance of Jesus with the remark that the necessary *qualification* of the critic of a religion is to have once believed it and to believe it no longer. This brilliant and seductive paradox is probably as neat a case of what logicians call the *petitio principii* as is to be found in literature. For M. Rénan is about to enter upon his criticism of the Christian religion, and determine the question Is it true, or is it false? He sets out with the answer "It is false," deftly concealed in the general terms of his critical canon. For to have believed and now to disbelieve a religion can qualify to criticise it only if it be a false religion. Having once believed a true religion, and now mistakenly to disbelieve it, is, of course, the supreme and conclusive disqualification for criticising it. This complacent generalization of the Frenchman is a good specimen of that infinite self-conceit which is the vitiating element in all the prevalent anti-Christian criticism of the times.

I, nevertheless, acknowledge that I approach the subject of annihilation (understood in the technical theological sense of that term) with something of the spirit betrayed in the seeming fair, but most consummately unfair dictum of M. Rénan. My qualification is that I have "experienced" the doctrine; and that I reject it with unspeakable abhorrence. May I relate my experience?

It happened that, before I entered college even, I read enough of the annihilation literature to be somewhat shaken in the former firmness of my orthodox belief. Other subjects, however, had diverted my attention from that, and the doubt slept. In this state of mind I went to college. A year after matriculation I came before a board for examination of my Christian experience and my religious creed. I had to answer a series of categorical questions. One was: "Do you believe in the endless conscious punishment of the wicked?" I hesitated. If the word "conscious" were omitted, I could answer Yes, I said. The president of the board was a doctor of divinity, *truculently* sound, and his forehead grew black and thunderous. I added that I did not believe to the contrary. I was simply in suspense. But suspense was horrible to that orthodox board president. He browbeat the young collegian with exemplary severity, and somehow the examination ended. Dr. Orthodox went afterward to Chicago, and was publicly convicted there of preaching sound doctrine in sermons stolen bodily from Dr. Guthrie. He finished his career, I believe, as a chaplain in the Confederate Army.

The subject went to sleep again in my mind, and remained dormant until the first year of my theological course. One rhetorical society happened to be at a loss for a topic of debate. I suggested the doctrine of annihilation. Most of my fellow-students seemed not even to have heard of the doctrine. I stated the substance of it. "All on one side," they said; "twouldn't do." "But it's not all on one side," I answered. "Well, who will sustain the heretical side?" In default of other offer, I volunteered.

The debate came off, and was continued from week to week with great interest. Somehow the news of what was doing in our hall got blazed abroad, and the public poured in. Numbers of persons, somewhat motley in aspect and garb, with long hair, with begrimed features, with soiled dress, strayed into the assemblages, and supported the heretic with dubious re-enforcement of accord after the public exercises were over. I received letters of cheer in bad spelling, with name and without name. In short, the prospect of companionship for a heretic on the point in discussion seemed entirely too encouraging. However, I had got fascinated with the investigation, and I persisted. In that ingenuous stage truth was everything, and all besides was nothing. Moreover, I was brought into some personal contacts among the annihilationists that were not destitute of the charm of what seemed a true spiritual congeniality. A Rev. Mr. Cook, resident in Rochester, was one of them. I met some holders of the doctrine who were well informed, and were learned—at least, in their specialty. Mr. H. L. Hastings, a prolific writer of tracts on religious subjects, who always started from the doctrine of annihilation, or returned to it, in his energetic, pointed appeals to the unconverted, was among my new acquaintances of this class. Finally, Mr. C. F. Hudson, the coryphæus of the heresy, made it in his way—when in Rochester, on a visit to the Neander Library, belonging to the Theological Seminary, for the purpose of pursuing some one of his patient researches in the literature and history of the doctrine—to seek me out and establish me in the way more perfectly. The zeal of the brethren, at least, was exemplary.

I read the Bible with my new eyes. How different everything in it looked! The new interpretation being applied, the old proof-texts that used to confound the heresy off-hand so easily became its plausible supports. Slowly, but effectually, the whole firmament over my head had swung half-way round. It moved full one hundred and eighty degrees—no more—and stopped. East was west, and west was east; north was south, and south was north. What a bewildering exchange among the points of the biblical compass! LIFE and DEATH became such different words!

I went on preaching Sunday after Sunday. My faith grew strong as it grew desperate. I preached of the future of the good and of the wicked; but I carefully limited myself to the use of biblical language, without gloss. A general skepticism threatened me. I said: If the Bible may mean so differently from my former opinion and belief, what is there that is certain? I questioned everything—everything but Christ. The Galilæan sentimentalist of M. Rénan, the weak and foolish if not wicked rustic enthusiast of our countryman, Mr. Towne, held me. I never doubted HIM. The waves of that wintry desolation rolled over all things, and smote against the base of the Throne of God itself. Ah! how little the people in the American Presbyterian church of St. Catherine's, Canada, dreamed of the state of soul out of which their student-preacher from Rochester preached to them! How should they guess with what an agony of faith in the death-grapple of doubt their Gospel was given to them? I wondered sometimes, as I told them, with a terrible earnestness, that went almost mad with the terror, "The solid earth may be a phantom, the sun in heaven may be a show, the heaven itself overhead may be a vision—all, all else, may be false and hollow; but, if there is anything real, if there is anything true, if there is anything that abides forever, then it is this Bible, this Gospel—it is God, it is Christ"—I wondered, I say, sometimes that they did not think me crazy. I spoke my conviction; but my conscience made me say the "if."

Such was the peculiar sensitiveness of my spiritual condition that the displeasing fraternizations that offered themselves to me in this experience helped more than they hindered the assault of the doctrine. I was so set to give truth its full, fair chance. I attended the meetings of the heretics. I heard them talk and heard them pray among themselves at home. This gave me the first decisive check and pause. The natural affiliations of the doctrine of annihilation declared themselves. They were all materialistic and gross. The Christ of the annihilationists was not my Christ. Their Holy Spirit was not mine. I caught a glimpse, swifter and of a further range than my logic's ken, of the doctrinal implications of the heresy. I saw the whole system of theology involved. I shuddered and recoiled.

I experienced a sentimental and not a logical salvation. To this day it is easier for me to feel than to prove the arguments of the annihilationists false. The Bible is wonderfully plastic to their manipulation. Nor do I mean thus to reflect upon their sincerity in their belief. Much of their literature is saturated with the Christian spirit, transferred. I must think, from other and better schools of doctrine, forsaken for the worse. But, when their texts and their interpretations seem most conclusive to the man that has passed through my experiences, it is enough for him that he can demur and ask, unpersuaded:

"Who forged that other influence,
That heart of inward evidence,
By which I doubt against the sense?"

A Spring Shower.

ALCOHOLIC MEDICATION.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

IN the London Hospital from 1862 to 1864 the deaths in the medical department increased from 7 to 10 per cent., and in the surgical department from 4.48 per cent. to 6.55 per cent., being in both departments an increase of deaths of nearly fifty per cent.; and during these years there was a corresponding increase in the quantity of alcoholics prescribed. And in every experiment in English hospitals of treatment of disease without spirits, or in the greatly reduced quantities, the death-rate has been largely reduced, without exception. Dr. Rees says that heart disease, which so frequently follows rheumatic fever, is generally the result of stimulant treatment, and not of the disease; and that in his own practice, without alcoholics, he has found that disease to yield in much less time than formerly, and with only one per cent. of heart disease. The late Dr. Mussey, of Cincinnati, said that "trains of morbid symptoms are often aggravated by stimulant practice, and new centers of irritation are established, which, if not sufficient to destroy the patient, prolong the period of fever, and frequently cause relapses or a lingering convalescence."

Dr. Henderson, of Shanghai, and Dr. Bishop, of Naples, some years ago, tried the non-alcoholic treatment of fevers; and the result was a death-rate reduced from twenty-eight per cent. to seven per cent.—one-fourth of the former rate. Dr. Chambers, under the alcoholic treatment of fevers, lost twenty per cent. of his patients, but without alcohol he lost only three patients in 121 cases; and in his "Clinical Lectures" he says: "I caution you against employing wine as a substitute for the true restorative treatment."

The eminent Dr. Todd is responsible for the new impulse given to alcoholic treatment of typhus and typhoid fevers. His recommendation seems to have been followed blindly by a large part of the profession, notwithstanding the very large death-rate in his own practice. Dr. A. W. Barclay, in his "Medical Errors," speaking of Dr. Todd's practice, says that in common fever he lost eleven cases out of twenty-four. And Dr. Lees says: "It is now well understood that Prince Albert was killed by the alcoholic treatment, to which the Prince strongly objected." Dr. Barclay says that the results of Dr. Todd's practice "contain in themselves a complete refutation of his theory." In eighteen cases of rheumatic fever treated with alcohol Dr. Todd had fifteen cases of heart-disease as the result.

Dr. Lees says that the advocates of alcoholic treatment "*imagine*" two useful results from it: 1, as *fuel* to keep up animal heat when solid food cannot be taken; 2, as an *anæsthetic*, like chloroform, which will arrest the destructive waste of the nervous system, indicated by low-muttering delirium—like a drug to a carriage going too rapidly down-hill. "Our answer is that this is altogether a matter of *fact*, not of theory; and facts are dead against the fancy." . . . "Milk, unfermented wine, or fruit juices are better fuel than alcohol; while the wet sheet, or ice, applied to the head or spine, is equally potent and infinitely preferable for soothing the nervous system and regulating the pulse."

Dr. Archibald Billing ("Principles of Medicine," London, 1841) says: "Tonics give strength; *stimulants call it forth*. Stimulants excite action; but action is not strength. On the contrary, overaction increases exhaustion. One thing necessary to the recovery of the nervous system (in fever) is *arterial blood*. To produce this of good quality, digestion and free respiration are requisite. The digestion having been disturbed, it is useless to supply other than fluid nutriment (I have found milk the best) until some renewal of nervous energy takes place. *This restoration will not be expedited by stimulants.*"

In 1864 Professor Dr. Gardiner, of Glasgow, published some elaborate statistics relating to the treatment of typhus fever in the hospitals of that city, which are entitled to the highest consideration. These statistics relate to nearly six hundred cases, of all ages, in which the mortality lessened exactly as the doses of alcohol diminished, milk or buttermilk being given in its place. The reduction of wine from an average of 34 ounces to 2½ was followed by a death-rate diminished from 17 per cent. to 11 per cent.—more than one-fourth. In 209 children with typhus fever treated without alcohol not one died. In the *Infirmary* alcohol was given in the same class of cases, and many patients died. The Dr. says that an inquest should have been held upon them, and the verdict should have been: "Infanticide by medical routine and obstinacy." Dr. Russell, also of Glasgow, in commenting on the above facts, says: "Alcoholic stimulants are a two-edged sword in the hands of the practitioner."

Dr. Chambers, speaking of alcoholic medication, in his "Clinical Lectures," says: "In albuminurea the alcohol has the most harmful power. It has not, like mercury, a virtue which makes you overlook its *felony*. It seems to do nothing but harm in that deficiency of life which is the essence of the disease." . . . "What I wish particularly to remark is, that the primary as well as the secondary action (of alcohol) is a diminution of vitality. We may without hesitation conclude that alcohol is primarily and essentially a lessener of the power of the nervous system. Jaundice seems to be aggravated by alcohol. The action of frequent small drams is to produce the greatest amount of harm with the least amount of good." Alcohol is almost universally prescribed in cases of consumption. In this disease the blood is never properly aerated, by reason of the diseased condition of the lungs. In *healthy* persons alcohol prevents the proper aeration of the blood, because the alcohol in the blood has a stronger affinity for oxygen than carbon has, and seizes upon it, leaving the carbon behind, in the circulation, to impede and derange the vital functions. It seems to be extraordinary that, in a disease where the patient is suffering from an imperfect aeration of the blood, a drug should be given that tends directly to vitiate still further that vital fluid. Professor Lehman, in his "Physiological Chemistry," says: "When once the *fact* is admitted that the first thing in many diseases is to furnish a *copious supply of oxygen* to the blood, which has been loaded with imperfectly decomposed substances, and to remove, as quickly as possible, the carbonic acid that has accumulated in it, these observations will have afforded us [indicated to us?] true remedial agencies which exceed almost every other in the certainty of their action. We should forbid [therefore] the use of spirituous drinks, and not even prescribe tinctures, which hinder the necessary excretion of carbonic acid."

Dr. Lees, in speaking of the administration of alcohol in consumption, says: "It has neither tonic nor restorative properties of any kind; but it has a good deal to do with *causing* this disease." Dr. E. Smith, of Sheffield, in his work on consumption, says: "Gin drinking is one of the causes of phthisis. . . . Alcohol is not transformed in the system. It is impossible to affirm that it is good, in the ordinary acceptation of that term." Professor Davis published the result of 210 cases of consumption, in hospital and private practice. He says: "Of these, in one-third of the whole number, the tubercular disease commenced and progressed through all its stages while the subjects of it were at the time, and had been from one to twelve years previously, habitually using either fermented or distilled spirits. I have never seen a case in which an apparent improvement under the use of alcoholic drinks was permanent. On the contrary, after a few months, the digestive function becomes impaired; emaciation begins to increase more rapidly than ever, and in a few weeks arrives at a total prostration."

A very respectable physician of this city, whom I know very well, has a patient, a young mother, suffering from broken breast, and he prescribes large and frequent doses of whisky and Scotch ale! The husband, a friend of mine, asked the doctor what these drinks were to accomplish. And he said: "To support and strengthen the patient and to promote healthy lactation!" An intelligent man would infer from that reply that the doctor is a quack. Far from it; he is not only a "regular," but a lecturer on the theory and practice of medicine in one of our best medical schools. "*To support and strengthen the patient!*"

I should like to have this doctor and Dr. King Chambers brought face to face to settle the matter. In his lectures, Dr. Chambers says: "It is clear that we must cease to regard alcohol as in *any sense* an aliment, inasmuch as it goes out as it went in, and does not, so far as we know, leave any of its substance behind it. It remains for some hours in the body, and exerts in that time a powerful influence. What is that influence, and over what tissues is it exerted? 'A stimulant to the nervous system.' But what *is* a stimulant? It is usually held to be something which spurs on an animal operated upon to a more vigorous performance of its duties. It seems *very doubtful* if on the healthy nervous system this is ever the effect of alcohol, even in the most moderate doses and for the shortest periods of time." The British *Medical Journal* (June, 1868), in speaking of the lectures of Professor Gardiner "On the Limits of Alcoholic Stimulation in Acute Disease," says: "The lecturer condemns the practice and also the theoretical views leading to the practice of the late Dr. Todd. It is nearly as possible a demonstrated fact that much of what is spent in wine and spirits for the sick in hospitals, and, therefore, probably in private practice, is unnecessarily if not injuriously spent."

Many years ago, on a visit to the Massachusetts General Hospital, I saw in the basement a large square apartment of brick, with only one small door. In answer to my inquiry, the janitor said it was the wine and spirit cellar. "The Boston physicians attend the hospital turn and turn about," he said. "When some doctors have their turn the key is always in that door; but when Dr. Warren (the late eminent J. C. Warren) is here *the door is never opened*." Dr. Warren was at the head of the profession in New England.

"AND A MAN SHALL BE AS AN HIDING-PLACE."

BY W. ORMISTON, D.D.

OF whom speaketh the prophet this, of himself or of some other man? There is but one man to whom the characteristics so graphically delineated by the prophet can with any propriety be applied; and he is the Man of Nazareth, the only perfect man. The imagery of the entire prediction is borrowed from the reign of a righteous, benignant, and gracious sovereign, in a time of peace, plenty, and prosperity, and beautifully illustrates the beneficent effects and higher blessings of the coming and kingdom of the Messiah. The figure of the text is simple and suggestive: a vast, arid desert waste and dreary, over which a lone traveler wends his weary way toward his distant home. He halts to rest. He hears a strange, ominous sound, the presage of the coming blast. The howling wind raises billows of fiery dust which threaten to entomb him. He sees it approach, and, shuddering, sinks down in hopeless resignation; but, as he falls, he discerns through the thickening air the unyielding outline of a towering rock. Animated by hope, he hastens thither, and behind its covert finds a refuge till the storm is over; then gratefully passes on his way. The scene changes a little. There is the same wild wilderness, the same solitary pilgrim; but, instead of the raging blast, there is an oppressive calm, grim, dead, overpowering. From the glowing heavens the burning sun sheds down fierce rays, which scorch the ground beneath his feet and exhaust his strength. Heated and thirsty, fatigued and fainting, he lies down in despondency to die. His quickened ear catches the sound of rippling water. Thoughts of his home and the loved ones there rush upon his heart, and nerve him for another effort; and, rising, he beholds in the distance a verdure, covered hill, and at its base finds a cooling spring. He drinks the refreshing waters; rests in the cool, invigorating shadow; and then gladly prosecutes his journey. Such, in fact, is the Christian's history—a scene of varied and trying experience; a succession of storm and calm, cloud and sunshine, peril and peace; with the consoling and inspiring assurance that for him the hiding-place and covert, spring and shade, are ever near. In the Gospel the Lord Jesus *the Man* is presented as a *Rock of Refuge* and a *River of Refreshment*—the source alike of safety and supply, of shelter and support.

Jesus is a *Rock of Refuge* from the tempest of the divine indignation. From the great and holy God is angry with the wicked is an awfully solemn and impressive thought. Many are unwilling to think of it, and do not realize the imminent danger which overhangs them while ungodly and impenitent. The idea is dreaded, disliked, and by some disbelieved; but revelation and history, observation and consciousness, all concur in attesting the truth that a world lying in wickedness is a world under wrath. The Word of God, in language telling and terrible in its plain simplicity, demands a hearing. John says: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." It is not said that it will come upon him; but that it resteth on him now. Again Paul writes: "The wrath of God is revealed from Heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." Impenitent men and rejecters of the Gospel are represented as treasuring up "wrath against the day of wrath," and it is added that God will render to those who obey not the truth "indignation and wrath." And it is further solemnly declared that the Lord Jesus when he comes will "take vengeance" on all them that know not God and obey not the Gospel of his Son. That day of wrath will surely come; that tempest, rushing on the wings of time, is rapidly approaching. Now is the time to turn and flee, as prisoners of hope, to the stronghold opened in the Gospel. All other refuges are vain and valueless. The stormy wind will rend them, and the flood shall carry them away. If the awakened and anxious ask how in this matter Jesus is a refuge, we reply, in accordance with the metaphor, that, like the rock, he comes between us and the storm. He endured for us its pitiless peltings. On him it fell. He was wounded and bruised for iniquities; the handwriting of ordinances which was against us was nailed to his cross, and there is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. The captive is free, the exile is at home, the lost is found, the dead is alive.

Jesus is also a refuge from the storms of earthly agitation, amid the scenes of public distress which frequently occur. All around us lie the elements of a social convulsion, swift and terrible as the winds of the wilderness. Such times of trial as are depicted by the Psalmist or foretold by the Saviour—when the earth is removed, waters roar, and mountains shake, when men's hearts fail for fear and tremble with foreboding apprehension—have oft occurred, and may soon be upon us again; and only they who have faith in Him who sitteth at the right hand of the Majesty on high, controlling all events for the good of his people, can calmly say, "We will not fear." Our confidence cannot rest in the nature of our institutions, the excellence of our government, the wisdom of our statesmen, or the abundance of our resources. These may all be overthrown or utterly fail. But our trust is in the gracious purposes, the faithful promise, and the overruling providence of our enthroned Redeemer.

In all personal trials, too, the weary heart finds sweet repose and conscious strength in the sympathy of our exalted Head, who has borne our nature with him to the throne and has a fellow feeling with us in all our afflictions. Each heart knows its own bitterness, and bears its own burden of sin and sorrow, of grief and care; must wield sickness and suffering, pain and poverty, reproach and obloquy, while hopes are blighted, spirits crushed, friends fall, and the future is dark, it is good to find shelter and rest under the "shadow of his wing," and to lean with loving trust on the breast of him who sticketh closer than a brother. The Lord Jesus is presented not only as a hiding-place of perfect security in times of peril and danger; but also a *River of Refreshment*, when weary in service or weak in suffering, and especially when oppressed with a sense of the vanity and unsatisfactory nature of all earthly pursuits. The human heart thirsts for happiness and eagerly seeks it. In its hunger its constant cry is, Give, give; and every region of sense, of intellect, of imagination, of affection is explored with painful and indefatigable endeavor, in order to find something suited to its nature, adequate to its desires, commensurate with its needs. But the following search after the highest good amid the possessions and pursuits, the wealth or the works of time, will ever be constrained woefully to echo the conclusion of Koheleth, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." The world's fairest promises often prove illusive. What in the distance seemed to be the surface of a calm, placid lake, into whose cooling waters the heated, dusty pilgrim fain would plunge, proves, on nearing it, to be only a mirage, where the sand is deeper and the air quivers with an intenser heat. The fruit which from afar shone resplendent as an apple of gold, when eagerly grasped, lay in the hand ashes alone. Only when we turn to the living water offered in the Gospel can our feverish, consuming thirst be slaked and our hungry hearts satisfied. Reconciliation with God is the "one thing needful" for every human soul, and, when attained, both satisfies and sanctifies it. "Therefore, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God."

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The children of God need refreshment, too, when laboring under the toils and trials of the present life; and to all who trust him he is the daily manna around the tent, and the living water which follows them all the way. The people of God are, while in the world, exposed to all the ills to which our flesh is heir, and have some griefs peculiar to themselves. In the world they may expect tribulation; but in Christ is their hope. Amid weariness and despondency, difficulties and discouragements, afflictions and bereavements, child of God, look to him who has borne your griefs and carried your sorrows. Go to him in faith and prayer and hope, remember his character and history, his power and promises; think of his dying love, his living sympathy, and his prevailing intercession; and then thy languid pulse will beat with the throb of a new life, and thy nerveless spirit will thrill with a high and daring enthusiasm. Thy weakness will be turned into strength, thy grief to gladness, and thy trials to triumphs. Hagar in the wilderness, with her dying boy, as she sat and wept, saw a well of water; and her son lived. Jacob at Bethel, homeless and alone, had a vision of angels vouchsafed to him. Elijah by the brook had his wants supplied by the fowls of heaven. The Widow of Sarepta, in extreme destitution, was relieved by a divinely-sent beggar. The apostle, sinking in the sea, was rescued by a divine arm. The infirm woman, in the last extremity, was healed by virtue from the Saviour's touch. And so, child of penury, affliction, and sorrow, though no miracle may be wrought in thy behalf, he knoweth all thou needest, and in his own way will send thee succor and deliverance.

He is a Rock of Refuge; but affords safety only to those who are under his shadow. He will deliver all who put their trust in him; and only them. Stand, then, in the cleft of the rock. Tarry not in the open plain. Imminent danger threatens you there. Hasten to Zoar; it is very near.

He is a River of Refreshment; but its waters assuage the thirst of those alone who drink them. The living waters flow freely by; drink, that your soul may live. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

RELIGIOUS BEGGARY

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THERE is no such thing as religious beggary. All beggary is irreligious. A "converted Jew" walks through the country village, asking the hard-working farmers to help him prosecute his studies preparatory to going back to Jerusalem, and converting his brethren. He presents on a paper the names of several neighboring clergymen, by way of endorsement, some one of whom has also given him a list of the persons upon whom it will be worth his while to call. I survey him, an able-bodied young man, lounging across the country in a decent coat, daring to ask alms of men who toil from sunrise to sunset in shirt-sleeves; a strong man, with muscles in his arms, daring to ask bounty of women; and I think the Jews might as well stay unconverted. A self-supporting Jew

former plate should be devoted to replenishing the Sunday-school library! In the world this would be called grossness, but in the church it is only that "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up?" hath at least eaten out of me the unregenerate virtues of delicacy, modesty, and propriety, the sense of Christian and even of Pagan courtesy, and made me, instead of a self-respecting, high-minded Christian gentleman, a bold and shameless beggar.

Motive does not affect such deeds. Bad manners in the world do not become good manners by "joining the church."

Brass in the street is not gold in the pews. The whine of a beggar is not music because played on a Jew's harp. You might just as well ask your neighbors to put a piazza on your dwelling as neighboring churches to put a bell on your meeting-house. I have my own heathen constituency; it is an impertinence to ask me to look after *yours*. We inveigh justly enough against political corruption. We do not believe that all the money which is raised for election, goes to circulate documents or transport voters; but that many a stream deviates into dishonest pockets. The raising and the managing of church funds may not be open to the same objections; but, considering the higher plane of church than state, they are equally unsatisfactory. We have departed as far from piety as politics from honesty; and it is not unquestionable that we have always saved honesty intact. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" says Christ; and we send a subscription paper around the parish, with every man's gift against his name, the big figures at the top, to be seen of all, the little ones following suit in a pell-mell of publicity. "Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering of the Lord," was the divine way of building churches; and "they came, every one whose *heart* stirred him up, and every one whom his *spirit* made willing." We do not trust a man's heart to stir him up, nor his spirit to make him willing. If there is a church to be built or rebuilt, or a debt to be paid, we engineer it, from the first stage of reluctance to the last announcement of success. We have private conferences, and well-selected committees, and public meetings, minutely prepared for a well-manufactured, spontaneous enthusiasm. It is edifying to read in the religious newspapers that the Church of Sardis has by a free-will and united offering removed the heavy debt under which it had been suffering since the erection of its new house, so many members coming forward with five thousand dollars, so many with one thousand, cheering the heart of their pastor and reviving the faith of the saints. But it is not edifying always to hear the remarks the saints make at home touching the manipulations and manœuvers by which they have been forced to volunteer. If the free-will offering of the Israelites were like many of ours, Bezaleel, the son of Uri, and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, must have heard some pretty plain talk while they were melting up the bracelets and measuring off the fine linen.

The erection and the alteration of church buildings, the payment of church debts, the building of parsonages, the ringing of bells, even the support of the Gospel and the sending out of missionaries, have ceased to be, if they ever were, presumptive proofs of the true Church. The means employed, the motives appealed to, to raise money are so often indelicate and indecorous, not to say disgraceful and dishonorable, that the paragraph which announces the liquidation of a debt, or the erection of a tower, is as likely to conceal rapacity, impertinence, machination, vexation, and vainglory, as to reveal spontaneity, harmony, humility, and zeal for the glory of Him who alone is great. Nor is the evil lessened because it has been so long practiced, and is associated with names so sacred and surrounded with such an odor of sanctity that it is not recognized as arrogance, ill-breeding, indecorum, but is called zeal, enterprise, public spirit, Christian activity.

MONEY-MAKING.

BY DR. DEEMS.

THERE are two points to be thoroughly mastered by every man who desires to be a noble money-maker.

All things perfect come back to their beginnings. The tree has not fulfilled its office until it has sent its seed down to the soil in which its root sprang. The cloud is a mere platform on which moisture pauses before it returns to the river, the lake, or the sea, whence it rose. The ship returns to its point of departure, and has not made its voyage, when upon Eastern shores it lands Western products; but when, *after that*, it pours the wealth of Oriental soils into the warehouses of the West. All souls come out from God; and to God all souls return. The figure of perfection is the circle. Let every man who undertakes to make money remember that the end is not the erection of a mansion, filled with furniture, and statuary, and pictures, articles of use and articles of ornament; that these are valuable only as they give culture to his inner man and elevate the mass of intellect around him; that he is to build a ladder reaching a higher heaven; and, if he can succeed in making the uprights of silver and its rounds of gold, and can stud every juncture with chrysolites and diamonds, unless angels of high thoughts and holy aspirations ascend and descend, his effort is worthless utterly. He who has these ascending and descending angels sleeps in Bethel, even if his couch be moss and his pillow a stone.

There is one other great principle which all money-makers must so study, and so incorporate in all their modes of thought and feeling that it shall reproduce itself in every part of every project and enterprise. It is this: that every law regulating *any* department of activity is connected with all laws regulating all departments, and that he cannot violate one without doing violence to all.

Physical, intellectual, social, moral, spiritual laws are merely names given to the several arcs which compose the one grand circle we call "the universe." There are certain fixed laws which bind the whole community of money-makers. A member of that community cannot infringe these laws and not receive the penalty in loss of money; nor can any individual of the community. This is ordinarily perceived; or, at least, acknowledged. But we are not so swift to perceive or acknowledge the equally true and inevitable fact that whatever money-getter goes round to the other side of the circle, and violates some far-off intellectual or spiritual law, is by and by to return to his place, and suffer the penalty inflicted not only on his intellectual and moral nature, but also upon his coffers—either immediately or by the diminished results of diminished intellectual and moral power.

If these principles be adopted, and as firmly relied upon as the multiplication table or the laws of gravity, every peddler and every merchant prince will come into the highest associations; and the man of business, the philosopher, and the divine will all be divines—all be scholars, sitting, it may be, on different forms, but still sitting in the same school.

Such hosts of traders have read themselves out of the brotherhood of the seekers after the highest things which humanity can grasp, so comparatively few have been the exceptions, that it is not a wonder the whole class, as a class, have lost caste with the men of thought and genius and literature. But the fact that there are exceptions proves that money-making is not of itself, of any necessity, degrading to any portion of our common manhood.

A writer on this subject gives us the following story: "One of the most literary men of this country once told me that, many years since, when a boy on a farm, he had permission given him to sell for himself a calf of his own raising; and that he remembered so vividly the struggle of mind he went through, the bitter anxieties of hope and fear, the intense temptation to extort more than the animal was strictly worth, and contrive little plots to conceal its defects and exaggerate its merits, that the experience comes back to his mind to this day, when he felt especially indignant at the baseness of commerce, and made him more charitable to the offender, remembering that he also had been tempted."

Now all that is very well in its way, and the lesson of charity is specially profitable. But why the "baseness of commerce"? And why raise calves at all, if calves are not to be sold at a profit? Or, shall farmers raise only as many calves as are necessary to keep up their stock of milch cows and provide their own households with veal? If so, how are these eminent literary men to have meat? Can they raise calves and write books, teach school and deliver lectures, all at the same time? Was there not some farmer-boy raising a calf for this literary man while he was furnishing his experience?

And are there no temptations in other departments? Does the author at his desk have no struggles in his mind, amid the temptations to debase literature to the level of a degenerate age? Does the teacher have no agitations at the temptation to contrive little plots to conceal the defects and exaggerate the merits of his school? Do preachers have no temptation to turn aside from their holy office, and build up their reputation by the claptrap of a meretricious oratory? And shall we talk of the *baseness* of authorship, scholarship, and preaching? That were most unreasonable.

No. The calf-selling of this eminent literary man was an epoch in his life. It revealed the undiscovered weaknesses of his character. It was a battle-field. Truth, honor, integrity were to be lost or won in this conflict. He triumphed, or was defeated. If he triumphed, he was a stronger and a wiser boy, and honestly received two prices for his calf; if he was defeated, it was not because of the baseness of commerce, it was because of the baseness in the calf-seller.

The fact is, money-making is one of the inevitables of human existence, because activity is necessary to mental and spiritual health, and activity makes results, and these results are valuable, and their value varies according to the character of the activity and the nature of the objects upon which it is spent. And what is easily produced by one man cannot be produced by another, to whom it would be specially valuable. Now the necessary interchange must result in difference of amounts and values at the close of transactions. These possessions manifestly procure the physical comforts most desirable in this present life. This stimulates activity, both of body and mind, and hence toil and thought are engaged for their procurement. Who would prevent this? And who that would can? No communism can abolish capital and capitalists.

As men must trade and accumulate property, he is the true philosopher and philanthropist who shall incite them to the work of elevating money-making out of mere trafficking for traffic's sake, and induce them to study the great laws which lie at the foundation of their work, the great connections which money-making holds with the highest interests of men, and the great and glorious uses of money when made.

THE ALTAR IN THE WILDERNESS, AND ITS PRIEST.

BY PRESIDENT TUTTLE.

HE was a goodly man to look upon—large, compact, erect, active. He was sixty years old when I first saw him, and his head was covered with snow-white hair. His cheek was ruddy and his eyes still bright.

This man in youth and early manhood was "a little wild," neglecting church for a time, and indulging in riding and sailing expeditions on the Sabbath. He was a master mechanic, and justified himself by his close industry during the six days in his Sabbath recreations.

In one of the great revivals that swept over Newark during the ministry of Griffin, he was brought under deep conviction for sin, and was so converted that, however much at times he may have been in doubt as to his own conversion, no one that knew him had any doubt.

In 1817 he and his brother-in-law walked from New Jersey to Ohio, on an exploring tour, and were at home again in about two months. The next year he removed his family to the "good land," and bought a farm, covered with huge forest trees, except a few acres about the log-cabin.

In this wilderness, with the post-office twelve miles off, and the nearest grist-mill twice as far, he found a few families, and among them eight religious professors, whom he gathered and had organized into a church. For ten years there was lay service each Sabbath, with few exceptions, in his cabin. There he, and another like him, maintained that service, reading to the people God's Word and the printed sermons of such as were awards, Griffin, Edmons, Hopkins, and others. Souls were converted, and the result was a strong church.

He was a noble man, this pioneer, and to-day his works follow him.

In the fall of 1832 I became a member of this man's family. The old cabin was occupied as a shop; but the family occupied a substantial frame. The living-room was the basement, which had an ample open fireplace.

Two things in that family made a profound impression on my mind. The first was the family worship twice a day. The good man, except Saturday, occupied the corner next to the southeast window; next him his deformed daughter, who had a sweeter voice than any bird in the wood; next him his youngest daughter, a girl of singular beauty and goodness. We all read in turn, and then all sung. He presided with such an air of dignity and love, infusing a spirit into the entire exercise, that was perfectly captivating. His prayers were as simple as a child's, and yet they had such breadth that told you both of a great mind and heart.

It was scarcely possible to bow at that altar many times without bowing the heart to Him who was there adored. I often go to the old house, and never without visiting the now deserted room in which that family worship was then conducted. He and the majority who worshiped with him have gone to the better land; but it seems to me that his very spirit still abides at the dear old altar that he set up in that wilderness more than fifty years ago.

If parents will build and maintain such an altar, how can their children *escape* conversion?

The other thing was the Saturday evening service in that room. It is brought to my mind by an old letter, now open before me, describing their Sabbath-school as most interesting. It was in a log church; and the congregation, with small exception, belonged to it. Old people and persons of every age belonged to it.

To prepare his household of a dozen souls for that exercise on the Sabbath was the good man's object each Saturday evening. His Sabbath began Saturday evening at sundown. As soon as the evening meal had been disposed of, the entire family gathered about the capacious dining-table, each with his Bible, question-book, and hymn-book. All the commentaries and Bible dictionaries in the house were on the table. The good man, mighty in the Scriptures, was our teacher. The inspiration of the hour was that of free inquiry; and, as we proceeded, not only did he explain, but in that circle were earnest inquirers for the meaning of the text. Four were teachers of classes, and the question was not merely *what* does this and what does that mean, but what is the *best way to teach it?*

Even now, as I write, I seem to hear one of the four saying: "Brother, how would you explain this sentence so as to get at Esther's mind? You know how she has been trained, and I want her converted."

At another time another pupil's name would be mentioned, showing that this woman was teaching *with a purpose to save her girls.* And I know well that each week she had memorized her lesson, and that all the week she had been studying what it meant, and how to teach it to her six girls. It was, therefore, no wonder she said, one Sabbath afternoon, at that very table, to her brother: "This morning Esther says she has given herself to Christ, and she is the last of the six!"

And so each Saturday evening the entire household studied the lesson for the next day. Then we sung a hymn, and the high priest of that holy place prayed. I now regard that exercise as one of the happiest I ever engaged in; and I feel sure that, if to some degree that preparation could be imitated in all our Christian families, the Sunday-school would have twice its present power. It sometimes moves me not a little to remember how many of that group are gone; the father (he was my uncle), mother, the two daughters, the sister, and at least three others, of the dozen souls.

I am free to confess that in that old lumber-room, as it now is, where these scenes were witnessed, I feel such hidden power emanating from the past, such sweetness of association that *there* I am more certain about *Heaven* as a real place than I am in cathedrals, with their subdued light, and exquisite music, and heaven-aspiring architecture. I am sure my uncle's altar in the wilderness was near the gate of a real Heaven.

ON THE SIDEWALK.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

QUEER little maid, with shawl drawn tight
Over the baby shoulders,
In poor, plain gown of dotted white,
Bareheaded, and pale with intent delight,
Oblivious of beholders.

Where is the clew to her musings sweet?
What potent spell can bind her
That she waits on the further side of the street,
That she listens alone with quivering feet,
To the wonderful organ-grinder?

O innocent genius will find its food!
Sure some delicate instinct taught her
To seek afar from the common and rude,
In the dainty odor of solitude,
The lessons the muses brought her!

My little maid stands at the edge of the curb,
And hears the music playing;
But I bate her reverie to disturb,
Or spoil that unconscious pose superb,
To ask what she hears it saying;

For she seems to me, this hop-o'-my-thumb,
This atom of inspiration,
A baby sybil, spell-bound and dumb,
To whom the oracle has come
With eloquent revelation.

She seems! Nay, she is! Are you not, little one?
Speak out, if indeed you are able;
Before the beautiful vision be done
Tell me all you ragged magician has won
You out of the realm of fable!

Alas! could you wake up, prophetess wee,
Grown suddenly wiser and stronger;
Could you verily tell what you hear, what you see,
Translating the music's aroma for me,
You would see it and hear it no longer!

There's a mood so subtle, a passion so shy,
It cannot be tasted coldly;
Brush the blossom, the bloom will die,
Look, and the sleeping god shall fly,
Gazed at by his love too boldly.

So clasp your ecstacy content,
Unanalyzed, uncomprehended;
Never mind whence it came, or whither it went,
'Twas a melody out of the ages sent,
Of past and future blended.

No need, though, to question hovering fate,
To-day the music may bide it;
But you certainly cannot have long to wait,
The sequel comes hurrying, soon or late,
We never know how till we've tried it.

And will it be sunny, or will it be sad,
O, where is the Seer can say us?
Run home, little girl; it's a dream you've had,
And we know very well there are good dreams and bad—
That's a trick the fairies play us.

THE VICTIMS OF CIVILIZATION.

BY REV. H. L. WAYLAND.

CIVILIZATION is better than anything else, because it includes all else that is good. The housekeeper's receipt for plum pudding—"put in some of everything good that you have in the house"—seems in point. To make a complete civilization, there must unite material comfort, intelligence, refinement, morality, Christianity. Paris, wanting morality, is not civilized; the Karen convert, wanting refinement, is not civilized.

But is it not remarkable that this greatest of blessings to mankind at large is attended by loss to many individuals? A necessary condition of high civilization is the multiplication of employments, by the division of labor. But, of the employments thus created and connected indissolubly with the advancement of the race, not a few flourish by the destruction of the persons who pursue them.

Some industries are fatal to health and life. Painters and the workers in arsenic, phosphorus, and lead afford examples. The coal mines develop a peculiar disease, in which the lungs become clogged with the fine dust of the coal. The most fatal of all employments, probably, is that of grinding and polishing some articles of cutlery. The impalpable powder flying from the steel is inhaled, and in time works its way into the very fabric of the lungs. Breathing becomes impossible; and, after death, the lungs are found to be tough, inelastic, dense. It has been stated that the most bloody campaigns of Napoleon were not so fatal, in proportion to the number engaged, as is the employment of grinding the points of steel forks and the *rounded* backs of scissors. I do not know why the rounded backs are more fatal than the flat or angular; but the fact remains. Science has discovered only partial remedies for these evils.

Not a few occupations cost the loss of some one of the senses. Those whose business it is to taste and classify teas and spices cannot long continue the employment, for presently the sensibility is worn out. Other occupations produce near-sightedness; some bring absolute blindness.

Many avocations are pursued at the expense of the mind. Some single power, perhaps the least valuable of all, attains monstrous proportions, while others are stunted. Some callings create men of precedent merely, to whom aught of independent inquiry would perhaps be a positive injury. As civilization becomes more complete, and the division of labor more absolute, as each man concentrates his thoughts upon a narrower range of things, does it not often happen that the product grows more perfect, at the expense of the producer, he becoming dwarfed as his workmanship becomes superior?

But more lamentable than all else is the moral deterioration that seems inseparable from some valuable, some indispensable forms of industry. It would appear, judging from experience and testimony, that there are some pursuits that cannot be successfully conducted without a violation of the highest morality. To carry on a hotel upon strictly temperance principles is said to be impossible. No way is known of conducting foundries and gas-houses without a systematic disregard of the Sabbath. I see no impossibility in the railroads observing Sunday, by the exercise of adequate system and forethought. But I do not see how the street-cars can lie by. It seems (I may err) indispensable to the civilization of our largest cities that their running, as the means of communication between remote parts of the city, be maintained on each of the seven days. I doubt whether a hackdriver can be a good man; whether he could earn a living if he should refuse to drive to or from any questionable resort or upon any equivocal errand. Scarcely any employment is more needed for the safety and the happiness of us all than that of the constable, the detective, the jailer, and the police judge. Yet is it not the invariable (perhaps the inevitable) fact that their moral nature becomes vitiated by familiarity with the various forms of crime?

In a civilized state there must needs be office-holders; and, according to the principles of the division of labor, holding office and discharging its duties naturally becomes the permanent employment, the profession, of certain persons. In a republic there must be politicians (I use the word in no offensive sense). Perhaps the politician, holding high office, enjoying large revenue, dispensing unlimited patronage, seems an unsuitable subject for commiseration; yet must we not reckon him among the victims of civilization? Can a man be a professional politician without doing much that is wrong—or, at least, conniving at it, covering it? Was it not William III who bribed members of the House in order to carry an important measure, or to avert a great evil, and who said, in reply to an expression of regret or reproof, "I must strain a point or the country is ruined"? And is not the politician (*successful* politician) compelled to say: "The ascendency of the party is the salvation of the country. I must give way a little. I must consent not to see, not to ask questions, or all is lost"? A very intelligent and upright Republican, in speaking to me of the course of events in his locality during the Rebellion, said: "We were obliged to stuff the ballot-boxes as a war measure."

Not long since an office-holder, a religious man, said to me: "It is impossible for a person to be a politician and yet to remain a strictly good man. He must do much that is wrong, or he must, at least, wink at it. An election is coming on. He is assessed $500. He must pay it if he is going to be a candidate. He pays, knowing that a small fraction of it will be used for legitimate expenses; but that the great body of it will go to the saloons, will be used in dispensing liquor, in debasing men."

Often we have to look sadly upon a man who has held office for years, and to say: "He was a good man, a pious man, a prayerful man. He was strictly honest, scrupulous, inflexible. But now—" True, in many cases the politician is not ruined, because he was a bad man before he entered on his career; or, at any rate, he entered this life from selfish motives. But do we not sometimes see men who entered politics urged by the strongest impulse of duty, and who have incurred risks and losses greater than those of the soldier? *He* only gave his body to the bullets of the enemy. They alas! expose their consciences. It is the souls that are pierced, shattered, slain.

Must this all be? Can we not enjoy the fruits of civilization without this tremendous cost to individual men? Must we feel that our comforts, our advancement, our national welfare are purchased at such a price? Cannot our men of science, our moralists point out some means of defense against the physical and spiritual evils that now seem inseparable from many of the callings without which the civilization of the nineteenth century could not exist?

WOMAN'S SUBJECTION.

BY JANE GREY SWISSHELM.

ONE of the late writers on woman's duty to preach refers to Gen. iii, 16 as the fundamental law on which Paul based his command of silence for woman in churches: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Matthew Henry says: "This amounts to a command." Why not to two commands? We should say that the commentator saw the difficulty. The last half of the sentence is not addressed to the party who is to rule. It is spoken of, not to him; and this is not God's way of giving commands. It must be the imperative form of the language that is relied upon to make it a command. As Scripture is to be interpreted "by the general tenor and scope of the whole," let us compare this with other passages.

In the same chapter—17, 18, and 19—God says to Adam: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake. In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."

Is this a command to eat bread in sorrow, and not otherwise? Is it a command to sweat for bread? If so, how many Christian men violate the command? Does it give to thistles a pre-emption right to the ground? If so, why do Christians make war upon them? In the passage quoted there are three separate commands, if we interpret it by the Henry rule, every one of which are more and more disregarded as the race advances in civilization. Shall men prohibit labor-saving machinery in the work of getting bread out of the ground, stand in reverential awe of thorns and thistles, and use such means of agriculture as shall bring most toil, in obedience to these commands?

In the 15th verse of the same chapter God said to the serpent, speaking of the seed of the woman: "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." All orthodox commentators agree that "the seed" is Christ. Did God, then and there, command his Son to assume the woman's quarrel with the serpent? We are taught that he came of his own election, made himself a free-will offering. But, if this was a command to the Eternal Son, was it also a command to the serpent to bruise him? Was Satan acting by divine command in bruising Christ?

Deuteronomy xxvii, 53: "Thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters." 64: "Thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou and thy fathers have known, *even* wood and stone." We are told that Israel did all this on more than one occasion. Were they acting by divine command while practicing cannibalism and idolatry?

Gen. iv, 7, God, speaking to Cain of Abel, says: "Unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." Cain and Abel were representatives of evil and good men in all time, and in every age of the world the evil have ruled over the good. Have they done so by divine command? The good have generally been the weaker party, and their desire has been to the wicked. They have desired of them the right to live in peace, and worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience; and have seldom obtained their desire. Is it by God's command that the wicked rule and the people mourn? If so, why make war on Tammany?

Henry says it was as elder brother that Cain was to rule over Abel, and that the command to Abel extends to all citizens whose desire is to be to their governors, and they shall rule over them. He gives no hint of limitation. His interpretation would forbid revolution to all oppressed peoples, and make the law of primogeniture eternal. Now, if men set aside all the other commands given in the Garden, after the fall, and regard them as just what they were—*i. e.*, prophetic declarations—by what rule of fair dealing do they make the woman's share of the curse alone a sacred inheritance, to be cherished and perpetuated until the end of time?

For "the reason, Paul refers, 'And Adam was not deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression.'" Surely, there is some error of translation here! Did Adam sin deliberately and defiantly, and was this no transgression? Does the apostle teach that willful rebellion is no transgression; and that only the being deceived constituted the woman's sin? If this be so, it was not in Adam that we all sinned and fell; but in Eve. It was not the man, but the woman, who was "federal head and representative of the race."

The facts of the case seem to be that in that great revolution which reversed God's plan of creation, which exalted the brute forces over the spiritual, and made might right in all this world's affairs, man, being the mightier, has usurped much power. In no place has he exercised this power more to the detriment of the race than in claiming the exclusive right to interpret Scripture, and in finally excluding woman from those sources of knowledge in which alone their true meaning is to be discovered. The Catholic Church has been no more imperative in denying the Word of God to the laity than have been our Protestant authorities in withholding it from half the race. We have been cut off from all approach to the fountain head, and have only been permitted to reach such streams as they have been pleased to direct to us ward. We may well regard with suspicion the translations and commentaries which have been prepared for our use by those whose pride and prejudice are enlisted for our subjection.

What shall we say of authorities of whom Matthew Henry is a fair representative when he says: "Woman, originally created the equal of man, lost her position by the fall. Had man not sinned, he would always have ruled in wisdom and justice; and had not woman sinned, she would always have obeyed in meekness and humility." Here is a definition of equality quite equal to those of the declaration with which John C. Calhoun used to favor the United States Senate. It is a solecism in language, and an evidence of inordinate love of power, which proves the unfitness of our good men to judge their own case. Would any man agree to obey, *in meekness and humility*, one who by the law of creation was his equal? Nothing but the lust of power could so confuse the ideas of so great and good a man.

The Independent.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

NEW YORK.

OUR friend and near neighbor, the *Christian Union*, whose editor was formerly connected with THE INDEPENDENT, thus kindly notices our history and present status:

"What a host of recollections are stirred up by the name of THE INDEPENDENT! In what stormy times did it spring to life. Through what noble battles did it hold its way. It has had a history of which any paper might be proud. Indeed, it has itself constituted a part of its country's history at its most critical era. Ably as it has been served heretofore, it never had a more able corps of writers than to-day. As Americans we are proud of such a group of men as every week appear in its columns."

—The Orleans *Republican* expresses its faith in the *tout ensemble* of our paper in a very flattering way:

"THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT is the most outspoken yet thoroughly unsectarian religious paper with which we are acquainted, and presents an array of literary ability in all its departments of which it may well be proud. Some very fine illustrations have appeared in its pictorial numbers during the past year, and some of the best and boldest articles on prominent topics of the day published by any paper, religious or secular. It is a journal the reading of which must tend to elevate any mind and widen its sphere of thought."

—The Ilion *Citizen* is kind enough to say:

"This king of the religious weeklies is to us the most interesting of them all. Unquestionably there are more of brains and not less of heart worked up into its columns than those of any other periodical of the kind. Mr. Bowen can well afford to pay for talent when his readers put practical sanction to his generosity by increasing his receipts from $109,431 in 1862 to $320,000 in 1871. The publisher has issued a little history of his success in lifting THE INDEPENDENT out of financial dubiosity. And that lively tale consists of a statement of his cash receipts for ten years past."

—The Middlebury (Schoharie County) *Gazette* says:

"THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT is a first-class newspaper in every respect, its editorial columns are ably managed, and the entire paper is filled with interesting reading matter. Some of the best writers in the world publish in THE INDEPENDENT their ablest productions; and the publisher has spared no pains to make it the best family newspaper in the country. Its circulation is large and steadily increasing. Those who want a first-class newspaper will do well to take THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT."

—The Onondaga *Gazette*, published at Baldwinsville, notifies its readers that it wishes to obtain subscribers for THE INDEPENDENT, and adds:

"No one needs to be informed in reference to this standard paper, the foremost religious paper in America, independent in religious matter as well as in name. It is the largest weekly published."

—That spirited monthly, entitled *The Laws of Life and Woman's Health Journal*, now in its fifteenth volume, published at Dansville, says in its February number:

"THE INDEPENDENT gives to us some of the best thoughts of some of the best writers in this country. It is peculiarly rich in contributions from thoughtful and accomplished women."

CONNECTICUT.

—If what the Waterbury *Valley Index* says of us is true—and it is one of the most reliable country papers in the state—it is not strange that we have so many subscribers in that town. It says:

"THE INDEPENDENT is without a rival as a religious journal. Its hold upon the people is deep and abiding—a fact due, in a great measure, to its advanced position on all the great moral questions of the day, and the ability with which they are discussed. The immense circulation of the paper and its large advertising patronage enable the publishers to employ the best talent, at home and abroad, and to give their readers a vast amount of information on all live topics of the day, embracing in its range science and art, as well as morals, religion, and politics. The paper was never more ably conducted than now, and its circulation never before so great. Many copies are taken in this city, and many more ought to be taken."

—Says the Derby *Transcript:*

"It is not a hard job to notice with high commendation the old NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. We read its first number how many years ago? and from that to this it has weekly been on our table, either by subscription or, as now, by exchange. It is changed from its starting promise; but yet is a power, and a great one. The first talent in the land illustrates its pages, and all subjects have free discussion. Not professedly a denominational paper any longer, it yet sees all subjects from a religious standpoint. No thinking family can afford to be without it."

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The *Universalist*, while differing from us in some theological points, is quite to our mind in its liberality and in its reverence for the authority of the Scriptures. This leading organ of its denomination says:

"THE INDEPENDENT is not denominational—is not the organ of any sect. But it undertakes to represent and does very fairly represent the progressive party in all the sects that agree in calling themselves evangelical or orthodox. Its tendencies and spirit are liberal, just as the tendencies and spirit of a large and growing party in every evangelical denomination are. To style it the 'leading orthodox journal' may expose one to a technical criticism; but it does not fix on him the charge of misrepresenting the actual state of facts. There is no other 'evangelical' journal that is taken by so many orthodox people and clergymen, and *because* they esteem it a 'religious' paper; nor any six that begin to exert so much influence on the religious thought of the orthodox world."

—The excellent Springfield *Republican*, in a late number, incidentally recognizes the "enterprise" of THE INDEPENDENT:

"It is, therefore, with peculiar advantages that Father Hyacinthe addresses himself to our countrymen through the columns of THE INDEPENDENT, which has been enterprising enough to obtain the substance of what he said at the Munich Congress, thrown into the shape of one or two newspaper articles."

—The Southbridge *Journal* uses equally flattering language:

"Among the standard publications of the day THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT occupies a prominent position. It is always full of original reading matter, and of such a varied assortment that all can find something for them. Prominent and well-known authors write for it; and we feel no hesitancy in recommending it to our readers."

PENNSYLVANIA.

—The Salisbury *Independent* shows its good sense in every column of its issue of Feb. 23d. It vigorously supports the policy of a Civil Service Reform, and says this good word for its namesake of this city:

"Among metropolitan journals THE INDEPENDENT undoubtedly occupies the first place, both because of the culture and ability displayed in the management of its various departments and because of its extensive circulation among educated readers in all parts of the country. Its weekly visits have become a real luxury to us, which we would be very unwilling to forego; and we recommend it to all in need of a reliable New York journal."

—The Cumberland Valley *Journal*, published at Mechanicsburg, pays us this handsome compliment:

"THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT now in the twenty-fourth year, still keeps up its mammoth size, as from the outstart, and frequently has to add a four-page supplement, in order to keep up with the mass of news that it has to lay before its readers weekly. It employs an unrivaled corps of contributors, and all subjects are handled in a masterly manner, from the standpoint of the editor, independent of rings or cliques. Taken altogether, it is the cheapest and best family paper that is published. No trashy, common-place stuff nor sentimental stories are admitted to its columns."

—The Lancaster *Church Advocate*, representing a sect among our Baptist friends, says:

"We have always been able to speak in the most favorable terms of THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. It is the largest religious journal published in this country, and is conducted with marked ability in every department."

OHIO.

—The Lancaster *Gazette* has in a late number the following good word to say of THE INDEPENDENT:

"This great newspaper we consider deserving of a notice at the present time. It is printed upon the largest sheet regularly issued from the press in the United States, and probably the largest in the world. And in the immense variety and excellence of its reading matter it is exceeded by no other journal. Besides its prominent religious features, its news, commercial, literary, and miscellaneous departments are unusually full and reliable. It is a good paper for anybody to read, and we think they must get along with but a single journal no better selection could be made than THE INDEPENDENT."

—Says the Clyde *News:*

"The enterprise of THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT, the catholicity of its spirit, the ability of its editorial corps, the wide range of its contents, together with the unequaled list of its distinguished contributors, give it first rank among the weekly papers of the land. We know of no other paper which brings so much good and varied reading into a family."

—The Galion *Democrat* recognizes our success in one of our most difficult tasks when it says that our "religious sentiments are entirely free from any sectarian taint." It adds (and we are grateful for its appreciation):

"Its political and secular columns contain all the news of the day; its criticisms are bold, but charitable. It is a large sheet, and every one can find much interesting and instructive matter in its columns."

—The *Missionary Visitor* is published at Dayton, and says of THE INDEPENDENT:

"This large weekly newspaper is full of valuable knowledge, and news respecting every country and everything, with the first number of each month a triple sheet and illustrated."

ILLINOIS.

—The Chicago *Journal*, one of the ablest papers in the country, judged from a high literary standard, has a very long notice, critical and complimentary, in which this is found:

"THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT is a conspicuous illustration of the application of journalistic principles to the general work of religion. It is a true public journal, not a mere sectarian sheet, and it very fairly represents the large religious interest for which it assumes to speak. Its success may be regarded as a noteworthy solution of the problem how to make true journalism truly serve religion. Many of the best pens in the country contribute to its columns, and quite a number of eminent English writers are regular contributors. The editors are men of fresh thought, of good culture, of large sympathies, of earnest devotion. They very fairly represent the front rank of the communion to which they belong. They have not been chosen on account of antediluvian connection with the sect, but because their steps are bravely and wisely at the front. They do not open to you the back door of their way of thinking; but the wide entrance which faces the whole prospect of human interests, and they invite approach, not to secure a proselyte, but to meet on equal grounds whatever bears any relation to their special concerns. In this they are journalists, gathering in the the wealth of the world; not mere peddlers of sectarian wares, which so many religious editors are. They rightly judge that journalism is not strictly a part of the denominational conveyance; but an open door way, as much the gate of the world as of the church, where secular interests meet with sacred. And these honestly inquire of those, to the end that the outlook of religion may have no other limit than the whole wide spectacle of human affairs."

—The Sparta *Plaindealer* thus highly commends the work of editors and contributors:

"Among the many religious weeklies which the country at present supports, THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT is entitled to rank first. Being the largest, it is also the best. Its editorials are written in a fearlessly candid style, and embrace in their discussions all topics—religious, political, literary, etc. It is not exclusively a religious paper, as its secular department is second to that of no other journal. Among its contributors are men renowned in every department of thought."

MICHIGAN.

—The Niles *Republican*, published in one of the new and flourishing towns of the Lake-bound State, speaks thus unreservedly:

"THE INDEPENDENT has become a monster in size, and is, we believe, the largest in the country; but it has not, like many other big things, lost in sweetness and luciness by its growth. It boasts a noble list of contributors, and contains, from week to week, a volume of wit and wisdom. Every article and item, with rare exceptions, is prepared expressly for its columns, which have a department for almost every matter of interest to the citizen or his family. No other paper that we know so largely helps the reader to keep abreast of the times in all social questions—in politics, art, science, and general literature. We commend it unreservedly, and feel sure that any person who subscribes for it will add an important element to the attractions of his household."

—Says the Benton Harbor *Palladium:*

"THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT is one of the largest newspapers in the world, if not the very largest. And its excellence keeps pace with its size, and its success with both. As an able, energetic, strong, and thorough good family religious weekly it has few rivals."

WISCONSIN.

—Ripon is not a very large town, but it has one of the very best colleges in the United States and two excellent Republican papers. We thank Editor Glaze for the following good opinion of us:

"By the great family paper, of course, we mean THE INDEPENDENT. Whether we consider the quantity of the reading matter, the excellence of its contents, the high literary and moral tone of all its articles, the reputation and ability of its corps of contributors, and its general excellence as a paper for the family, we must place THE INDEPENDENT above all others. It stands without a rival. Other papers are equal to it in some respects, but in none can we find so much that is good and so little that is objectionable as in THE INDEPENDENT. Its success is one of the wonders of the age. Originating, a few years since, in the desire for a high-toned journal for the fireside, which could discuss the important questions of the day without religious bigotry or partisan blindness, it has grown rapidly, and to such an extent that it has distanced all competition, and now occupies a distinct field by itself."

—The Ripon *Commonwealth*, whose editor is an excellent Christian scholar, and one of the ablest professors of Ripon College, copies from our paper the figures showing our receipts for subscriptions for the past ten years, and then remarks as follows:

"THE INDEPENDENT has an amount and variety of reading matter found in no other paper, and the paper is generally so attractive that a person once taking it is sure to continue it year after year."

IOWA.

—The Anamosa *Eureka* says:

"This great religious newspaper, of world-wide fame, and most earnestly sought for by thinking men and women of all sects and creeds, continues on its way, unimpaired in ability, tone, or extent of its discussions. Besides its regular editors, of the highest standing in church and literature, it has as independent contributors a large list of the ablest thinkers and writers in the nation. No other paper in America equals it in this respect. A better paper for a family could not be found."

—The Linn County *Pilot* introduces a notice of a club which a friend of ours is getting up in Mount Vernon, thus:

"THE INDEPENDENT, published in New York, will give you more sound reading and general information than any paper published in the United States."

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will be give to any one who sends us the names of eight *new yearly* subscribers, with the money, $20. The lowest retail price of this machine is $25, which makes it twenty per cent. cheaper for any one to buy a single machine of us than from any other source, and at the same time do good by adding to the circulation of THE INDEPENDENT. This machine is gaining in popularity every day, and is fast becoming a necessity in every family. Send for a circular, describing its wonderful economy and capacity.

Crover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine sells for $55 cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of the machine.*

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SEA SHADOWS.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Do old the poets sang of thee, O sea!
And peopled thee with nymphs and tritons quaint,
And fell asleep beside thy murmuring waves
Or rocking on thy bosom, and forgot
The tiger heart that crouched and laid in wait
In seeming slumber. Thy great glooms I sing—
Shadows of chaos, and wild passion's deeps,
And desolations of the formless void.

O smooth, false friend, who lured us out too far
From land and home, into the realm of storms—
Of storms and winter; or in tropic gulfs
Split our brave ships with thunderbolts; or washed
In drowning death a hundred beating hearts
With one sweep of thine arms; or day by day
Held us in trances of long sickening calm,
Rooted in weary plains of molten glass,
Dumb with despair and famine, and the dread
Of pest and fiery death, with none to help,
The burning eye of heaven that rolled and glared
At noon—an eye of awful maniac light—
Our only witness in the unmeasured leagues
And bottomless abysses! Thou, O sea,
Hidest in thy blue bosom, and within
Thy gleaming bars of sand and weed-clad stones,
All haunting fears and mysteries of death,
All auguries of chaos and despair!

In thee, O melancholy mother sea,
Live all the vast and direful ocean shapes—
The black leviathan, the ravening shark,
The huge sea-snake by mariners beheld,
The krakens and chimeras strong as death,
With elephantine tentacles, and jaws
Of slow and sure destruction, and cold eye,
That fathoms down stare up and mark their prey.
Thou art the nurse of that swift cuttle-fish,
Gigantic fleshy spider of grim caves,
'Neath cliffs precipitous, where sucks the tide
In snaky coils of light and dark and death,
Leagues off from land—the terror of a dream!
Thine are the shadowy waifs of shapeless growths—
Half plant, half fish, fantastic jelly forms—
By moonlight drifting past old ships be calmed
In summer nights, while, near the Teneriffe,
The loosened sails flap thunder through the dreams
Of sleeping sailors. Thine the gleaming teeth
Of white reefs, snarling as the ships drive down
Through blackening skies. And thine the calmer glooms
Of sad sea-beaches and their lapping waves;
The rocks half buried in the slippery heaps
Of soaking sea-weed, when the tide is low;
And, wriggling in the moonlight and the sand,
The small wet monsters crawling in and out
The hollows and the ooze; the skull-eyed rocks,
With hanging tufts of yellow ocean-hair,
Combed by the salt winds, decked with dead old shells,
Tricked with the sad waste leavings of the storm,
And washed with treacherous kisses of the surf
That froths and sighs all night beneath the moon.

To thee I come, and scorn thy flattering kiss,
And have small faith in thy smooth surface charms.
Thou fawnest like a spaniel at my feet.
I see the wild beast in thy changeful eyes,
And trust thee not. Rather for me the safe
Green hills and valleys of firm earth; the joy
Of woods and pastures, and the thousand homes,
Lit up at evening with home-stars of love
And musical with loving human hearts.

A truer type of power than thee I find
In the great Moon of Science that hath lit
Thy shadows, and the skill that treads thee down
Into a highway for man's daily steps
And the world's multitudinous fleets. Three gods
Chiefly I praise—and not thy Neptune old—
Magnet, and Vapor, and the Electric Spark,
Whose forces tame thy spasms; so man, thy lord,
May plunge across the roaring water-chasms,
And bridge the measureless, and come and go,
And talk at ease across the world.

Thou, too,
O changeful element that bore our ship
Of State upon thy breast! We looked
To the horizon, level, long, and blue
With summer skies. We recked not of the storm.
We dreamed not of the four years' hurricane
That rose in battle fires, and skies of blood,
And mountain waves sweeping the young and brave
To sudden death or long-drawn agonies,
Nor saw the sunken reefs beneath the blue,
Nor the dire monsters of thy deeps, nor half
The hidden horrors of thy treacherous calms;
But in God's care, and sailed upon thy waves,
Till thy brute force turned on us—hideous, grim—
From out the struggle wherein wisdom rose
Triumphant. Thee, too, shall man's science tame,
Webbing the pathway o'er the perilous deeps;
And travel forth and back across thy wastes,
And send the sundered lands of North and South
Into one continent of flower and fruit,
Taking away the blight of all the past
And the chilled chaos of humanity.

PERE HYACINTHE'S DEFENSE OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

BY JOHN HALL, D.D.

THERE are few things more common and offensive than crude and undiscriminating condemnation of Roman Catholic doctrine. Men who have not studied the system detach a portion of it, look at it simply as the negative of Protestant doctrine accepted by them and their auditors, and dispose of it readily as absurd and irrational. Such men do not know with what they have to do. They fail to see that Romanism (we do not use the word offensively, but as a brief description of Roman Catholic doctrine) is concatenated. It is not a loose bundle of contradictions to the truth, crudely and capriciously thrown together. Had it been only this, it would never have held—speaking after the manner of men—the multitude of subtle minds it has enthralled. Just as there is a system of truth, logical, coherent, and self-consistent, so is Romanism a system of error, logical, coherent, and aiming, at least, at self-consistency. If the truth is "the mystery of godliness," it is confronted not by a mob of errors, but an organized force—a "mystery of iniquity."

He who goes into discussion in oblivion of this fact falls an easy prey to a skilled controversialist; and, if he be an honest man, he will be apt to feel, on seeing Romish positions stated and defended, that there is much more to be said for them than he ever knew, and, as has often enough happened, from being an ignorant assailant, he becomes a zealous advocate.

Reading his estimate of Romanism, I have looked with much interest into Father Hyacinthe's formal and earnest plea for the confessional. He knows what he says. He is without prejudice of the vehement and vulgar kind against Protestantism. He appeals to the Bible. He recognizes the facts of human life. He is intelligent on this point beyond the mass of Protestants, and unmeasurably beyond the mass of the clergy of his own church. He may be supposed to make out the best case for the confessional that can be made before the judgment and conscience of men in this nineteenth century. On his defense, on these accounts, I venture a brief comment, in terms which I trust will not be offensive to the distinguished writer, and in a spirit which I am sure is not wanting in respect for his great qualities and services.

Father Hyacinthe has set up and defended the priesthood of the father in his family. He feels called on to show its consistency with the "priesthood of the Church." To introduce his defense (for he clearly sees that he who excuses admits an accusation) he makes the following admissions:

1. "That all the echoes of the present bring to his ears a cry, sometimes of lamentation, sometimes of denunciation, sometimes hypocritical, but often too indignantly earnest not to be sincere," against the confessional. It is charged thus with "mistaking, desecrating, and ruining the ideal of not the Christian only, but the mere human family."

2. He admits that "the spiritual government of the family has passed wholly or mainly from the hands of the father to those of the minister," *i. e.*, priest. "I confess that it is true." And this admission is made after quoting as the expression of a grieved, thoughtful, tender, but indignant mind—namely, Michelet, ("Priest, Woman, and Family")—these words: "Young man, mark my words: Marry a woman whose soul is in the keeping of another, and you are married to divorce!"

It is no wonder that Father Hyacinthe feels the need of dealing with such a terrible charge as this, the foundation facts of which he candidly admits. Some explanation is needed of "the diminution that is going on, *as a rule*, of the father's authority and the aggrandizement of the priest's." Whatever may be thought of the explanation offered, we bespeak for the statement of fact the thoughtful consideration of the American people.

What is the defense of the confessional? The rhetoric of the eloquent father is not favorable to close argument; but his position is put with sufficient conciseness. To be just, it is best to quote his words: "One of two things must be true: either we priests have been guilty of usurpation or the husbands and fathers have been guilty of abdication. Let the guilty party be convicted."

The defense, then, is that priests rule wives and families because the husbands and fathers do not. The reins dropped from the proper hands, and the priests took them up, as the only way of saving the families.

Now we venture to propose two questions in reference to this state of things:

1. Why is this abdication distinctive of Roman Catholics? Why is there not a like cry of indignant hate from Protestants communities? Father Hyacinthe, in proof of this abdication, alleges that the men do not go to church, do not join in worship, do not unite in the domestic prayers. Why? The defense is: We priests rule in the bosom of the families, because the men do not. That may be a fair *argumentum ad hominem* to the dethroned powers; but it is no defense of the confessional, unless, indeed, Father Hyacinthe alleges that the confessional is an afterthought, humanely put in action on finding that the men of Christendom would not go to church or join in domestic prayers. But he does not allege this. He makes it a part of the divinely-appointed machinery of the Church, as we shall see. We repeat, then, this reply only shifts the difficulty. It lays one objection by raising another no less formidable. Why should this system "as a rule" destroy the priesthood of the family? Nor, even for the silencing of an objector, say a Frenchmen, is it quite adequate. "Why did you abdicate?" the priest demands. The Frenchman has a reply at hand: "Our entire habits, traditions, manners, silently but inevitably force me to it. The whole *régime* which you—pardon me—represent, constrains me to it."

But (2) did the divine legislation proceed on the assumption that the fathers of Christendom would abdicate, and that the family priesthood would, "as a rule," fall into abeyance? What evidence is there of this in the New Testament? Are the advices of the Epistles constructed on this basis? Do we read anywhere, "Children, obey the priests." "Let the wife see that she reverence the priest." The case is provided for, indeed, of a wife with a godless husband; but there is no direction to her to throw herself and children under the priest's control. "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands," says one whose words Rome should respect, "that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the chaste conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear." (I Peter iii, 1, 2.) Fear of whom? The priest? Verily, *that* has not won the husbands!

But these are antecedent difficulties to Father Hyacinthe's argument. It would seem to be a strong presumption against the confessional that it is a part of a system—a concatenated system—that dethrones, "as a rule," the priesthood God has confessedly set up; and that the New Testament nowhere provides for such abdication.

But it seems to have escaped Father Hyacinthe's notice that, if he can make out his case so far, he may stop. There is no need to go further. No man needs a defense for saving a family in a coach, if the driver has fallen off or deserted his place; for holding a drunken man's money until he can soberly care for it; or snatching a wife from a place of danger, if her husband is incapable or unconcerned. The obvious need is his justification. Only when one has displaced the driver, or made the man tipsy, or misled the husband is the interference questionable.

But the Reverend Father does not stop. He proceeds to argue that the confessional is an institution of Jesus Christ. His proof from the Scripture is confined to the text John xx, 22, 23: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose sins ye retain, they are retained." At this point we barely notice the following assumptions which one must make to give validity to this argument:

1. That this "remitting" is authoritative in the Romish sense.

2. That the apostles transmitted this very function to all priests.

3. That this function is to be performed in *the form* and *manner of the confessional*, and, we might add, indeed, in no other. Of course, Father Hyacinthe knows that these admissions are not made by Protestants, and that we point to the "Acts of the Apostles," and *interpret their commission by their mode of executing* it, and that we seek in vain for a "confessional" in the whole New Testament.

Instead of prosecuting a discussion on this passage, we venture to offer to the eye and the judgment of the reader a parallel text, Jeremiah was a poor and timid, often a solitary and sorrowful man. He was neither warrior nor statesman, but a declarer to men of God's will. Compare his instructions with the apostles':

"Then the Lord put forth his hand, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth.	"And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.
"See, I have this day set you over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant."—Jer. i, 9, 10.	"Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained."—John xx, 22, 23.

The same Divine Head sends out his messengers. The mouth of one he touches; on the others he breathes. One is a poor, feeble man; the others are mostly fishermen. He promises to be with both. One he sets over kingdoms, "to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to build, and to plant"; the other he sends to "remit and retain sins." Did Jeremiah, *in fact*, raise up and put down kingdoms? Or did he not fulfill his commission in *declaring* the terms on which God does this mighty work? Was his power any more than declarative? Was it in one single case executive?

And so we ask, Did the apostles, in fact, "remit or retain" sins? Who heard the confessions of the three thousand on the Day of Pentecost? Did the apostles do more than declare the terms on which God forgives sins? Was not their function, like Jeremiah's, *declarative*, not *executive*? If Jeremiah had asserted executive power, he would have mistaken his commission, like the priest who claims *executive* power in the matter of sins.

Here is a wide difference between the Christian minister and the Romish priest. The minister declares God's terms, and does not execute; the priest claims to execute, and, with some exceptions, among which we gladly recognize Father Hyacinthe, does not declare. This difference accounts mainly for the Protestant family priesthood and its abdication, "as a rule," in Rome.

In reference to the development of the argument from this starting-point—of which we remark, without any disrespect, that no amount of rhetoric will sustain a position which lacks a logical basis—we venture to put the matter in this fashion:

Suppose the priest to perform the *declarative* function, which the Rev. Father alleges he should, and to urge "trust unbounded, not in man's acts, which are naught, but in God's mercy and Christ's blood, which are everything," and the hearers to exercise the "unbounded trust," *are they not forgiven?* Christ declared to his hearers, "He that believeth on the Son hath life," no matter who proclaims him. Now the Rev. Father laments that the men turn away, as a rule, from religion; and the women, "essentially religious, loving, suffering," sympathetic, unable to "be solitary in their religion," must (the men having abdicated) go to the confessional. This, it will be observed, is a return—and something more—from the Scripture ground to necessity. If the Scripture *obliges* the priest to hear confession and absolve, he needs no apologetic plea like this.

Now we submit a question at this point, and with profound respect ask to it the Rev. Father's attention.

Set up two similar institutions side by side, one simply divine, the other, however well meant and in itself unobjectionable, but human, and does not all experience show that the divine will be deserted for the human? Set up with the Lord's Day holidays for religious uses, and they supersede the Lord's Day. Set up the Church and traditions beside the Scriptures, and they supersede the Scriptures. Set up the Supreme Pontiff alone with Christ, and the Supreme Pontiff supersedes him. Set up the human priesthood and the great High Priest, and the High Priest is put out of view. The list might be easily enlarged. It is the old story of King Ahaz, in II Kings, xvi—Ahaz, seeing an altar he saw at Damascus, then sending the pattern of it to Urijah, then setting it up beside God's altar, then of approaching *it*, and then offering thereon; and how he dealt with God's true ordinances the reader must study for himself. Precisely so God set up the priesthood of the family, which Father Hyacinthe honors, and the absence of which he deplores among Roman Catholics. Rome set up her priesthood beside it. The usual result has followed. Man's fixture is preferred by man to God's. If the priesthood of the family is to be restored over Roman Catholic Christendom, it is to be by the abandonment of the Church's priesthood. Let Christ's ministers in all love and tenderness preach Christ in public and in private, and declare remission of sins to every believer in him; let them come as near to men and women, and men as much as women, as human hearts can approach one another; but let them forego the claim to the Lord's unparticipated work, the forgiveness of sins; and, with the removal of the human rival, the true scriptural priesthood of the family will, under the balanced and symmetrical teaching of divine truth, be regained, to the great good of men and to the glory of God.

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

SOME half dozen prominent members of the Republican party in Congress are strongly opposed, on personal or public grounds, to the re-election of President Grant. Their right of dissent is not to be questioned; and, if they were simply trying to secure at the approaching National Republican Convention, to be held at Philadelphia, the nomination of some other candidate more agreeable to their taste, while signifying their purpose to abide by its decision, so as to prevent a fatal division in the Republican ranks, their conduct would excite little solicitude and subject them to no unpleasant rebuke. But this is neither the attitude they assume nor the spirit in which they seem disposed to act. Claiming to be Republicans of the first class, and to represent the rank and file of the Republican party, they are actively engaged in beating up recruits to attend an opposition convention, shortly to be held at Cincinnati, no matter what their antecedents or what the consequences may be. They will neither enter the Philadelphia Convention themselves nor look charitably upon any who shall do so. "*Delenda est Carthago!*" Down with Grant, and up with—whoever may happen to secure the Cincinnati nomination! Upon what else they and their co-operators are agreed is not apparent; but in this they are a unit. Seeing that they are unwilling to leave the matter, after exerting what influence they can to procure a result in accordance with their wishes, to the sound judgment and patriotic spirit of the regularly constituted National Republican Convention, it evinces a lively conviction in their minds that they have no chance of success in that direction; so they have no other alternative than to raise a hostile flag in advance, and urge all non-contents, of whatever stripe, to rally under it. It now seems probable that, when these shall come together, they will present a company as piebald as that which affiliated with David when he was hiding in the cave Adullam: "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men." Now, occupying a position so antagonistical, do not consistency and fair-dealing require that they should no longer claim to be Republicans, but Seceders, Independents, or whatever other cognomen will properly designate them? Can they reasonably complain that their course is condemned by the Republican press generally? Can they hold with the hound and run with the hare? It is for them to come out and be separate, if they must; but not to claim to be Republicans in good faith, while determined not to acquiesce in the nomination of President Grant, if made in due form, and especially while exhibiting a disposition to seek an alliance with those who are the avowed enemies of the Republican party and of all its leading measures for the pacification and prosperity of the country.

Will they presume to claim that they are the exponents of the party, aside from the officeholders under the present Administration? Such a claim is preposterous! That party, in every way that evidence can be given, stands essentially united in its approval of the President's record for the past three years, and its determination to trust him with the reins of government for a second term. No noticeable defection can be pointed out in any quarter. The state elections last fall indicated increasing satisfaction with the management of our national affairs; and, as far as other elections have since taken place, the proof of popular confidence continues to be equally strong. New Hampshire presents an unbroken phalanx. Connecticut will demonstrate that she is a unit in regard to "the plot at the helm"; or, should there be a slight falling off of votes, it will not be with any reference to his trustworthiness, but solely on the issue of a strict prohibitory law. Massachusetts is the state, of all others, the most republicanized, and the least disposed to win at official incompetency and mismanagement, for the sake of party success. Her choice is overwhelmingly for Grant. There is not a town or village in all her borders in which a single delegate can be elected to the Cincinnati Convention, as representing the views or wishes of those who are enrolled in the Republican ranks. If there is any man who could induce her to waver, to show a divided sentiment, to take a "new departure," for the maintenance of good government, that man is Charles Sumner. She is proud that her history has been made still more illustrious by the eminent service he has rendered the cause of freedom, philanthropy, and reform, alike in his senatorial and private capacity; by successive re-elections she has placed on record her estimate of his personal worth and incorruptible patriotism; and where fundamental principles are involved she will not lightly regard his warning voice. But, notwithstanding this high appreciation and vital relationship, she is as much resolved to vote for the re-election of President Grant as she was for that of Abraham Lincoln, and for substantially the same reasons: that he has discharged the duties of his office, under circumstances of great difficulty, with creditable ability and rare practical wisdom—augmenting and consolidating the loyal sentiment of the country, using the power committed to his trust with consummate discretion for the protection of the weak against the strong, sanctioning every constitutional amendment and every congressional enactment, extending the area of freedom and conserving the rights of all, preserving peace at home and unbroken amity with foreign powers, seeking the best results with the utmost economy of means, raising the credit of the country from the dust and inspiring world-wide confidence in our pecuniary integrity as a people, and initiating efficient measures to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

The Republican party emboldens too large a portion of the intelligence, virtue, humanity, and liberty-loving spirit of the nation to be led or misled by any individual, however gifted or honored. It presents in this respect a striking contrast with its formidable political rival; formidable not merely numerically, but by an all-abounding ignorance, credulity, degradation, and brutality. Since the Rebellion broke out it has had an incomparably heavier load to carry than was ever yet imposed upon any political party in history, and it has neither broken nor bent beneath it. It has met its tremendous responsibilities with unflinching courage, and evinced a steadfast purpose to shape our national destiny more and more in accordance with the laws of progress and the demands of civilization.

It is a poor device to say that the Republican party has done its work, and is without a mission; therefore, let it be dismissed from the stage. We are yet too near the period of the treasonable uprising of the South to make that assertion credible. It will take many years before we shall be one people in fraternal sentiment, in loyal fidelity, in patriotic ardor, in homogeneous action. The rebel portion of the South is still rebellious in spirit, to a wide extent lawless in conduct, dastardly and devilish in its treatment of its once dehumanized vassals, exceedingly malignant toward the people of the North, and utterly devoid of the feeling of nationality. It cannot be otherwise, in the nature of things; and it will require unborn generations to work a radical change in this respect. To represent the South, therefore, as ready to fall into line, and to keep step to the music of the Union, is downright infatuation. She has given no signs of repentance or change of heart; but is as "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils" as she was when she cried "Havoc!" and "Let slip the dogs of war!" in 1861. Give her but the opportunity, and she will as eagerly seek to overturn this government as a bloodhound springs upon his prey. Wholesale amnesty will not, as some persons who give indications of a softening of the brain in that matter think it will, either cure this dreadful malady or mitigate its evil. Nothing of the kind should be adopted by Congress or receive the approval of the President; certainly not till the passage of the Civil Rights bill in its essential features. It is the ruin that slavery has wrought at the South which makes her so barbarous and treasonable, not the denial to certain leading rebels the right to hold office. She will be equally cruel and contumacious if amnesty be proclaimed for all; and, in all probability, more haughty and defiant than ever. "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? Will he make many supplications unto thee?"

How does this seditious element regard President Grant? With hatred and a well-grounded apprehension. It is his best certificate of being "the right man in the right place," on a governmental plane, next to the cordial support given to him by the Southern freedmen and the colored people universally. To substitute any other person for him to fill the presidential chair would be a most hazardous experiment. His re-election is relatively as important as it was when he was first nominated for the Presidency.

In a letter from Hon. D. H. Chamberlain to Hon. W. B. Nash, dated Columbia, S. C., Feb. 9th, 1872, he says:

"I speak now of what I know when I say that I have met no public man outside of the Southern States, and very few within the Southern States, whose insight has been so keen and deep into the nature of this gigantic conspiracy (the Ku-Klux), or whose comprehension of its power and aims has been so complete, as that of President Grant. I may add, too, that no man has exhibited a more resolute and fixed determination to defeat its horrid purposes and crush its appalling power. To him is due the fact that comparative safety has been restored to our state, and a beginning made in the vindication of the laws. The work so well begun will be carried to a just and complete end, and the lesson will be taught that no political grievance, under our form of government, can excuse a resort to irresponsible mob law, and that the rights and privileges of American citizens are not held at the mercy of disguised midnight assassins."

Such is a comprehensive expression of the loyal feeling of the South by one who, on the score of intelligence and fidelity to the principles of freedom, is entitled to high consideration as a witness. But he is a Northern man. Then yet more conclusive, if possible, is the testimony of Gen. Longstreet, a Southern man, and a most distinguished military leader in the late Rebellion, but one of the first to accept in good faith the reconstruction measures, and manfully to pledge fealty to the Government of the United States on its new constitutional anti-slavery basis. He has recently resigned the surveyorship at New Orleans, and concludes a long and interesting letter on the political situation by saying:

"There was a time when I had serious doubts of the possibility of successful reconstruction; but the law was before us, and we had no course to pursue except under its mandates. *I think that it has been fairly wholly executed*—so much so that in some instances it is said to have been done with severe justice. I have said before that we have reason to hope that we shall have successful reconstruction. *I believe that this is due to the firm hand of the present Administration.* Will it not be better, then, to forego the exercise of one good privilege of a quadrennial change of administration, when we see and feel and almost realize that *our future will not be left in doubt.* Then, again, the personal claims of the President are very great. All things considered, I am constrained to say that I think *the people owe it to themselves and to the President* to return him to the office that he has *filled so well and with such entire good faith.*"

The National Convention, to be held at Philadelphia, in June, will embody and represent the Republican party, through delegates fairly chosen and in the usual method. All attempts to decry it as not authoritative will be in vain. As truthfully may stragglers and deserters insist that they constitute the main army as the undelegated, irresponsible actors in the Cincinnati Convention claim to represent any considerable portion of that party. They may well pause in their discordant movement, by remembering that the defeat of Grant will not be merely personal to himself for any acts he may have done; but it will be the defeat of the Republican party, and the consequent triumph of its deadly opponent. But their estrangement is evidently so great that they care nothing for the party itself, though insisting that they are still Republicans. Hence the *Tribune* said nothing and did nothing to help achieve a Republican victory in New Hampshire, when its hearty co-operation never seemed more needed. It has treated the Republican struggle in Connecticut with the same marked indifference, carrying water on both shoulders—thus: "Each of these candidates [Gov. Jewell and Hon. Richard D. Hubbard] honors his party, and whichever of them is elected will serve with advantage to the state and credit to himself. Republicans will vote for Gov. Jewell, Democrats for Mr. Hubbard, as is right. Disparagement of either will only operate to the damage of the party that countenances the attack." A very remarkable exhibition of "Republican" magnanimity, and, under the circumstances, equally suspicious and noteworthy? As if it were simply a choice between two good men, representing only their personal qualities, and having nothing to do with parties, principles, and measures affecting the stability of our institutions and the liberties of the people!

The *animus* of the *Tribune* is still further evinced in the letter, signed by Mr. Greeley and others, addressed to William M. Grosvenor, chairman of the executive committee of the Liberal Republican Convention of Missouri, in which concurrence is expressed in the principles lately set forth by the Liberal Republicans of that state: "We make this departure from the ordinary methods of party action from a deep conviction that the organization to which we belong (?) is under the control of those who will use it chiefly for personal purposes." A fine compliment to the intelligence and patriotism of the organization itself! From which the logical deduction is to be drawn that it is not to the Republican party as such, but solely to those nameless knaves who control it, that the credit is due for the grand measures of peace and reconstruction that have characterized the present Administration! "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Is the Republican "organization" but a mere tool in the hands of unprincipled self-seekers? Who believes the charge, or where is there a particle of evidence to sustain it?

The signers of the letter aforesaid further say that they "believe the time has come when the right of local self-government, the foundation of American freedom, should be re-asserted, and *encroachments of Federal power checked.*" What is that but echoing the outcry of the unsubdued Southern rebels? What is it but a blow aimed at the exercise of the power entrusted to the President by Congress for the suppression of the Ku-Klux Klans, and the protection of the Southern freedmen and loyalists against robbery, assassination, and lynch-law barbarities, which the local authorities are determined shall go "unwhipt of justice"? If this is done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? If this is the *utterance* in advance, what will be the *action* that will follow the overthrow of this Administration?

Looking, then, over the whole field with the same vigilance, calmness, and impartiality which I have endeavored to evince at every crisis since the anti-slavery agitation was first sounded, and occupying precisely the same relation to political parties that I have hitherto done, I can come to no other conclusion than that no candidate can be brought forward with any hope of success, if true to the cause of liberty and equal rights, comparable to President Grant; and, therefore, that his re-election will be indubitable proof that the nation is invincible in its purpose and strong in its integrity.

A WOMAN'S LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

NEW YORKERS IN CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE Empire State is largely represented in both houses of Congress. Many members now representing Western and Southern States were born in New York, while at least seven now in Congress from the latter state were not born on its soil. Nevertheless their life, training, interests, and honors are so identified with it that practically they are representative New Yorkers. There is that tall, slim, prim, elderly (nobody would think of saying old) gentleman sitting a little to the left of the Speaker's desk. In this lopping and lolling house he sits as erect as if in a saddle. His closely fitting, buttoned-up coat, with his white, evenly shorn, bristling moustache looks military; but his erect choker, starched and stately, looks equally ministerial. On the whole, with his smooth white hair and serene visage, he looks more like a Presbyterian elder than like a major-general, although in his aspect there is a conflicting Cromwellian combination of both. I never heard that he was pious; yet he must have had pious ancestors. They still assert their prerogatives in his blood, in gentle manners, and a lingering look of sanctity. This gentleman's name is not wholly unconnected with lawless ideas; yet, no less, decorum is stamped all over him, from the top of his smooth head to the tip of his polished boots. Mr. Turvey-drop, in his favorite attitude, did not look more utterly the model of deportment than does Fernando Wood, the personification of propriety sitting in his seat in the House of Representatives. No man in the Forty second Congress possessed a seat in the House of Representatives at so early a date as he. In 1840 he was elected a member of the Twenty-seventh Congress, at the age of twenty-eight years. When he took his seat, instead of the "new men" who flash and fume about him to-day, he had among his fellow-members Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Silas Wright, Thomas H. Benton, Levi Woodbury, John Quincy Adams, Robert C. Winthrop, Millard Fillmore, and other distinguished men, whose names to us of this generation have already taken on the sound of antiquity. Notwithstanding this fact, Mr. Wood to-day does not look an old man among his peers. Self-faith, a stronger and more aggressive quality than a mere belief in destiny, must be a propelling force in his character. From the very beginning of his career he must have been sure of success. Such men rarely miss it. His first speech in Congress, in 1842, was against the veteran statesman, Henry Clay, in opposition to his Fiscal Bank Scheme. At its close he was congratulated upon it by ex-President Adams. During our civil war the name of Fernando Wood was associated chiefly with disunion and even anarchy. It sounds like a tradition now, that old story of sympathy with rebelling states; of New York a free and independent city, with its mayor a sort of feudal king—King Fernando. That must have been an abnormal moment when ambition for supremacy and power so overvaulted itself. Who can realize now that it ever quickened the brain and speech of this mild-mannered, ministerial man. We drop it with vicious politics and a chaotic era, to find that the abiding record of Fernando Wood as a public man is not without honor. His first great act in Congress was his effort to prove to the Government the practicability of the magnetic telegraph as a medium of intelligence. It was in the year 1842, and its inventor had only just gained sufficient faith in it himself to propose it to Congress. Professor Morse was poor and discouraged. Doubting Peters were plenty. They had no more faith in the application to useful purposes of Morse's magnetism than of Franklin's electricity or Fulton's steam. It was at the request of young Fernando Wood that Professor Morse placed a magnetic battery in the Committee Room of Naval Affairs, connecting it by wires with another battery in the Committee Room of Naval Affairs in the Senate. Messages were transmitted from room to room; the first proof given to the halting faith of doubting legislators that the greatest discovery of modern times, if not of all times, was worthy of a public appropriation, if only to test it as an experiment. It was through the efforts and enthusiasm of Fernando Wood, assisted by his colleague, Mr. Charles Y. Ferris, that the bill appropriating money to this cause was carried, and Professor Morse made the superintendent of the construction of the magnetic telegraph lines, on the munificent salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per year.

Fernando Wood's career offers another example of self-help and material success to the many which already offer so rich a legacy to every Young American. He began an active life a poor boy. He was a clerk; he made cigars; he began business on his own account; failed, and had to be a clerk again; began business over again, with only moderate success. In the midst of poverty he tasted the tantalizing apple of politics—if once tasted, as fatal to an ambitious man's peace as was the fruit of the first forbidden tree. He tried to shut his eyes upon it in 1843; left Congress, to begin to make a fortune for his family. He succeeded. Soon his ships sailed the seas, engaged in profitable trade. In 1848 he fitted out the first sailing vessel that left New York for California after the discovery of gold. A little fortune came to him from this single voyage. He bought ground in New York City extending along Broadway from Seventy-sixth to Seventy-eighth streets, for a few thousand dollars, for which, in 1868, he was offered $400,000. He was elected mayor of New York in 1850, and distinguished himself at once as a reformer of abuses. He was one of the first instigators and promoters of the Central Park, which already ranks among the first parks of the world. It was he who chose such men as Washington Irving, George C. Bancroft, William Cullen Bryant, R. C. Winthrop, and Edward Everett to decide upon its plan of ornamentation. He was re-elected mayor of New York in 1856, and 1859. In Congress he has served in the Twenty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Fortieth, Forty-first, and Forty-second Congresses. He was elected to the Fortieth Congress as an independent candidate. He said in his manifesto: "I desire the election as a popular rebuke to those who utter the malicious falsehood that during the war I was a rebel sympathizer and disunionist; and also to be placed in an official position where, unrestrained by partisan obligations, I may follow the dictates of my own judgment for the public good." He was elected by a majority of nearly two thousand votes. Notwithstanding his disclaimer of party trammels, Mr. Wood is by instinct a Democrat, and in nearly every speech and public act in which he has participated since the war it has been against the measures of the majority. A few seats before him, at his desk—which he will be sure to leave in a minute—sits a gentleman who is Fernando Wood's antipodes in temperament. Fernando Wood is the embodiment of dignity, even at his desk; but this is an effervescent little gentleman. He impresses you with the fact that he cannot sit quiet five minutes at a time. Even in writing he twitches away at his wrists, as if it would be a vast comfort if he could pull off his coat altogether, pull up his shirt-sleeves, double up, and make himself comfortable; a state, however, which such lively nerves as his seldom allow. If you stay five minutes, something which somebody says, striking the ears of this writing gentleman, will be sure to make him drop his pen, jump up, and jump out into the middle of the aisle before the Speaker's desk, with a dancing, prancing motion, which excites merriment at once. The little gentleman gesticulates all over, and is very much in earnest. Being earnest and honest, sarcastic, witty, irritable, and funny, the members are sure to listen till they have had their laugh. If he were making a solemn speech on some great principle of parliamentary or international law, these honorable gentlemen would go on writing letters, munching apples, cramming their fists into their pockets, or tilting their chairs and their feet in the air; but they are not going to be defrauded of a good laugh, if any voice between the long, long drawl of the roll-call can bring one. Thus they listen till it comes. If you ask the doorkeeper who this remarkable little man, with black eyes and hair and a dancing body, is, he will say, "Sunset Cox"; and if you ask a member, ten to one, with an affectionate intonation, he will say, "Why, don't you know? That is Sammy Cox!" There are men, to whom affectionate diminutives cling as naturally as they do to school-girls. Not because they are foolish or effeminate, at all; but because the boy in them constantly calls out an affectionate response from their more solemn and wayworn brothers, if only in tender memory of the youth in their own hearts dead and buried. If Schuyler Colfax were President of the United States, I dare say that his intimate friends would all continue to call him Schuyler. "Sunset Cox" is a campaigneous Democrat; yet good Republicans are just as fond of him as if he voted with them all the time. He spoke with condescending approbation, the other day, to his colored brethren of the House. He commended their humility, their devotion to their masters; scolded them for their lack of fealty to each other; declared what friends he and his *confrères* were to them—their *best friends*, indeed; and ended by offering them the freedom and protection of the Democratic party. Whereupon Mr. Rainey, of South Carolina—a mulatto, with straight hair and Anglo-Saxon features, an orator as nervous, passionate, and more eloquent than himself—arose and "hurled back," after the manner of modern legislators, the condescension, the censure, and the friendship all together into the very face of "Sammy Cox." "We are Republicans (his race and himself). We are Republicans by instinct. We know who our friends are; and Republicans we will remain till our latest breath!" When he had concluded, Mr. Cox answered him in great anger, and his brethren in Democracy looked on in silent sorrow. But it was a Republican who said to another, in affectionate

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GIFTS OF A DREAM.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

One whispered through my sleep:
"I bring a statue here with me
Worth half the world. No queen has one
to keep
So precious. Wake and see.

"I also bring a vine
To plant by cottage windows—one
Whose brood of blossoms may be fair and
fine
As ever pleased the sun.

'One sent them down to you,
Who loves you with a love divine.
Arise and look, and choose one of the two,
Or let the choice be mine."

I reached my eager arm
To catch the marble—heard a moan,
And knew my heavy arm had crushed the
charm,
And left—some dead white stone.

He murmured, with a kiss:
"Poor child," and laughed the lightest
laugh.
"The statue was worth half the world; but
this
Is worth the other half."

And left the rose in dew.
Now, gathering buds and bright with
bees,
It fills my life with honey. Dreams come
true—
Such lovely dreams as these.

MY HOSTESSES OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

BY MRS. R. S. GREENOUGH.

It was the first week of August. Paris was besieged by heat. Not a cool breeze was allowed to enter its beleaguered walls, not a cloud to float over its lavender-colored sky, as it stretched quivering above the gasping city. Everything was parching, panting with the intolerable fervor of that remorseless sunshine. It made one giddy to look down the glaring desert of the great avenue des Champs Elysées, with its infrequent carriages crawling up and down like flies on a whitewashed wall. I determined to escape.

"Children, to-morrow morning at eight we shall start for Fontainebleau," I said.

Amy raised her blonde head from the blue sofa cushion, on which it was reposing, and smiled languidly; Robert let fall the *Galignani* over which he had been dozing, and gave a long whistle of satisfaction; and then we set to work making the few arrangements necessary for our absence of a month.

The next morning was, if possible, hotter than any that had preceded it. Luckily, our only fellow-passengers were a prefect of one of the southern departments—a fat, dark man, who would have been handsome had not the lower part of the lobes of his ears stood out at right angles from his face, giving him the transformed pig look so often seen in Paris. His wife was a favorable specimen of the *grande dame*—slender, faded, elegant, and very quiet; but the interesting one of the party was the daughter, a girl of about fifteen, with a singularly open and sweet expression on her high-bred young face. "That girl has had a good English governess," I thought to myself, as she seated herself opposite me; and the supposition was verified to my mind when I saw her take from her traveling-bag Miss Edgeworth's "Helen," which she read the whole way down, with the exception of the occasional moments she devoted to a shy examination of Amy.

At length we reached our destination, and found ourselves gasping for air in the breathless heat of the hotel. We ordered an early dinner. A white-faced, par-boiled-looking waiter preceded us through a graveled courtyard, lined with oleanders, to the pavilion in which our meal was served. The heat of that courtyard beggared that of Paris at its hottest.

"Children, this will never do," I said, as we sank into our seats and waited for our soup-plates to cool. "If the sun ever goes down in this place, I will order a carriage, and we will drive round and find apartments."

So by and by we got into an open carriage, with a driver who seemed to have known and loved us ever since we were born, and set out on our quest. But it was the quest of the bird in the story, who flitted from tree to tree. Every house was full; not a single suite of rooms was to be had. As to staying at the hotel, with that torrid zone of a courtyard, it was simply impossible. In despair, we at length turned toward the Forest, to refresh ourselves in its vast leafy avenues, after our fruitless search. As we neared it, passing through the narrow, secluded Rue de Lille, my eye was caught by some white rose trees which hung their snowy clusters over a high stone wall. A second glance showed me a narrow door in the wall, and on the door a yellow placard: "Apartments to let."

"Driver, stop," I said.

Amy and Robert raised their voices deprecatingly.

"Oh! Mamma, you don't think of going into such a little bit of an apartment as that must be!"

"I think it looks charming," I replied, gazing up at the rose trees till the little gate opened in answer to the shrill jingle of the bell, and showed something more interesting than roses to look at. In the gateway stood a young woman of about twenty-six, slender, dark-haired, ladylike in appearance, and with such eyes! I never saw such pathetic eyes before—large, soft, dreamy, not in the least like French eyes. We told our errand, and she asked us to come in. Along the narrow, graveled path, between the great rose trees and almond trees and orange trees, we passed toward the low stone house which formed the fourth side of the little garden square.

At the sound of our footsteps there appeared at the door a figure so peculiar, so quaint, so almost uncanny that Amy slipped behind me, and I myself was somewhat startled. It was the figure of a little old gentlewoman, bent, bowed, nearly hunchbacked, and so small as to be almost a dwarf. But on her diminutive and wrinkled visage there played a smile of exquisite courtesy, and the tone and phrase with which she welcomed us belonged to the best traditions of ancient courtly breeding. At her bidding, we entered the low, dark sitting-room. On one side a half-open door showed a bedroom, richly curtained and handsomely furnished, and through the passage facing us I saw the tall trees and trellised grapevines of a large garden behind the house. Then I took my resolution, and, having mentally decided to engage the rooms above, requested to look at them. They were very old, very odd, entirely unlike anything I had ever seen before; and I gazed about me with growing content, whilst Amy and Robert exchanged glances of alarm.

A narrow and dark stairway led to a small red-tiled parlor, with antiquated chairs and tables, and immense closets with papered doors. Next came a bedroom, also red-tiled, as was the whole house, in fact. This was evidently the principal room. It was quite grand, with its alcoved bed, its rich old furniture, marble slabs, and gilt-bronze ornaments, all of the time of the First Empire. Its window looked out on the verdurous sea of the tree-tops of the great Forest. With ever-increasing satisfaction, I proceeded on my tour of inspection. On the other side of the little parlor we found a small, den-like bed-closet; and still further on a good-sized bed-room, very incongruously furnished with wooden chairs and table, a wretched flock bed, and one of the most beautiful cabinets of drawers I have ever seen, entirely covered with inlaid work in various colored woods, and in perfect preservation. The windows looked out over the delightful wilderness of a garden and were shaded by two magnificent linden trees. This I at once took to myself. Amy was esconced in the best bedroom, and Robert was condemned to the den. A brisk, smiling, chattering maid was engaged, a circulating library subscribed to, saddle-horses hunted up, and the next day we were fairly settled for our month at Fontainbleau.

Amy and Robert speedily reconciled themselves to their quarters, pronounced the strawberries of Fontainbleau the most delicious they had ever tasted in their lives, and saved me all anxiety about their daily *menu* by living upon them; declared the air the sweetest and purest they had ever breathed, and proved their sincerity by spending all their time out of doors; so that I was freed from all concern about their content, and could enjoy to the full the sweet quiet of my quaint little abode and the rich interest of the place.

But, bright and sunny as was our life, pleasant as were the long canters or sedater drives through the forest, the visits to the ghost-haunted palace, the saunters through the unending beauty of the park, I was beset by the feeling of a mystery in that quiet household down-stairs. Mlle. Zoë's eyes were like magic mirrors, in which I fancied I saw all sorts of shadowy things; and her noiseless way of gliding about, and, most of all, her habitual silence, had a singular effect upon my nerves. The little old lady spent all her time in a large easy-chair, reading; while her great black-and-white cat slept perpetually by her side. I never heard any talking from below, and a laugh coming from those still rooms would have startled me like a pistol-shot.

One room seemed the headquarters of this mystery. It was the little *salon* below. Through its windows, which opened on the garden behind the house, I had caught occasional glimpses of faded but once elegant furniture, of Dresden china of rare design, and of an inlaid cabinet, that might have been made by the great Buhl himself; but into this room neither I myself nor apparently any one else ever penetrated, and it gave me quite a sensation to pass that eternally closed door, with all the relics of wealth and refinement that it enclosed.

I have not mentioned that on the walls of Amy's bedroom hung several framed sketches, some of them signed by names well known in the world of art. Evidently some of the artists of Paris were in the habit of running down to the little house in the Rue de Lille for a holiday. There was, for the most part, little to attract in these sketches, and I had passed them by with but a cursory glance; but on one morning the sunlight happened to strike full upon a little frame containing four small pen-and-ink sketches, which I had previously seen only hidden in shadow. My attention was at once attracted. I examined them closely They were full of spirit and talent, the touch firm yet delicate, the composition bold and harmonious, the attitude and expression admirable. The drawings were, in fact, of extraordinary excellence. The more I studied them the more astonished I grew. They were signed, but the signature only added to my perplexity. "Zoë Mirodet." I recalled my many visits of successive years to the *Salon des Beaux Arts*; but no artist of that name exhibited there. "Mirodet!" I stood repeating. "Mirodet! Who can it be?" Suddenly an idea struck me. I had only thought of my hostesses as Madame and Mademoiselle Zoë; but had I not heard some one call the old lady Mme. Mirodet? I ran precipitately down the narrow, break-neck staircase, and entered the little old lady's sitting-room. There she sat, reading; and by her side slept the invariable cat.

"Good-morning, Madame. I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you in good health. By whom are the beautiful pen-and-ink sketches in the bedroom of my daughter?" I said, all in a breath.

"Ah! my dear lady," responded my hostess, while a smile lighted up her little wrinkled face, "those were drawn by Zoë."

"Is it possible!" I ejaculated. "Why, Madame, they are admirable; they are full of talent and originality. Mademoiselle Zoë is an accomplished artist."

The little old lady's face changed and saddened.

"Ah! no, Madame. Once we hoped; but"—and she shook her little head slowly, and locked up again the information she had for a moment seemed ready to impart. Then she seemed struck in her turn by an idea, and, saying, "If Madame cares for such things, she might like to see something more," she descended from her great easy-chair, hobbled toward the closed door and opened it.

"Enter, I beg you, Madame," she said, with the air of an empress receiving an embassadress. And I entered the faded twilight of her *salon*. Old tapestried sofas and chairs; curious crooked-legged ornamental tables; the rare old cabinet, sculptured with surpassing skill; tiny boxes and vases of painted enamel, such as people in Paris were paying fabulous sums for—all these things I glanced at with wondering eyes, whilst my fairy godmother-looking hostess opened the window and unclosed the blinds, letting in a flood of sunlight, which made the room look sadder than before, but which brought into view a remarkable water-color copy of the court painter Mignard's celebrated portrait of his beautiful daughter. It was truly remarkable for its breadth of handling, richness, and force.

"Why, Madame, this is a superb thing," I exclaimed, adding, in my surprise: "Where did you get it?"

"I painted it when I was a pupil at St. Denis," replied the little old lady, in a tone of perfect courtesy, but of such reserve as to take away all desire to question her further.

So I stood in silence before this copy of the renowned picture, until I had convinced myself that my first impressions were well founded. Then, with many thanks, I took my leave; and, as I went up-stairs, I heard the windows again closed and the door again shut upon that ghostly room.

The next morning, while Amy and Robert were gone for their accustomed ride in the Forest, and I was sitting idly watching the sun-flecked shadows of the trees, and enjoying the sweet peace brooding over the garden, a gentle knock sounded at my door, and Mlle. Zoë timidly entered, holding in her hand two little portfolios. There was a slight flush on her usually pale cheeks, and her wonderful eyes had in them a brighter gleam than I had seen there before. The blush deepened as I welcomed her, and expressed my admiration of the pen-and-ink sketches in Amy's bed-room. She answered hesitatingly; but said nothing about the little portfolios in her hand until I referred to them.

"It was Mamma, Madame, who insisted I should bring them." And she looked as if it were quite a crime.

They were full of lovely miniature drawings, principally illustrations of stories. I learned that she was employed by an eminent publisher in Paris, and discovered that he was paying her about one-quarter of what her work was worth. Such enchanting little poems as those drawings were! One I especially remember—a little fairy man, seated upon a raised hearth, his quizzical little face looking up with an expression of uncanny good-nature at the wondering, half-terrified group of peasants who surround him, divided between curiosity and fear. Even the old, decrepit grandsire has left his great wooden chair, and, leaning on his staff, peers feebly at the elfin stranger; whilst a little, chubby child, the only unappalled figure in the group, stands quite close to the tiny goblin, contemplating him with an amused and confident air. Then there was another drawing of a young peasant woman, in short, full petticoats, high-crowned cap, and wooden shoes, washing at a tub raised on a stool before her, whilst a little barefooted child, standing on tiptoe, tries to peep in. The unconscious grace, the indescribable sweetness of expression in this little group were worthy of a great master.

I was not in awe of Mlle. Zoë, who was as tall as I was; and I had, consequently, no apprehension that if her equanimity were disturbed she would disappear up the chimney, as her diminutive mother would certainly have done. So, after I had looked at the treasures of her portfolios, I asked her if she had no intention of establishing herself in Paris, and referred to the great pleasure and emolument such a career would certainly offer to her. I spoke with warmth, for I felt great sympathy. Her face kindled momentarily; then the shadow deepened again in her beautiful eyes, as she answered, in a low tone:

"I know it all, Madame; but life is so hard in Paris. Here we have this little house, and we can live as you see; but there—it frightens me to think of it." And she paused sadly, whilst my imagination filled out what she left unsaid, and painted the bitter strife for bread in that cold-hearted, pitiless city. Presently she said: "Once we intended to go there. All our plans were laid. We had a desirable position then; but with my father's death all changed."

Her voice sank still lower as she ended. In it was the vibration of a life-long pain. After some moments of silence, I asked:

"But can you not study here? Have you never tried color?"

She timidly acknowledged that she had, and, at my urgent request, brought me two little paintings, which still further increased my astonishment. They had a sweetness, a depth, and richness of tone as remarkable as the force and delicacy of the drawings.

I asked her then if, since it was impossible to go to Paris, she could not obtain instruction from some of the artists who seemed to be in the habit of frequenting the house. But I had no sooner made the inquiry than I repented it. The pained look darkened again, as she simply answered:

"They do not like to teach me."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "You must be mistaken. Any true artist would be overjoyed to find such a pupil. You are certainly mistaken, Mademoiselle."

For answer, she brought me a painting for a fan—a group of village children at play, so sweet, so fresh, so full of life and merriment that I could scarcely believe this sad-faced young woman had produced it.

"You see, Madame," she said, fixing her great, pathetic eyes upon me, "I cannot go any further than this alone. I am ignorant of some of the mechanical processes of this *gouache* painting. An artist of reputation, who spent a summer here, used sometimes to paint fans for one of the great shops in Paris. He was willing to teach me the first part of the method, and I began to paint; but when he saw what I had painted he excused himself, and never taught me anything more."

"A true Frenchman, the selfish, envious creature!" I thought to myself, and I expressed to her a little of the indignation I felt.

"And yet, Madame," she answered, resignedly, "he was not the only one of whom I tried to learn. It is always the same thing. They do not like to teach me." And her lips quivered an instant, as she looked at the exquisite, unfinished painting. "But I have taken too much of Madame's time," she said, as if suddenly recollecting herself; and she rose and went away, leaving, at my request, her two little portfolios.

I remained, feeling as sad as she looked. Such treasures of talent as this girl possessed, and all denied their full development! Although usually sanguine and hopeful, the influence of this quiet, uncomplaining Mlle. Zoë had made itself powerfully felt, and I sat dejectedly turning over her lovely little drawings.

The mystery, the sadness of the house were only too accountable now. These people had once been rich and prosperous. Now all was gone; and, with riches, friends had disappeared. No one, to my knowledge, had crossed their threshold on any neighborly or friendly errand during the three weeks we had been there. This gifted girl was wearing her life out in obscurity, every avenue closed to her genius. Those dreamy, brooding eyes were strange no longer. They saw into that ideal world whose golden gates were shut so cruelly by fate against her. Youth and health were departing; the joy and blessedness of life were not for her, so formed to appreciate all that was glad and beautiful. Poor Mlle. Zoë, how my heart ached for her. I longed to be able to do something for her; but there was nothing in my power. I had no influence, and no other aid could I dare to offer.

After awhile, I put the portfolios carefully away, hoping to lock up my sad thoughts with them, and went down to the garden, stopping on the way to thank the little old lady for the delight afforded me by the contents of her daughter's portfolio.

It was my daily delight to stroll up and down the neglected paths of the enclosure I have called a garden, though, in fact, it was more than half vineyard; and Mdlle. Zoë had imparted to me much curious information as to the proper culture and most approved method of ripening the famous Chasselas grapes of Fontainebleau. The vines were trained against the whitewashed stone walls, and every bunch was shaded by a grape-leaf, so that the fruit was ripened by the heat reflected from the stone wall, and not by receiving the direct rays of the sun. This treatment enabled them to attain a much greater size, nor did it injure their peculiar and delicate flavor. But this was not all the care these dainty grapes required. Each bunch, nay, each grape was watched, and all the small or imperfect ones, whose maturing would have injured the beauty of the cluster, were removed. It was a never-ending labor, though, to judge by Mlle. Zoë's face, as she was describing it, a labor of love, as most employments become when pursued in the open air. So I paced up and down before the grape-vines, turning from time to time into the garden-alleys, to pick a stray rosebud and to gather here and there a sprig of mignonette. An hour thus passed brought me to a more cheerful frame of mind. As I neared the house, on my way to my own rooms, I saw the little old lady busy among her flower-pots, a row of which stood on the long stone bench behind the house.

"Look one moment, Madame. See this new geranium. Was there ever anything so magnificent!" she said, pointing to a deep pink double-flowering geranium, the first of the kind I had seen.

"My flowers are my children," she continued. "With them and my books I am perfectly happy!"

And a frank and honest smile lighted up her wrinkled little face, as she beat caressingly over her new pet. Inexplicable French temperament! Here stood this ancient little lady, sincerely assuring me of her perfect happiness, and that under circumstances adapted to extinguish every spark of cheerfulness in any ordinary mind. But it was pleasant to see, and I stopped to chat with her.

"And Madame's recollections must also be a source of great pleasure," I remarked, feeling my way toward some hoped-for revelations of what those recollections were. "You have lived in a glorious period for France."

The little old lady smiled. I had appealed to her national vanity, and I fancied I heard the click of the lock of her reserve as it yielded.

"Ah! yes, Madame," she said, slowly, and with a grave inclination of her head. "I have lived in great times, when life was a different thing from what it is now," and her eyes seemed to turn visibly upon the past. "I remember, when I was seven years old, my father's holding me up in the carriage to see the Emperor go by. He was a short, fat man then, but with such an eye! Marie Louise sat beside him. She had only been married a little while then. She was taller than he was. She looked good-natured but heavy."

"Was she ugly?" I asked.

"Not at all," answered the little, old lady. "She had none of the grace of Josephine and none of her taste in dress; but she had a fine figure, a beautiful complexion, blonde and pure, her hair was of a lovely gold color, and her eyes were of a soft blue. Poor lady," pursued my hostess, sighing, "she had a hard life of it. First she did not want to marry the Emperor, whom she had been brought up to consider an ogre, and her father forced her into it. Then, after she was married, she grew fond of him, for he was very proud of her and treated her very kindly, and every one knows how he could fascinate people when he tried. And he really loved her. You remember that, when her life and her child's were in the balance, Napoleon chose her's in despite of his intense desire for a child. Yes, they were very happy together. Then came those dreadful days, the last of the Empire, and Marie Louise had to suffer in every way—as a wife, a mother, and a daughter. But, once in her father's power again, what chance had she of asserting her own will? She was between walls of iron. She has been blamed by every one, but she had a good heart and a loving one. When I was traveling with my husband, in Italy, we spent some time at Parma, where they sent her, to separate her from her son. She was idolized by the people of her little city. All that could be done for the poor she did, as far as her limited income would allow. They called her 'our good duchess' when they spoke of her, and they mourned with her as if she had been their mother when the Duke of Reichstadt died. They all believed he was poisoned." Here the little old lady shook her head, and a keen gleam shot from her small dark eyes. "And they were not so far wrong," she added. "Oh! Madame, surely you do not believe that the old Emperor was capable of poisoning his own grandson!" I remonstrated, thinking that the anti-Austrian mania belonging to the French as a race was carrying my hostess quite too far.

"They did not give him arsenic or opium, Madame; but they did what came to the same thing and was worse," she answered, gravely. "They were glad to have him die. He was a great anxiety to them."

Nor could my questionings obtain any more definite information as to the manner in which the Duke was believed to have come by his death. The old lady seemed to think she had talked enough, and, with a high-bred air, wished me good-morning and hobbled into the house.

I hoped that this was but one of several long chats, and anticipated gaining from my little hostess stores of curious information concerning the personages of her early days. The perfect grace of her phrases is lost in a translation, and no description can convey the gentle courtesy of tone which dignified her slightest sentence. But I was to be disappointed. The next morning Amy awoke flushed and feverish, nor did she leave her bed during the whole of that last week at Fontainebleau. Our hostesses were assiduous in their kind attentions. The little old lady robbed her cherished flower-pots of each blossom in turn as it unfolded, and sent tiny bouquets, in her precious little enameled vases, to stand by Amy's bedside. Mlle. Zoë walked far into the forest to gather for her the leaves of some sweet-scented plant, said to be a specific against headache; but which, unluckily, failed of its effect, despite Amy's grateful efforts to feel better whilst inhaling its fragrance.

The day before we left Amy insisted upon my going for a last drive in the Forest, and being seconded by Robert, carried her point. When I returned, she greeted me with a pleased smile, and, showing me a charming little drawing, said:

"See, Mamma! Wasn't it sweet in Mlle. Zoë? She has drawn this for me, and I'm going to have it framed in blue velvet and gold, and hang it up in my room at home. And only think, a little while after you were gone, the old lady came up, and asked me if I'd like her to sit with me. And she has been here all the time, telling me the most interesting things all about people that everybody has heard of, and that she used to know herself. She knew Madame de Stael. And she says she was a fright, and had a voice like a man; but that when she smiled, and looked at you with her great brilliant eyes, she was perfectly bewitching. Oh! she has told me so many things! I never was so interested in my life. And then what beautiful French she speaks! It was like going to the Français to hear her. And do you know, Mamma," continued Amy, sinking her voice, "she showed me her husband's miniature, which she always carries in her pocket; and he was such a fine-looking man, and he wore a uniform and order. Oh! how I do wish we knew more about them. She didn't tell me anything about herself; and, of course, I couldn't ask any questions. Do you think we shall ever find out?"

But the next day we left Fontainebleau, and in the autumn we went to Italy; and since then I have known no more of our hostesses of Fontainebleau. I often think of them, in that little stone house; and in my memory the white roses hang in undying clusters over the wall, and the great linden trees wave ever greenly in the tangled garden behind, whilst the little old lady sits always peacefully reading, the great black-and-white cat by her side. And Mlle. Zoë—ah! poor Mlle. Zoë's eyes look ever forth with a patient mournfulness, not hoping, but enduring always.

Is Scotland they have narrow, open ditches they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, and when Mr. Donkey came to a sheep-drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, and turned him around, and put the whip to him, thinking, of course, that the donkey, going so fast, would jump the drain before he ever knew it. But not so. On they came, lickety split, and when the donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Jack's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking Mr. Donkey straight in the face, he said: "Very well pitched; but, then, how are ye going to get over yerself?"

INITIALS.

BY JOEL BENTON.

That dark cape we turned was November's;
The Winter's long reign, too, is o'er.
Here's the Robin; how well he remembers
The songs of the Summer before.

But the cold, which so bitterly lingers,
Half crushes each jubilant note.
Little Maud caught a stave with her fingers
Which yesterday froze in his throat.

We look for the weather to suit us,
Past March's disaster and mud;
For a waft from the fragrant Arbutus,
For beauties to break from their bud.

On the purple and mauve-tinted mountains
The twilight's long splendors renew;
And at morn the sky's measureless fountains
Were never more tenderly blue.

The blue-bird's a voluble lover,
Intrepid, not fearing the cold;
And the sparrows, from England sent over,
Give us joy by their musical scold.

It is Spring, with Love's warble beginning,
So the poet must cross-question Fate.
Think of charms which are well worth the winning—
Of Gabrielle, Lillie, and Kate.

Art.

GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE OF ART AS REGARDS WOMEN.

BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

Female enterprise having entered this field with an adroitness and success which bids fair, if persevered in, to overturn those rules of equity and justice on which all decisions affecting the interests of the public should be founded, it may be useful to review the special tactics which have enabled the inexperienced girl to supplant the best trained male artists in securing important commissions from the Government. In any instance of either sex it would be too much to expect that the commission for a work of art, any more than for an office, should be bestowed on the best qualified candidate, irrespective of any other considerations. Personal influence and interests will inevitably affect these decisions, even if they were governed in the main by a disposition on the part of our legislators to decide intelligently as to the question itself. Thus far art has had no real weight, because, when brought up on appeal, as a last resort, to save the country from an expensive and disgraceful blunder, the argument has fallen either on legislative minds already magnetized by specious wiles to give a complacent vote or too careless and ignorant to form an opinion on the subject at all. Senator Sumner has stood in the breech to uphold and defend the best interests of our Capital, in points of art, with a gallantry and eloquence that ought to have, at the least, checked the insidious advances of these sappers of our natural reputation and demoralizers of its æsthetic conscience.

No sooner had President Lincoln fallen by the bullet of the assasain than Art rightly laid claim to his noble character as her own, to reverently honor and forever consecrate in adamantine effigies and stupendous monuments. His was a memory which shared with Washington's the love and reverence of mankind throughout the civilized globe. But Abraham Lincoln, as an object for sculpture, is an uncommonly difficult problem to solve, so as, while preserving his rugged physical traits without exaggerating them, to interpenetrate the reluctant material with the patriotic glow, geniality, and love of his race that inspired alike his public and private acts. Unfortunately, the national zeal to honor the patriot was and is still in excess of the public knowledge of the requirements and limitations of art. With the best means at our disposal, we could but inadequately express his personality as it lives in history, and as we would have it descend to coming generations in bronze, marble, or on canvas. Of the various designs for costly monuments which the death of Lincoln has occasioned I need say nothing now. For better or worse, they are in process of completion in various states; and, even if they do display a deplorable ignorance of æsthetic laws, as wholes, they efficiently serve their main purpose of commemorating the martyr President.

But this laudable object has been turned into an opportunity for beguiling from our legislators commissions, irrespective of any proved qualifications of the applicant, by a seductive process of mixed sentimentalism and buttonholing, in which the greatest male genius can have but a poor chance in opposition to the sexual magnetism of the most commonplace female talent, when backed by attractive youthfulness and a fascinating manner. Sex is made to decide points by these syrens which every right-minded woman considers as wholly apart from their true issue. While claiming an equal opportunity with men to win public honors and develop their abilities, they instinctively shrink from competition in this direction, just as every self-respecting man refuses to adopt the mean artifices of the ignoble seekers of fame and fortune of his own sex.

The *finesse* of the button-holing process consists in tenderly and separately influencing those whose votes are required to secure a coveted "job," and by plausible words and flattering devices obtaining a promise of support, sometimes given as a concession to the weakness or indifference of the giver himself, and not unseldom to be rid of a too pertinacious applicant, not to say tempting. Each legislator or committee-man, traduced in his self-esteem, is led to think it depends wholly on his vote or influence whether the suitor is to depart in a hope that knows no limits to gratitude, or in an equally profound despair.

This is no fancy sketch. It comes to me in stronger words (more than one) from distinguished victims of these artfully spun webs to catch the money of the people, in return for what, as with the common run of sovereigns, be they of the "Ring" or the "anointed," it will call for no inconsiderable "grace of God" to esteem it as the genuine thing bargained for.

Art and all who love art should sternly oppose the wanton beguiler as one from whom nothing true and beautiful can come. Any woman who descends to this method of asserting her claims can have no fitting conception either of art or womanhood. All art-lobbying in the ante-rooms of legislation must be stopped, if art itself is to be secured to the service of the people—above all, of the button-hole sort. Ungallant as it may seem to sympathetic legislators who have been hoodwinked by youthful charms or ensnared by feminine artifices, they must forego this entertainment. For they have no more right to pay for their psychological luxuries with the money of overtaxed citizens than to put their hands into the national treasury for the means of gratifying any other of their individual pleasures. If they can be cajoled into the belief that an attractive miss or inexperienced woman of maturer years can make a better statue than the best of the tried sculptors of their country, by all means, let them try the experiment, but at their own expense and with *their own persons* as models. Why re-martyr periodically our beloved Lincoln!

A vote of Congress for a work of art is in large measure a guaranty of its excellence to the average mind of the nation. You, reader, and I, captious critic, if you will, are virtually made to endorse and pay for it. However abortive or ridiculous, it must remain always part and parcel of our history, and an indestructible reflection of our culture. A practical check on this abuse of legislative functions would be to establish in all our capitals an efficient direction or committee of fine arts, to whom all matters concerning them should be referred for an exhaustive report. In this way the legislators themselves might readily acquire instruction on a subject to which they have no direct time to give or, perhaps, opportunity of learning. Possibly art itself might finally so affect their minds as to lead them to give it the same patient hearing and investigation that they do to questions of shipbuilding and cotton-spinning. However tempting the reward offered by Congress, no female Michael Angelo at twenty can be turned out of any girlhood whatever. This master-mind began at thirteen arduous study under the most eminent masters, and in constant sight of the best examples of antiquity and of his own glorious epoch, and spent many years of severe practice before he produced even his youthful David. We seek to reverse all this common-sense experience. Without knowledge, study, or evidence even of inate ability, we expect a vote of Congress for ten or twenty thousand dollars to give to a young girl, who has never seen a fine statue, the ability to make a mature Abraham Lincoln, which shall fittingly represent the nation's idea of her second Washington. If the results disappoint, whose is to blame? It would be contrary to the entire experience of human nature, from the beginning of civilization to our own time, if anything worthy of the opportunity could be produced under such circumstances. Worse than all would be the disappointment should it happen that the job should be virtually sub-let, and, instead of cultivating native talent, the people should find they are paying threefold for work, creditable or otherwise, which could be contracted for at first hands in the foreign market at a great saving to the nation. I do not apprehend that this has been done; but the system I deprecate must lead to it in time, as naturally as a young duck takes to water.

Science.

Arrangements are being made by our Coast Survey, under the direction of Professor Pierce, for sending Prof. C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College, with his telescope and attached spectroscope, during the coming summer, out to Sherman, the highest station on the Pacific Railroad, for the purpose of ascertaining what advantages may be gained in spectroscopic observations by getting above 8,000 feet of the lower atmosphere. Professor Young hopes to be able to observe in the base of the chromosphere of the sun the reversal of all the dark lines of the solar spectrum, and thus to confirm this portion of the eclipse observations, without the aid of any eclipse whatever. It will be remembered that the prominences were discovered during a total eclipse, projecting beyond the outline of the moon, and that Professor Young was the first to invent and construct apparatus by which these prominences can be seen at any time, their forms delineated, and their motions watched. There is every reason to believe his new effort will be attended with equally successful results. The observations will be made in July and August.

....Thus far eleven lines characteristic of auroras have been observed by the spectroscope. Five of these were seen by Professor Barker, of New Haven, last November, during a brilliant crimson aurora, which yielded a spectrum so bright that the lines were readily measured, even when the numbers on the scale could be read distinctly. Of these three were well defined, two were nebulous on the edges. When the crimson light faded to white, of course, one of the lines, the red, disappeared. Another, 509 of wave length, was a new discovery; though possibly it may be the one determined by Professor H. Vogel, at the Bothkamp Observatory, and noted as 500.3 of wave length. During an aurora of August last, the latter observed six and in the red streamers seven different lines. He believes he has evidence that the auroral spectrum is derived from the air, though modified by conditions of pressure and temperature. It is a remarkable fact that neither of the rays of the component gases of the atmosphere, oxygen and nitrogen, appear in the auroral spectrum. This is a probability in favor of the opinion that auroras occur in those elevated regions of the air where these gases are extremely rarefied, and that possibly they are produced by electric streams. At any rate, the substances of all these lines are wholly unknown.

....A new process of making paper from *Scirpus lacustris* Lake-sedge, has been invented by S. D. Baldwin, of Maryaville, California. After experimenting a number of years with this sedge, he has succeeded in obtaining therefrom a fine pulp, capable of being made into the best quality of writing and printing paper. This species of *Scirpus* is abundant in the shoal water of rivers and bays in the Northern States, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, growing in greatest luxuriance in the great lakes and the St. Lawrence River. By employing stems cut in June, fifty to sixty per cent. of pulp has been obtained, as firm and strong as that from Sea Island cotton. A great variety of experiment show its value as a serviceable and economical paper stock, and indicate that it is destined to come into general use.

....The plating of metal by means of nickel has hitherto been comparatively expensive. Adams's process is usually employed in this country. But a new method of electro-plating with nickel has been devised by Professor F. Stolba, and described in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* of London, which possesses many advantages and will prove a far more economical process. Instead of requiring a bath of double sulphate of nickel and ammonium and an anode of cast nickel, the new method employs any salt of nickel, chloride, sulphate, or double sulphate of nickel and potassium, none of which are required to be chemically pure. In addition to any one of these, a chloride of zinc is employed, obtained by simply dissolving metallic zinc in hydrochloric acid. This solution of chloride of zinc, if concentrated, should be diluted by one or two times its volume of water. The solution having been heated to the boiling point, hydrochloric acid is added drop by drop, until the precipitate formed by diluting the solution with water is redissolved. A little zinc powder, taken up by the point of a knife, is then added, by which the metal of the vessel becomes in a few minutes plated with zinc wherever in contact with the liquid. Enough nickel salt is then stirred in to color the liquid distinctly green. The articles to be plated, having been carefully cleaned from rust, dirt, or grease, are now introduced, and with them small cuttings of zinc, care being taken to secure a sufficient number of points of contact. On boiling the liquid, the nickel is soon precipitated, and the work may be finished in fifteen minutes. If some parts of the articles are not well plated, the boiling should be prolonged, fresh pieces of zinc thrown in, and, if necessary, additional nickel salt should be supplied. If a brilliant coating of nickel is desired, the liquid must not be cloudy, either from an excess of basic zinc salt or from free hydrochloric acid.

....The cause of the brilliant colors which appear in glass when subjected to the action hydrofluoric acid has been investigated microscopically by Mr. H. F. Smith, who has described in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* the results of his examination. When the acid was first dropped on the glass no action was visible, the sequence being simply as though it had been a drop of water. In a short time, however, the drop became dull; but this dullness almost immediately cleared away, and several small particles, apparently of glass, were seen floating in the drop. These seemed to be undergoing a process of solution, the appearance being similar to that seen when a bit of mica is thrown into the flame in a molten state—after being tossed about for some time, it begins to dissolve and soon disappears; the same was occurring here. This dissolution was attended with bright colors, which changed every moment as small pieces of glass were liberated, leading to the conclusion that they were prisms. Some of these particles were surrounded with a halo of colors, of which the principal ones were deep green and blue. Occasionally small particles of glass floating in the drop of acid exploded, causing great commotion in the liquid and throwing up little jets of acid—an action which suggests the possibility of cavities in the prisms of glass. When these explosions occurred flashes of light were visible, resembling the rainbows of waterfalls.

....We learn from the *Illustrirte Zeitung* that Count Franz de Saim-Reiffenscheid has offered 20,000 florins in aid of an Austrian Polar expedition. It is announced in Genoa that the Italian Government proposes to furnish a vessel to accompany the German expedition to the Arctic regions. Authorization for the same has been asked, and accorded by the German Government. While the Germans are intending to penetrate to the east of the Nova Zembla sea, toward the high northern coasts of Siberia, the Russians are preparing an expedition in the opposite direction. The Society for the Encouragement of National Industry at St. Petersburg has adopted the proposal of M. Longieoff, of Tobolsk, of sending an expedition down the River Obi, from whose mouth it could readily proceed to Archangel. A steamer fully equipped for this purpose will descend the Obi at the end of April, reach the mouth of the river by the end of May, and then direct its course to Archangel.

....Dr. Lander Lindsay has published, through the Linnean Society, a beautifully illustrated monograph, in quarto, entitled "Lichens collected by Robert Brown, in Greenland," describing many new species.

....Dr. Rink, director of the Royal Trade, and formerly governor of Greenland, has issued a memoir, reprinted from the "Proceedings of the Society of Northern Antiquaries," of *Om Eskimoernes Herkomst*," in which he argues that the Esquimaux are simply a branch of the North American Indians, and not a separate people, as is generally supposed.

....After examining meat extracts in respect to their physiological value, in the *Moniteur Scientifique*, Dr. P. Muller arrives at the following conclusions:

"*First*, meat extracts are not food—either directly, since they do not contain albuminoid substances, or indirectly, inasmuch as their nitrogenous principles do not arrest tissue metamorphosis. *Second*, taken in small quantities, they may be useful, by the stimulant action of the potassium salts which they contain, which favor digestion and circulation. *Third*, in larger amounts, instead of being useful, they may be actually deleterious. Administered at the close of prolonged sickness, when the system is exhausted by long abstinence, potassium salts have a decidedly injurious action, which is the more manifest in proportion as the system has lost more sodium chloride. So far, then, from favoring nutrition, they actually impede it, 1st, by the direct action of potassium salts upon the blood-corpuscle, producing a less absorption of oxygen: and, 2d, by the predominance in the serum of salts, which dissolve the carbonic acid only physically, and which, therefore, do not allow the exhalation of the normal quantity of this gas, nor the introduction of the normal quantity of oxygen. *Fourth*, the physician, therefore, should always remember that giving these meat extracts alone is simply starving the patient."

....In Poggendorff's *Annalen der Physik und Chemie* Dr. F. Pfaff has an article on the water and salt mechanically contained in rocks. From a series of experiments, conducted by means of an apparatus constructed by himself and fully described, the author concludes: *first*, that granite rocks contain water mechanically between the crystals which compose them; *second*, that these same rocks, and also sedimentary rocks, contain chloride of sodium, held in the same manner.

....The Island of Ischia is said to have a large tract the temperature of the soil of which is constantly kept at between 110 and 180 degrees F. by subterranean fires, and proposals are now made to establish extensive operations on the island for obtaining salt from sea-water, by use of this natural heat.

Missions.

So little is now generally known respecting the missionary history of Japan that we present the following sketch of an early attempt to introduce Catholicism into that empire, which, though at first apparently a wonderful success, soon suddenly became a total failure, and closed for more than two centuries the entire land against pure Christianity.

Before the discovery of Japan by Pinto, in 1542, its people appear to have been, above all others in modern times, ready for the reception of Christianity, as indicated, first, by

APRIL 4, 1872.]

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Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Bell, George, Bapt., of Chicago University, ord., March 8th, at Union Pier, Mich.
Bonsall, A. Judson, Bapt., ord., March 10th, at Mt. Hope, Pa.
Brewster, P. S., Bapt., ord., March 21st, at Ballibay, Pa.
Brown, W. Y., Presb., inst., March 10th, at Denver, Col.
Devoe, Isaac, Presb., inst., March 13th, at Fillmore, Minn.
Fish, R. D., Univ., inst., March 13th, at Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hamilton, William, D.D., Presb., inst., March 20th, at Bedford, Q.
Hay, John, Cong., inst., Feb. 6th, at Brockville, Ont.
Kern, Frederick, Presb., in German church, Carlstadt, N. J.
Ross, L. M., United Presb., inst., March 12th, at Iberia, O.
Salter, C. C., Cong., inst., March 12th, at Duluth, Minn.
Stein, Moses, Presb., inst., March 25th, at Solon, O.
Steele, D. K., Presb., inst., March 28th, at Willoughby, O.
Tuttle, E., Freewill Bapt., inst., March 7th, at Lebanon, Me.
White, T. F., Bapt., of Colby University, ord., March 30th, at Stetson, Me.
Whitney, N., Bapt., ord., March 20th, at Mahoopeny, Pa.
Woovrurce, E. F., Luth., inst., in Immanuel's church, Williamsport, Pa.

CALLS.

Abbott, G. S., Univ., of La Grange, O., to Willoughby, O.
Abbot, Charles S., Luth., of Lancaster, Pa., to Carlisle, Pa.
Adams, W. W., Cong., of Fall River, Mass., to Presb. church, Flint, Mich.
Bacon, W. N., Cong., of Shoreham, Vt., to Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Barnum, G. W., Cong., of Indianapolis, Ind., to Angola, Ind.
Boardman, W. S., Epis., to Camden, N. J.
Boston, S. C., Bapt., of Frenchtown, N. J., to Bralington, N. J.
Brastow, Thomas E., Cong., of Orland, Me., to Sherman, Me.
Brooks, W. C., Univ., to Lawrence, Kan.
Carpenter, J. T., Epis., of Minersville, Pa., to Parkersville, Pa.
Charlot, N. P., Epis., to Ashtabula, O.
Collins, S. A., Bapt., of Cincinnati, to Savannah, Ga.
Cook, Z., Univ., to Mendota, Ill.
Davis, George F., Presb., of La Grange, Mo., to Casey, Ill.
Dickey, Mr., Epis., of Austin, Minn., to Olympia, Oregon.
Dickinson, William C., Presb., of Battle Creek, Mich., to Second church, Lafayette, Ind.
Dieterich, J. F., Luth., to Schellsburg, Pa.
Dodge, R. V., D.D., Presb., to First church, San Francisco, Cal.
Fairfield, M. W., Cong., of Dartford, Wis., to Lansing, Mich.
Foulkes, J. R., Bapt., of Bate's Fork, Pa., to Oak Forest, Pa.
Gale, S., Bapt., of Baltic, Ct., to Mystic River, Ct.
Garrett, A.C., Epis., of St. James Church, San Francisco, Cal., to Omaha, Neb.
Grandy, William, Presb., of Brighton, Mich., to Coldwater, Mich.
Hailhecx, H. E., Luth., of Selinsgrove, Pa., to Muncy, Pa.
Hamilton, William E., Presb., to Pueblo, Col.
Hartsook, A. J., Luth., of Willermore, Pa., to Clearfield, Pa.
Hawkes, W. S., Cong., to Stafford Springs, Ct.
Hubbard, John P., Epis., of Westerly, R. I., to Brookline, Mass.,
Hunt, T. Dwight, Conz., of San Francisco, to Presb. church, Nunda, N. Y.
Johnson, William, Bapt., of La Plata, Mo., to Lathrop, Mo.
Johnson, T. C., Southern Presb., of Columbia Seminary, to Fourth church, New Orleans.
Kerr, William A., Presb., to First church, Williamsport, Pa.
Knight, Merrick, Cong., of Rocky Hill, Ct., to Torrington, Ct.
Laur, A. D., Univ., to Cuba, N. Y.
Lincoln, W. E., Cong., of Cleveland, to Marysville, O.
Lippincott, B. C., Reformed (Dutch), to Willkill Valley, N. Y.
Marshall, A., Presb., to Salem, Pa.
Mathes, A. R., Presb., of Wilton, Ia., to Shawneetown, Ill.
Mathews, S. H., Univ., of Northfield, Vt., to Springfield, O.
Mayo, Warren, Presb., to Baxter Springs, Kan.
Miller, James, Bapt., to Pigeon Creek, Pa.
McDonald, Henry, Southern Presb., of Fort Gibson, Misa., to Palestine, Texas.
Nevins, Dr., Epis., of Mobile, Ala., to Portland, Oregon.
Petrie, James, Presb., of Manchester, N. J., to Montana, N. J.
Porter, L. F., Univ., to Benton, Pa.
Powell, W. R., Epis., to Belle Plain, Minn.
Preble, E. K., Univ., of Bath, Me., to Abingdon, Mass.
Ray, J. W., Cong., of Hastings, Minn. to Lake City, Minn. Accepts.
Rees, E. S., Luth., of Millersburg, Ind., to Norristown, Ill.
Rogers, S. J., Reformed (Dutch), to Deer Park, N. Y.
Rowley, C. H., Cong., of Andover Seminary, to Sheldon, Vt.
Safford, O. F., Univ., to Springfield, Mass.
Sexton, Thomas L., Presb., of Union Seminary, to Westminster church, Troy, N. Y.
Shaw, Archibald M., Presb., of Concord, to Tekonsha, Mich.
Smith, J. M., Cong., to Amherstburg, Ont.
Spor, A., Epis., of Rushville, Minn., to Rushford, Minn.
Stewart, S. J., Presb., to West Twenty-fifth-street church, New York.
Taylor, P., Bapt., of Ottawa, Ill., to Tonkin, Ill.
Thomas, S., Luth., of Washington, D.C., to De Soto, Ill.
Thwing, M. C., Bapt., to Germantown, Pa.
Twombly, A. S., Presb., of Stamford, Ct. to Cong. church, Charlestown, Mass. Accepts.
Waltman, W. W., Luth., to La Grange, Ind.
Weller, James, Cong., of Maine, to Danby, N. Y.
Watson, Charles P., Cong., of Cowansville, Canada, to North Troy, Vt.
Whitney, G. W., Univ., of Beverly, Mass., to Quincy, Mass.
Zimmerman, G., Luth., of Clarence, Ia., to Dakota City, Neb.

REMOVALS.

Ayer, C., Bapt., of Morris, N. Y.
Beal, S. L., Univ., of Westminster, Mass.
Chamberlain, W. H., Univ., of Dubuque, Ia. Hemorrhage of the lungs.
Chapman, Jacob, Cong., of Deerfield, N. H.
Colmery, D. R., Presb., of Yellow Springs, O.
Comings, E. J., Cong., of Highgate, Vt.
Duda, W. B., Cong., of Lake City, Minn.
Felton, George D., Bapt., of South College, O.
Fenn, Stephen, Cong., of Watertown, Ct.
Hancock, A. J., Luth., of Willermore, Pa.
Hayden, H. C., Cong., of Pilgrim church, St. Louis.
Holman, J. W., Bapt., of Second church, Richmond, R. I.
Jordan, E. S., Cong., of Bethel, Me.
Kendall, Clark, United Presb., of Buffalo, N. Y. Ill health.
Maryott, J. B., Bapt., of New Shoreham, R. I.
Medbury, A. R., Bapt., of First church, San Francisco, Cal.
Morris, Jacob, Bapt., of West Salem, Pa.
Norton, T. S., Cong., of Northbridge, Mass.
Parker, Moses, Bapt., of Panola, Ill.
Paine, Sewall, Cong., of Montgomery, Vt.
Penhallow, Charles, Cong., of Efron, N. H.
Pickett, Cyrus, Cong., of Keokuk, Ia.
Post, J. C., Bapt., of Fort Scott, Kansas.
Read, J. B., Bapt., of Belchertown, Mass.
Ross, W. D., Bapt., of Lebanon, Ill.
Russell, Ezekiel, D.D., Cong., of Wintbrop, Holbrook, Mass.
Skinner, T. N., Cong., of Milford, Neb.
Straub, J., Univ., of Lansings, Mich.
Thomas, C. B., Cong., of Peru, Ill. Ill health.
Thompson, Zenas, Univ., of Mechanic Falls, Me.
Treadway, Mr., Epis., of Vallejo, Cal.
Wentworth, L. S., Cong., of Barnet, Vt.
Wheelock, R. A., Cong., of Mott's Corners, N. Y.
Wheeler, Benjamin, Bapt., of Franklin, N. H.
White, G. H., Cong., of Sharon, Vt.

DEATHS.

Browning, C., Bapt., 65, of Royalton, N. Y., Feb. 17th.
Daman, Franklin, Bapt., 53, of Scituate, Mass., March 12th.
Gillespie, Mr., Meth., of Clarendon, Ky., Feb. 19th.
Goff, B. G., Bapt., 76, of Mondovi, Wis.
Horton, Francis, Cong., 68, of Barrington, R. I., March 19th.
Ochter, Prof., Luth., 60, of Tubingen, Germany, Feb. 19th.
Pedley, Captain, Cong., of Coburg, Ont., Feb. 22d.
Riemann, Pastor, Reformed (German), of Friedland, Pa.
Richards, Miss J., D.D., Presb., of Reading, Pa., March 23th.
Russell, Samuel W., Meth., 88, of Knoxville, Tenn., March 31st.
Street, Oran, Meth., 70, of North Searsmont, Me., Feb. 29d.
Tolman, J. F., Bapt., of Sandwich, Ill.
Wylie, Samuel, D.D., Reformed Presb., 83, of Eden, Ill., March 21st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dada, W. B., Cong., of Lake City, Minn., has become editor of a new temperance paper at Minneapolis.
Dashiell, Dr., Meth., has resigned the presidency of Dickinson College and resumed the ministry in Jersey City.
Moss, Lemuel, D.D., Bapt., of Philadelphia, is chosen to a professorship in Crozer Seminary, Pa.
McCollester, S. H., Univ., of Nashua, N. H., is chosen president of Buchtel College, O.
McInnis, R., D.D., Southern Presb., of Mississippi, has commenced College labor as an evangelist in Ebenezer Presbytery, Ky.
Newman, Dr., Meth., of Washington City, is nominated by Bishop Ames as missionary to Japan.

Our Young Folks.

LONDON LETTER IN RHYME.

THE PRINCE'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

DEAR BESSY, I sit down to tell you
I haven't forgotten you, quite;
Though we've had such delectable weather
I haven't had courage to write.

My last was of Sydenham Palace;
And then H. R. H. took a cold,
And people began to look sober,
And the Radical party waxed bold.

So London was all in a flutter,
With telegrams, doctors, and news;
Aristocrats talked at the West End,
And the beggars they talked in the mews.

The wicked street-Arabs tossed pennies
That the Prince wouldn't live till next day;
And some of the merchants were ruined
By buying up black goods, they say.

The landladies tried to look solemn,
And let their spare rooms with a sigh;
And even hard-hearted taxgatherers
Strove to pump up a tear in each eye.

The butchers and bakers were silent;
The ole clo' men shook their black heads;
And even Punch and Judy were crying,
And chimney-sweeps wept on the leads.

'Twas a doleful and sorrowful season,
Though some pretty maidens, I know,
Cried tears of disgust and vexation,
And voted the whole matter slow.

Why didn't he die and done with it,
And not make the season so blue?
I know it was horribly wicked,
But what else can such butterflies do?

For, what with the fog and the worry,
And feeling so bad for the Queen—
Who is only a woman and mother,
As faithful as ever was seen—

And thinking of those who were nearest,
Whose hearts were so sad by his bed—
Though all the wide world might disown him,
Their bosoms with agony bled—

It did make the city look dismal,
As if 'twere o'erspread like a pall;
There was quiet in palace and cottage,
There was silence in mart and in hall.

Well, well, all is changed. You would think so
If you saw how old London goes round.
Such a sight, with their flags and gay trappings!
Not only the sight, but the sound.

Brass-bands, with their thunderous music;
Glee-singers, with ribbons of blue;
Tamborines, hurdy-gurdys, street-organs,
And cymbals and drums not a few.

Come, look from my balcony with me,
In a very *recherché* hotel;
The crowds are beginning to gather,
And hark to the chimes as they swell.

That boom, so deep, mighty, and solemn—
You have heard it before—is big Ben.
I wonder if Albert feels thankful?
"O look! see these curious men!"

They are only the Blue-coats, dear—schoolboys—
And never wear hats in the street.
They *do* look like men-dwarfs; no wonder,
With their breeches and high-lows complete.

Here come the Queen's Guards. Did you ever
Such men or such uniforms see?
That's Viscount De Grey, on his charger.
I thought he was looking at me.

Such crowds! How they jostle and murmur!
It sounds like the voice of the waves.
What a thought: in a hundred years hence, dear,
They and we will be low in our graves!

(I hope the good Princess feels happy.
I should, if in her place I stood.)
Does it ever occur to you, Bessy,
Such throngs must eat mountains of food?

They say that from Windsor to St. Paul's
There are arches of flowers and vines,
That the city's a garden of roses
And flowing with porter and wines.

There's a group from the country—a farmer
And three loxom girls. *How they stare!*
'Tis their first visit, maybe, to 'Lunnon';
Blue eyes, skin like lilies, red hair.

But put jewels and silks and fine laces
Upon them, and teach them an *air*,
There'd be fewer fine dames in Old England,
In spite of their carroty hair.

Next Morning.

We went to St. Paul's, dear,
And came near getting crushed in the crowd;
'Twas a service as grand as the grandest,
With choristers brilliant and loud.

And last night, what with rockets and bonfires
Of fire, all the streets in a blaze,
While thousands of lights over arches
Quite rivaled the sun's redder rays.

Old London looked jolly enough, dear;
But ah! with this morning appears,
There are hearts overburdened with sorrows
And eyes overflowing with tears.

For the terrible crowd that was surging
To see what?—a man and a brother—
Came crushingly close, and oh! horror,
They pushed, fell, and trampled each other.

Men, women, and children together—
How many the papers don't say;
But, while thanking the Giver for one life,
They took full a half-score away.

Ah! well, your true Britisher glories
In pomps and in shows as they go;
And can't, like his brother, the Celtic,
Get through without having a row.

So the glorious Thanksgiving is over,
What matters a few dozen lives,
Though children may weep for their mothers
And husbands may mourn for their wives?

They've sung, and they've drummed, and they've shouted,
And killed a few friends, as of yore.
What matter? The Prince is quite jolly,
And nearly as well as before.

JABEZ SORROWFUL.

BY CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D.

Some children there are who make up their minds they will read the whole Bible through in course. And they find that very easy while they are pushing on in Genesis and Exodus; but it grows harder in Leviticus and Duteronomy, for there one lights upon so many difficult ceremonies and so many unusual commandments that he can hardly help becoming very much wearied. Indeed, even for grown people it is a discouraging task to just read on, stumbling helplessly along in the thick of what we do not understand.

But suppose any one of you to whom I am writing now should be asked what was really the toughest part of the Old Testament to read, what would you pick out?

I think I could tell you the name of one young girl who said that the fourth chapter of the First Book of Chronicles was the one that made her the most tired. And she actually went to her mother to know whether it would be just honest to let it all go, and get say she had read her new Bible through.

For that chapter seems to be made up of names—simply names, the longest and the crookedest it is in the power of letters to spell. Very few, even of our best Sunday-school pupils, could *so* much as pronounce the words correctly. And, moreover, all it says is that such a man was such another man's son, or that such a man had such and such hard-named sons and daughters. And one can hardly help losing interest in what is merely a dry catalogue.

Yet for those who are bound faithfully to read the Scriptures through in course the worst of all this is that there are nine of just such chapters in the first Book of Chronicles, lying right alongside and it does seem as if one would never get beyond them. Most persons feel tempted to skip the entire record at once, and move forward.

Still we ought always to believe that there is nothing in God's Word without good in it. I am persuaded that, if any of you get impatient, or in too much of a hurry, you will miss some of the pleasantest of all the short stories of old times. Among them, let me tell you now, will be lost the biography of a fine little lad, to me perhaps the most attractive in the Old Testament. I am going to try to have you make his acquaintance. I fear you have never even heard of him. Yet he had a most interesting history, a very queer name, and more than ordinary success in his after-life.

We do not know all we wish we could know about his birth and bringing up. I can relate to you very quickly all I could ever find out about that. The story is quite brief. It is recorded nowhere else in the Bible, except in this dull chapter of Chronicles. You might commit the whole of his biography to memory, and not distress yourself much. These two verses are all:

"And Jabez was more honorable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, because I bore him in sorrow. And Jabez called upon the God of Israel, saying, Oh! that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast; and that thine hand might be with me; and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested."

So you see, if this is all, that we are not told where that boy with the sad name lived, nor even in what period of the world's history he had his career finished. Neither his father nor his mother, not even himself, is so much as mentioned anywhere else in the Bible. Since we know so little of him, therefore, in these ordinary matters, we must make the most we can out of two or three unusual particulars, which we are quite happy to discover.

One of them is his name. *Jabez* means sorrowful. It is solemn, to say the least of it; some children think it is dark and sad. Imagine a promising lad compelled to carry through life the name of "Sorrowful." It seems melancholy. In introducing this child to you I called him Jabez Sorrowful. Most of us now have two names, and I thought possibly you would remember him better if I put with his Hebrew name the translation of it into English. Jabez is not used at the present day very much in naming children, and those who give it to their boys rarely, do not remember or care for the signification of it, I presume.

But there are a great many poor, ignorant, diseased children who might quite appropriately be called *Sorrowful*. I wish they would all pray God to take care of them as earnestly as Jabez did. Then he certainly would.

You are ready to ask now how it happened that this bright lad received so heavy a name. That leads me to mention another circumstance about him, which we discover here in the verses. We do not know this absolutely for certain; but it seems to be most likely that Jabez was a half orphan. We are told that his *mother* named him, but not a word is said about his father; and we are inclined to think that his father had died, had quite likely died, perhaps only a little while before Jabez was born. It may be that in this is disclosed the reason why the desolate woman gave her infant boy so melancholy a name. Perhaps she felt so disappointed and low-spirited when she first saw his face, and knew that he would never have a father's love or care in all the time to come, that she grew a great deal more unhappy herself in her widowhood. Possibly she made up her mind she should never see a glad hour again; her life was going to be a suffering and lonely life, and her poor boy would just have to take up with his mother the shadowed and tearful lot in a broken home.

She had borne other children. Jabez had brothers. Hitherto she had always a welcome for them. Over this one she could only bend with tears. And it looks as if, in a moment of utter despondency and pain, this Hebrew woman had resolved that her babe should become a living memorial of her grief.

Thus it came to pass that Jabez Sorrowful entered upon life with no smile or caress of cheerful greeting. If ever, in the after years of his career, he felt vexed or annoyed at his melancholy name, he would still have the satisfaction of recollecting that perhaps it comforted his afflicted and grief-full mother to know he would never forget her mourning.

Nobody now ever asks any of you to carry the name of Jabez for such a reason. But if among my little readers there is any child whose father is dead and whose mother is sad-hearted, let him try in every way he can to be a brave solace to her. Jabez had no New Testament among all his books. There was none made as yet in his day. But since, in these later times, the whole Bible has been given to us, you will do well to look up one verse which, I think, is a very beautiful motto for a courageous boy:

"If any widow have children or nephews, let them learn first to show piety at home and to requite their parents; for that is good and acceptable before God?"

I feel quite sure that Jabez tried to be an obedient, reverent, dutiful child, and keep as cheerful as possible, for all that he bore so mournful a name. When his mother called out for him to come to her, "Sorrowful, Sorrowful!" I imagine he ran with all his might; and when she saw his dear, bright face, so full of affection, so round and ruddy, so glad and gleesome, she must have thanked God for so true a keeper. And I tell you, children, that, next to loving God and being loved by God, there is nothing so grand for any boy and girl in this world as to know that their mother thanks God for them every day, they are such a comfort.

Some day I will write to you some few things more about this lad's character and the way he got on in life. He makes me think of another child. See if you know whom I mean:

"A son that never did annoy,
That never chanced his mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer:
Even from the tree he deigned to bow
For her his speaking brow,
Her—his sole earthly care."

"APRIL FOOL'S DAY."

BY S. H. BROWNE.

THE origin of the absurd customs and usages considered appropriate for the First of April, called "All Fool's Day," is so obscure as to be lost in dim antiquity. These customs have prevailed to a greater or less extent among distant and diverse nations of the Old World both ancient and modern, European and Asiatic; for in India among the Pagan rites and *fêtes* of Buddhism it finds a notable place. At the great festival of *Huli*, which occurs in March, about the time of the vernal equinox, the last day of the month is given up to a succession of tricks and jokes, which have for their object to mislead, disappoint, and deceive their victims; all, of course, in a spirit of fun and frolic, at which no one is allowed to get vexed or angry.

Our English and Saxon ancestors, from whom we derive these customs directly, have sometimes referred their origin to the Druids; but the evidence is anything but conclusive, though it is possible they may have descended by tradition to them from still more ancient and Oriental nations.

It is very curious, however, that the of the mischief were rude and unfeeling enough to enjoy the confusion and embarrassment which these discoveries successively occasioned, with explosions of laughter. And, though the mother, not knowing what else to do, repeatedly begged her visitors to excuse the "children's folly," as it had been their habit on April Fool's Day ever since they were born to indulge in some such jokes, it was easy to see that some of the elder people could hardly help considering it as untimely and savoring of personal disrespect, especially the interruption of the parson's grace by the sudden collapse of his chair-legs, by which he was summarily landed upon the carpet in a position not particularly favorable to his theological dignity. It was deemed at the moment purely accidental, and the smothered snickerings from the young people, which accompanied the regrets and apologies of the hostess, as well as their own, thought of only as the natural consequence of such an odd mishap. But the parson now recollected that, as he gathered himself up, he noticed a string attached to the broken chair, and that he had felt a decided jerk upon it just before he came down. He might have observed, too, that one of the legs was sawed through in such a manner that the slightest pull in a certain direction would incvitably destroy the equilibrium of the whole four, and occasion the fun above noted.

Of course, next to nothing was or could be eaten by anybody; and the company were just about to rise when, at a wink from Frank, Lusette lifted the cover of a china dish which sat near her, and out sprang half-a-dozen mice, which scampered over the table in every direction as they hurried to make their escape, and ran over the ladies' sleeves and dresses on their way to the floor. Everybody jumped up with a scream at this sudden apparition, and ran hither and thither to avoid them. One of the visitors, a nervous lady, in feeble health, was so startled that she fainted on the spot. Crockery and glass were broken to some extent, and the table would have been upset bodily, in the general scramble, but for the timely grasp of Mrs. Kelton, whose shame and anger were now beyond expression, and were in no degree diminished when her guests, who had been expected to remain for a day or two, announced and carried into execution their decision to "take the first train." "It was a permanent disgrace to the family," she told her children, after the departure; "and neither she nor they would ever be forgiven or excused for what had happened through their absurd and reprehensible folly."

Scolding, however, was of little avail, when all the mischief was done.

But it was not all done yet, nor was there apparently any useful lesson derived from the incidents of the morning. The more fun that could be crowded into the day the better, let what would happen, was the principle upon which these reckless young people always seemed to act at "All Fools." We are very glad to believe that their case was in some measure an exceptional one.

Toward noon Lusette, who had been much in her brothers' company during the morning, and whose dupe and tool she generally consented to become, rushed in from the stable-yard, shrieking: "Mother! Mother! Where's Mother?"

"Gone up to your Grammer's room," said a servant. "What's up now?"

"Oh! he's killed! Mark is killed!" screamed the girl with such apparent sincerity and distress as to deceive the domestic.

"Killed? Where? How?" cried the woman, leaving her work.

But Lusette only rushed to the foot of the stairs, and began at the top of her voice to call her mother, who ran at the first note of alarm.

"Do come this minute, Mother! Mark's pony has kicked him in the breast and killed him, I'm afraid!"

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Mrs. Kilton, forgetting all about the breakfast and turning pale as ashes, as she ran down the stairs and out of the house to the stable-yard, where, on the ground, to be sure, lay Mark, with his face chalked, feigning death or insensibility. He allowed his distracted mother for some minutes to believe in the reality of the accident, when, unable to keep his countenance any longer, he jumped up, shouting, "All right! April fool, Mother!" and burst into a boisterous laugh at her expense.

Now it happened, as Lusette intended, that her grandmother, who had not left her room that day, partly on account of a slight indisposition and partly to keep her out of the reach of the "children's foolishness," as Mrs. Kelton afterward declared—it happened, we say, that she heard every word of Lusette's alarming summons to her mother, which, of course, startled and terrified her beyond expression. Her cries and calls to "somebody" not being answered, all the household having rushed to the scene of the calamity, she became desperate, and, hurrying in the wildest trepidation to the stairway, she neglected her usual caution in descending, made a misstep near the top, and fell headlong to the bottom!

When the family returned to the house, after discovering that they were "fooled," it was to find the old lady bleeding and unconscious at the foot of the stairs!

Here was something not in the day's programme; but which, nevertheless, was a direct result of it.

The poor old woman was carried to her room by the grandsons she had so much loved and petted, and who had made her this return for all her kindness.

A doctor was sent for as speedily as possible, who pronounced her hip to be dislocated, and fractures to exist on her head, with other serious injuries, almost any one of which, at her advanced age, must necessarily prove fatal. There was nothing to be done, he said, but endeavor to palliate a little the suffering which was inevitable and incurable, and from which she could only be released by death!

And, as the now sobered and remorseful agents of this cruelty had no other excuse to offer except the license for frolic which "All Fool's Day" allowed, the doctor gave them in very plain terms his opinion of its weight:

"For the death of this unfortunate old woman," he said, "whom you have had so much reason to treat with respect and gratitude, you are as truly guilty, in the sight of Heaven, as if you had given her these mortal injuries with your own hands; and I hope it will be a lesson you will lay to heart, and be induced to abandon these practices, the recklessness of which has of late years given you a bad eminence among all your neighbors.

"Depend on it, young folks," he went on, with vehemence, "there are no fools on earth equal to those who, for their own amusement, inflict wrong or cruelty upon others!"

As the doctor had said, a few days of excruciating torture, which nothing could prevent or relieve, and which filled the house with dreadful shrieks and dying groans, closed the sad scene.

Since that event "*April Fool's Day*" has never once been observed with its customary privileges in the Kelton family.

THE fact that last Sunday was left open for a review of the first quarter's lessons, in the schedule of the "Uniform Series," enabled many schools to have exercises appropriate to Easter Sunday, without losing a lesson of the regular course. It is suggested that in the new arrangement of uniform lessons, by the Indianapolis Convention, provision be made for an Easter lesson each year, as the time of that commemorative festival is settled beyond question, and the day itself is counted precious in almost the universal Christian Church.

The Sunday-school.

IN response to the many requests for detailed information concerning the National Sunday-school Convention, to be held at Indianapolis, this month, we publish herewith the formal call of the Convention, including the sketch of the programme, of which the substance has already appeared in these columns:

"The Fifth National Sunday-school Convention is called to assemble in the Second Presbyterian church of Indianapolis, Ind., on Tuesday evening, April 16th, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, to continue in session until Friday afternoon, inclusive.

"The basis of representation at this Convention is twice the full congressional delegation of each state, senators included. Credentials are to issue from the executive committees of the several state associations, or, where there is no state association, from committees appointed by the delegation committee of the National Conventions of which Mr. J. B. Tyler, 763 Broadway, New York, is chairman.

"Entertainment for delegates is promised at Indianapolis, on application, prior to April 1st, to Mr. Edward S. Field, of that city.

"Parties desiring to purchase railroad tickets to and from the Convention at reduced rates can correspond, for the East, with Rev. George A. Peltz, 1841 Filbert street, Philadelphia; or, for the West, with Mr. V. T. Mallot, Indianapolis.

"A Sunday-school Museum is arranged for in a building convenient to the Convention, where publishers, dealers, and manufacturers may exhibit Sunday-school helps and appliances. Applications for space and accommodation in the Museum may be addressed, before April 1st, to Col. John W. Ray, Indianapolis, chairman of the local committee of arrangements.

"Brief reports, or statements of plan and work, from national and Sunday-school organizations (denominational or union), are invited to be made, in writing, to the secretary of the executive committee, for publication, in whole or in part, with the minutes of the Convention.

"By vote of the executive committee, as authorized by the last National Convention, Tuesday evening is to be given to a meeting for greetings and praise, under the lead of the president of the last Convention. The permanent organization is to be perfected at the Wednesday morning session.

"Discussions are arranged for at different sessions, on the Field, the Seed, the Sowers, the Sowing, and the Harvest of the Sunday-school work. Sectional meetings are to be held, on the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday, of normal instructors, choristers, superintendents, pastors, and officers of state, national, or foreign Sunday-school associations. Foremost in importance and interest among the themes for discussion by this Convention is that of a practical and positive information, is not plain that we should at once sweep the whole number of dead-beads—ministers without accumulated knowledge and definite training in religion—from the churches?"

A simple-minded reader might be in honest doubt, on this showing, which is most likely to "go under," at the present juncture, the growing, gaining Sunday-school or the "many dead-heads" of the pulpit.

....A somewhat novel plan is adopted to bring the Sunday-school into closer relations with other sanctuary services in the First Congregational church at Enfield, Conn. The ordinary exercises of forenoon worship on the Lord's Day—of prayer, singing, and Scripture reading—are conducted as usual. Then, instead of the sermon, there is a half hour of congregational Bible study, in classes. This exercise is followed by a brief sermon, based on the portion of Scripture studied by the congregation; and the service is concluded with customary devotional exercises. The study of the Bible by the entire assembly is thus made a part of the principal service of the house of God. Old and young share in it, in classes according to their ages and needs. The plan works well, and it has advantages over any which seems to "give up" a "regular service" for the "Sunday-school." It certainly is not likely to drive the people to the livery-stable for Sunday-forenoon pleasure riding, as some good pastors have feared would be the case if their people were offered Bible study in lieu of listening to a second sermon.

....With Sunday-schools as they now are, it is, doubtless, true that scholars generally receive fewer and less durable impressions from the direct and positive *instructions* of the teacher, than from lessons taught in what Dr. Hall calls the "atmosphere" of the school, or by the "influence" of the teacher, as Dr. Holland defines it. Hence a teacher is to be estimated largely by what he *is*, as well as by what he *knows*; and a school is profitable according to what Dr. Bushnell emphasizes as the "unconscious influence" of those who lead it. On this point Prof. Stanley Leathes, of London, says, in describing the birthplace of St. Paul:

"There is probably no great character of history who has not been molded, consciously or unconsciously, by the scenes of his childhood and the places in which his earliest years were passed. Teachers in Sunday-schools cannot too carefully remember this. For it is impossible to calculate the influences there at work. Some incident or lesson may leave a mark that is absolutely indelible. Messages is always capricious, and the things which remain with us are oftentimes not those which in themselves are the most important or the most impressive. Who can tell, therefore, what may not be the ultimate effect of influence exerted, of example set, of lessons and habits cultivated in the Sunday-school?"

....The "Nottingham Church of England Sunday-school Institute" called a special meeting on February 15th, to consider the question raised by the Bishop of Lincoln, in his pastoral letter: "Sunday-schools—Ought they to be examined by the Diocesan Inspector?" After a spirited discussion, this resolution was adopted:

"That it is the wish of this meeting that an inspection of Sunday-schools be made by the diocesan inspector, that statistics be obtained and published, and that an annual meeting of Sunday-school teachers be held, under the presidency of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Lincoln, preceded by a service in St. Mary's church, to which the elder scholars of the school shall be invited."

This is but another indication of the growing prominence of the Sunday-school before the entire Church of Christ.

....That is certainly an orthodox view of the Sunday-school work which is presented in the *Liberal Christian*, in the statement that "ability to *teach* would require a very different sort of preparation from ability to conduct an indefinite, speculative, sentimental monologue, called a religious service."

Educational.

HIGHER.

THE "Ninth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College" presents a most gratifying and encouraging view of the condition and prospects of the institution. The legislature of 1871, after a careful inquiry into the affairs of the College, voted an appropriation of $50,000 for its immediate wants, and $100,000 for the increase of its permanent fund. The sum granted by the state now amounts to the handsome figure of $450,000, which has been increased from other sources to $530,000. As in every such case, however, enlarged resources create or reveal still larger wants, and the trustees say there is urgent need of a building for a chapel, library, and museum, which should cost not less than $50,000. Two additional dormitories are also needed, at a cost of $30,000 each, for the accommodation of 100 students, every room in the present dormitory being full. The number of students in 1871 has been 166, the larger part from Massachusetts, every county of which, except Nantucket, is represented in the College. We doubt if any other state can show so good an account in that respect. "The students, as a body, are quite remarkable for their industry, fidelity, economy, and gentlemanly conduct."

....Of the 605 Fellows in the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge (Eng.) 320 must be clergymen, or hold office, or take orders within a limited time.

....The University Tests Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a large majority.

....The University of Cambridge has made a donation to Chicago of the valuable series of books issued by the Pitt Press, or University Printing Office.

....The Emperor William, of Germany, has expressed his wish to present to the library of Strasbourg such duplicates as his private library possesses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

....We condense from a statement recently made in Parliament by Right Hon. W. E. Forster the following account of the working of the new Education Act. The facts presented show in a very striking light the extent of the work that the Government has undertaken to do in behalf of popular education, and they seem fully to justify the recent vote of the House of Commons, that the act has not yet been long enough in operation to allow any conclusion as to its permanent results.

"School boards have been formed in 88 boroughs in England and 11 boroughs in Wales; and as regards parishes not boroughs in 120 in England and 125 in Wales. There are 244 municipal boroughs and about 14,800 parishes not boroughs in the kingdom; so that, taking together England and Wales, there are 93 out of 344 boroughs and 245 out of 14,800 parishes in which the compulsory formation of school boards has been anticipated by local movement. The population of these 99 boroughs in which there are school boards is about 5,300,000, while the population of the 125 boroughs in which there are no school boards is only about 1,300,000. Again, while the total population of the 14,800 parishes not boroughs is about 13,000,000, the population of the 245 in which there are school boards is more than 1,100,000. The average population of these 345 parishes is about 4,550, while the average of the large number of others is only 830. The fact is, the larger the school district the larger in all probability the school deficiency, and, therefore, the greater the difficulty of its provision without the assistance of the rates. Adding the metropolis, which is under a school board by the Act, the total population in England and Wales already under school boards is 9,540,887, or about three-sevenths of the population of England and about one-third of the population of Wales. This difference between England and Wales is not because school boards are less popular in Wales—the country is the fact; but because in Wales the agricultural families bear a large proportion to the towns, and the fact which will influence all

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The Independent.

— WITH —

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, April 4th, 1872.

WHY THE DOCTORS DISAGREE.

ALL Christians agree that men need salvation, and that Christ is the Saviour. The questions that divide them are, for the greater part, questions of mode, rather than of fact. When they fall to disputing about do ctrinal matters, it is almost always true that their disputes have reference to the philosophy of salvation, rather than the fact of salvation. It is faith in Christ that saves men—that they all admit; but they differ in trying to tell *how* this faith operates.

Let the inquirer go to an Old School Presbyterian, a New School Congregationalist, or an Evangelical Unitarian, and ask, "What must I do to be saved?" and he would get from each the same reply: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." But let him ask the same persons how it is that Christ saves him, and the answers would differ widely. One would say: "Christ suffered, as your substitute, the penalty of your sins, and so appeased the wrath of God, and made it possible for you to find forgiveness and salvation." Another would say: "The sufferings of Christ were not in any sense penal; but they were laid upon him to show God's abhorrence of sin, and thus to provide a way whereby you might be saved without endangering the divine government." Another would say: "The sufferings of Christ were only an exhibition of the love of God—a proof of what he was willing to do to save you; and it is by this manifestation of love that he wins your love and saves you from your sins." There would be no difference among them as to the fact that it is by a personal faith in Christ that men are saved; that they pass from death unto life when they are brought into relations of confidence in him and fellowship with him.

Yet these differences as to the philosophy of salvation have served—as we think, needlessly—to divide men who perfectly agree as to the need of salvation and the way of salvation.

A plague breaks out in a city. There are a few among the doctors who think it a trifling affair, and who give themselves very little concern about it. But the great majority of the physicians are agreed that it is a very dangerous epidemic. They differ somewhat as to the causes and the duration of the plague; but they are appalled by its ravages, and they desire to do all they can to arrest it. What is much more to the purpose, they are entirely agreed as to the proper remedy. There is one specific, as they all declare, and but one, which can be given; and, if that is administered in season, it is perfectly effectual. But the question comes up—it is a mere question of curiosity—how is it that this specific operates? One doctor says it operates directly upon the nervous system; and another says it acts upon the digestive apparatus; and another says its principal effect is upon the circulatory organs. So they fall to disputing among themselves as to the way the medicine works. Parties are formed among them; bitter controversies arise. One school refuses to have anything to do with another, because its theories about the operation of the medicine are unsound. Thus divided among themselves, the doctors can have no unity in their plan of labor. They are often at cross purposes; for some patients they quarrel, and others they wholly neglect. Meantime, men are dying by thousands. If the physicians should stop quarreling, and work unitedly, they could not reach and save all who need their services; but certainly they could reach many more than they now do. Would not such a dispute as this on a mere matter of theory be criminal folly on the part of physicians?

Is the blunder any less wicked when it is made by theologians?

THE CITIZENSHIP OF WOMEN.

THE Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States in its first section says that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the state wherein they reside." There can be no doubt that women coming within the limits of this description are citizens in both senses. The amendment further says: "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." There can be no doubt that these restrictions upon the power of the states are just as applicable to women as they are to men. They are meant to furnish to both precisely the same protection.

Does this amendment, taken in connection with the Fifteenth, invest *female* citizenship with the right of voting? This has been claimed by some of the advocates of woman's suffrage. We do not regard this claim as valid. The second section of the Fourteenth Amendment shows very clearly that the amendment was not designed to decide who shall in fact constitute the *voting* population of any state. In this section it is provided that when the right to vote "is denied to any of the *male* inhabitants" of a state, "being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such *male* citizens shall bear to the whole number of *male* citizens twenty-one years of age in such state." This language proves that the first section—defining citizens of the United States and of the respective states, in terms just as applicable to women as to men, and giving to both the guaranty of national protection against oppressive state legislation—had no reference to the question of *political* rights, and did not determine by *whom* such rights should be exercised. The citizens of the United States, as described in the first section, are not necessarily voters. If they had been, there would have been no occasion for the second section. The section itself implies that the right to vote may be denied by the state to some of the citizens of the United States, while it does not enforce the reduction of representation, unless the persons so excluded from voting are *male* inhabitants of the state, twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States. If the excluded persons were women or children, then the basis of representation would not be reduced. The reduction can take place only when the exclusion applies to *male* persons. Manifestly, it was not the purpose of the amendment to deny to the states the general right of deciding who should belong to its *voting* population. It guarded civil rights, and left political rights to be determined, as they had hitherto been, by state authority.

Nor is the question altered, in respect to woman's suffrage, when we turn to the Fifteenth Amendment, which says that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Women, included in the description given in the Fourteenth Amendment, are undoubtedly "citizens of the United States, and of the state wherein they reside"; but the Fifteenth Amendment does not say that their right to vote may not be denied by the United States, or by state authority. It simply says that there shall be no such denial "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." If the word *sex* had been added to this series of items, this would have settled the question in favor of woman's suffrage, as a constitutional result of her citizenship; but it was not added. Moreover, the amendment does not decide who shall be voters; but simply prohibits the denial of the right for the reasons which it names. If leaves the question of political citizenship just where it was before, under the restriction that citizens of the United States shall not be excluded from voting "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." They may be excluded on account of age, or sex, or crime, or for lack of intelligence. The voting question is still in the hands of the states, with their jurisdiction limited so far, and so far only, as the Fifteenth Amendment imposes restraints upon it.

The legal status of women, as determined by the Constitution of the United States, is, therefore, that of citizens in respect to what are called civil rights, with no settlement of the question which refers to their political rights. If a state should see fit to enfranchise its women, then they would be citizens in the political sense; but until this is done, either by state authority or by another amendment to the Federal Constitution, they are not political citizens. It is illogical and false to infer female suffrage from the present provisions of the Constitution.

We are offering no argument against female suffrage, but simply seeking to show the fallacy of those who think the right to be already guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. What is in the future on this subject the future only can determine. Perhaps "the people of the United States" will ultimately take the absolute jurisdiction of the voting question, and settle it by a uniform rule placed in the fundamental law of the land. The tendency of public thought is toward uniformity and equality of civil and political rights, and there is no good reason why women should not share in its benefits.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

WHEN the African magician had got wind of the Wonderful Lamp of Aladdin, and wished to get possession of it, he procured a quantity of spick and span new lamps, and went up and down the streets of Bagdad crying, "Who will exchange old lamps for new?" The princess, who had married the son of the tailor Mustapha, because of the endless wealth the Lamp had brought him, was induced by one of her slaves to prepare an agreeable surprise for her lord on his return from the chase, by substituting a bright new lamp for the old, well-rubbed one that stood in his chamber. The magician, as soon as he was alone, summoned the *génie*, who was the Slave of the Lamp, and was conveyed by the same, with an expedition which put the steamboats and locomotives of these prosaic days to shame, to Africa, where we shall leave him, having no further occasion for him, excepting, indeed, to applaud this ingenious operator, as affording one of the earliest examples of successful speculation. The mighty art of exchanging something of little worth for something of substantial value; and, still more, of getting something for nothing at all, has been long if not always the one which many men have striven to attain, with various success. This was the inspiring motive of the old alchemists, who hoped to turn all their pots and kettles into gold. In search of this grand secret, they spent their days and nights in solitude over furnaces and over retorts and alembics, or poring over the books of the sages that treated of the sacred science, or striving to extort some teaching from the stars and constellations. The honest enthusiasts never conjured anything but poverty out of their cauldrons and receivers, and derived only despair from the influences of the planets. It was only adepts like Donsterswivel, in the "Antiquary," who profited by the trade, through the extraction of the "all-worshiped ore" out of the pockets of their dupes.

It is to this class that our modern magicians belong, whether they do their spiriting in elegantly-furnished offices, in the streets of our cities where merchants most do congregate, or whether they perform their incantations in the back slums; whether they deal in watered stock or oroide watches; whether they steal a railway or a pocket-handkerchief. The principle is the same—the obtaining of something for nothing. "Corners" in gold, or in flour, or in pork, as well as in shares, are all part and parcel of the same mystery, the art of which is to get values out of the possession of another, without parting with any in exchange. Where conducted on a large scale, and by parties of good repute on 'Change, such transactions are too apt to be regarded as merely a little sharp practice, which does not damage the social standing of the successful operator. A cynical foreigner once defined our men of affairs as "fellows who go down-town every morning and cheat each other, and call it *business*!" The particular class of business men of whom we are now treating most emphatically come within this category. They bear with and sustain each other because they admire the skill and envy the success which they would be but too glad to win in the same way. Of course, the larger part, much the larger part of men of business, whether they deal in stocks—a perfectly legitimate article of merchandise—or in the necessaries and luxuries of life, transact their affairs on the ground of exchanging actual values and earning honest profits. If it were not so, society would go to pieces. Sometimes, too often, fair traders in what they profess to deal in will take a hand in one of these dishonest games, and not seldom come to deserved grief thereby.

It is to be feared that man is a gambling animal. The wish of getting money without the pains of earning it has been developed in almost, we might say in every race and in every stage of civilization. Our German ancestors, Tacitus tells us, made a serious business of gambling—"*aleam sobrii inter seria exercent*"—as we, their descendants, still do; and would stake their own liberty on the turn of the die, and become the slaves of the winners. We only become the slaves of the vice. And simple gambling is a comparatively honest and virtuous occupation compared with many of the indirect and disguised methods of getting our neighbors' money without consideration. At roulette and faro every one puts down his money in the full knowledge of the risk he runs of losing for the chance of winning. When the directors of a railway declare a dividend that has not been earned, but borrowed, and then avail themselves of the rise in the prices of shares and bonds to "unload" their burden of the same, the loss falls not on them—for they play with loaded dice—but on the innocent parties who are thus induced to invest their honest savings and earnings in what is worthless, or worth less than they have been led to suppose. And men who would scorn the name of gamblers not infrequently buy the stock of depressed railways at very low prices, in the expectation of a rise, for fair profits, if an honest one, but who do not often refuse to accept the gains of one, however brought about. The recent rise in Erie, though coming in a perfectly honest way, and the gains and losses consequent upon it, are an instance of how men rush to make something out of nothing. It is a disease of the mind, unfortunately epidemic and not self-limited, which is best avoided by avoiding the temptation. Fair trade, honest handicrafts, honorable professions open the only just avenues to prosperity. And the press and the pulpit cannot be better employed than in urging home the truth that "he that is in haste to be rich shall not be innocent"; with the improvement that the chance is ninety-nine in a hundred that he will be neither the one nor the other.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE CHURCHES.

EVERY Christian church claims to rest upon Christ as its corner-stone. Every Christian church accepts the saying of Paul: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

It is not intended here to dispute this claim in any instance. In a historical sense it is true, of course, that every Christian church does rest upon Christ as its foundation; although the various churches largely accuse each other of being false to his principles.

Passing by the mutual criminations, and allowing to each its claim to rest upon Christ, we find that every church has—laid, as it were, upon the great corner-stone—its fundamental position, the reason of its distinctive existence, what may be called *its* sole foundation. It is worth while for each to remember what this is, in the case of each of the principal churches among us.

It should be observed that by the phrase "sole foundation" is not meant all that any church declares to be "fundamental truth"; but only that one position which, if it were taken away, would take away the necessity of a distinct, separate existence from the church which is resting upon it. That is all that we mean here by the "sole foundation."

Taking the churches in alphabetical order, then, we say:

The sole foundation of the Baptist Church is the theory that Christ requires every person who would be a member of his church to be immersed in water by some person who has himself been immersed.

The sole foundation of the Congregational Church is the theory that Christ has given to all Christians an equal right to vote and act in the government of the church.

The sole foundation of the Episcopal Church is the theory that Christ enables bishops to communicate to other persons, by laying hands on their heads, the power to give a peculiar spiritual efficiency to language, water, bread, and wine.

The sole foundation of the Methodist Church is the theory that every Christian receives a special revelation to the effect that his sins are forgiven.

The sole foundation of the Presbyterian Church is the theory that a representative church government is most agreeable to the teachings of Christ and the example of the apostles.

The sole foundation of the Roman Catholic Church is the theory that Christ appoints each successive bishop of Rome lieutenant-governor of the universe.

The sole foundation of the Swedenborgian Church is the theory that supernatural revelations, in addition to those contained in the Scriptures, were made to Emanuel Swedenborg.

The sole foundation of the Unitarian Church is the theory that a man need not believe the doctrine of the Trinity in order to be a Christian.

The sole foundation of the Universalist Church is the theory that men will not be punished to all eternity for the sins they commit in the present life.

By carefully studying the above, it will be seen that there is no church named which might not instantly coalesce with some other church on the list, if the theory stated as its "sole foundation" should be laid aside as being either untruthful or unimportant; and so we have here, as materials to be used in the study of things that make for peace, the actual points that divide the Christian world.

Editorial Notes.

CONNECTICUT endorses New Hampshire. Neither state feels inclined, as yet, to withdraw its approval of the Republican party. As we write (Tuesday morning) it appears as if Governor Jewell were re-elected by the people by a small majority over all competitors, although the "Temperance" party cast about thirteen hundred votes, doing the best they could to throw the state into the hands of the party to which all the "rummies" belong; for President Dwight's old taunt is still pretty nearly true, if applied to topers: "All Democrats may not be horse-thieves, but doubtless all horse-thieves are Democrats." Having done their best to defeat the party which alone could give them the legislation they desired, this "Temperance" party will doubtless have the face to appeal to it (and we trust the impudence will not be resented) for aid in carrying out its purposes. The trouble is, that in more than one state a number of impracticable men—sometimes having political objects in view, and supporting their cause often by scientific or biblical arguments that make a scholar blush—assume to lead the temperance movement and claim the credit of every success. We sometimes think these influential leaders of the temperance party see as deeply into the principles of abstinence as the vultures who fly in advance of an army see into its coming strategic movements. But the result in Connecticut is encouraging enough. It almost insures an easy victory in the national election for the nominee of the Philadelphia Convention.

AT last Horace Greeley has signed a call inviting attendance on the Cincinnati Convention. Very well. We are not inclined, as yet, to ostracise him from the Republican party, fully as we believe that such efforts to form an organized wing within the party are divisive, and, if they had any following, would be ruinous. The men who go to Cincinnati may be Republicans yet; but they are in a fair way not to remain such long. If they shall nominate a presidential ticket, they will instantly be counted out of the party. It will be a third party, having its own professed principles, and vigorously antagonistic to the party which carried the nation through the war, and only ostensibly antagonistic to the Democratic party. What we ask of these gentlemen is, to do what Henry Wilson did in the case of General Taylor, nominated by the Whig party: attend the convention as delegates or lobbyists; oppose, if they will, the renomination of Grant; and, if unsuccessful in their opposition, and if still fully convinced that Mr. Grant is a man whose influence has been to depreciate the credit of the United States, if his administration has been a failure, if he has not paid the public debt, if he has not repressed disorder in the insurrectionary states, if he has not been true to the nation's wards, if he is attempting to overthrow the state and exchange the title of president for that of emperor; in short, if it is his faults that are radical, and his virtues that are superficial, then let them bolt. We will not deny the right to bolt. No man can be so bound to a party that he has not the right to leave it whenever it is false to its own principles, or when the man's own principles shall change. But we do not yet give up all hope of these men. They will come round all right at last. Horace Greeley, the most influential of them all, cannot have his heart in Cincinnati. If there is one political divinity that he worships, it is "Taxation for Protection." But that Cincinnati Congress has only one distinctive principle that we know of, and that is for "Taxation for Revenue only." We believe Horace Greeley to be an honest man; and, if so, he cannot long stand on any platform that Cincinnati can make.

A FIRST step has been taken in the right direction. The red men are coming under the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment. The Ottawa and Chippewa Indians have broken up their tribal relations, divided their land among themselves, and will receive this spring their last subsidy from the Government, and live like other citizens thereafter, under the common law of the nation. The Secretary of the Interior has decided that henceforth they have all the rights and immunities of other citizens. This is the only sensible conclusion of the troublesome Indian questions. We have treaties; but, while performing our obligations faithfully under these treaties, it should be the constant aim of the Government to induce the Indians to divide their land between them, settle down upon it and cultivate it, and accept citizenship. It must come to this. The anomaly of treaties with insignificant villages must come to an end as rapidly as possible. The same principle must apply to white, black, and red. Treat all men honestly, protect them alike, and then let them fight their own battle of existence, and let the weakest go to the wall. That law of Nature we cannot contravene.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE will probably not be living when these lines are read. His father was an able Congregational clergyman and theologian, and the author of numerous popular works on geography. The son was graduated at New Haven in 1810, and devoted himself for years to the study of art, gaining so much distinction as a painter and sculptor, both in England and America, that he was chosen the first president of the National Academy of Design, in 1826. But his great fame has been won as the inventor of the electric telegraph; the history of which has made his name known all over the world. It was by a very narrow vote that Congress gave thirty thousand dollars to construct the first experimental line, between Washington and Baltimore; and even when it was proved a success the Post-office Department refused to accept it, as not likely to prove profitable. We are now preparing to retrieve that blunder. Every civilized nation has given him its decorations; and he lies down to rest assured that no survivor has done more for the material interests of the human race.

WE had supposed the Corps Legislatif at Versailles the most disorderly body of men in the world; but France may recall her blush for her legislators, for the English House of Commons has fairly earned the palm of rowdyism. The treatment of the speakers on Mr. Dilke's request for information in reference to the expenses of royalty was scandalous. If cock-crowing, cat-calls, and every style of shout and scream and hiss that can make a bedlam, are the characteristic manners of the defenders of royalty, we may venture even to suggest that lessons be taken of the Chesterfield, of our Republican Congress, and that a change of government could do no great harm.

HAVING yielded to England the palm in the matter of parliamentary indecorum, we fear that we must also yield it the same in the matter of producing the meanest villains. Our own Tweeds and Fiskes are unapproachable in their own line; and we are, we trust, proud enough of them. But England has just brought to light the two most contemptible scoundrels that the sun ever shone upon. With one of them, "the Claimant," as he is called *par excellence*, we have to be familiar. We do not now stigmatize his assumption to be Roger Tichborne; that was quite a grand piece of rascality. But his public testimony that he had debauched a respectable woman, whom he claimed to be his cousin, was utterly contemptible. She had the rare courage to face him on the witness-stand. A yet later case is that of the attorney Chaffers, who publicly charged that Lady Twiss had been, before her marriage, a courtesan in Brussels and London, under another name, and that he had himself paid her the wages of guilt. When he attempted to levy blackmail on her husband, upon this charge, the latter had the man arrested for slander; and the villain, defending his own case, subjected Lady Twiss to the most insulting cross-examination. She seemed to prove her own innocence; and there was considerable proof produced that the "Madame Gelas," which name Chaffers said Lady Twiss had borne, was a different person. But Lady Twiss withdrew from the prosecution; whether because the charge was true or because he could not endure the torture of it is uncertain. Whether she had ever lived an unworthy life or not, she had been for years an exemplary wife, and the charge of Chaffers was abominably mean. The judge, in dismissing the case, spoke the sentiments of every true man when he said that the defendant, though not convicted, would leave the court "an object of contempt to all honest men."

WE have received the following note from Dr. Bartol, in reply to strictures in our "Book Table" upon a passage in his volume, "Radical Problems." The passage in question would hardly bear any other interpretation than that which we put upon it; but the explanation which the author gives shows how he meant it to be understood, and entirely relieves him from any intention to impute peculiar insincerity to "Orthodox or Episcopal" ministers. What the Doctor says about seeds, as such, not being sincere, we confess we do not understand. Insincerity is a quality that belongs to individuals, and can hardly be attributed to organizations:

BOSTON, March 24th, 1872.

Dear Editor:—You find in my book, "Radical Problems," and call on me promptly to retract, a charge of dishonesty on the Orthodox and Episcopal ministry. I can see how natural and ingenuous may be your interpretation of the passage you quote; but I was, *in my strictly individualized statement*, referring to certain persons whom I knew, yet should not, of course, publicly accuse by name; whom we all may know in every church, and whom elsewhere I refer to in other denominations and connections, Radical or Unitarian—though Radicals are foolish to suffer, if not honest. If you never meet them, yours is a rare exemption from the common lot. I regret ambiguity in my phrase; but I did not mean to charge with peculiar corruption any substantial part of the so-called Christendom. Bless you, I am of *sound* religious *extraction* myself! But I fear that no sect, as such, is *sincere*. If I should say any one is alone *insincere*, I should have to use a rebuke severer than yours. I hope to send you a printed essay on this theme. Of other portions of your criticism it becomes me not to speak; only, as reading with interest your able and liberal paper, let me write myself, in friendly regard, truly yours,

C. A. BARTOL.

SOME of our religious contemporaries are quoting with evident approval the following remark of the *Christian Leader*, the Universalist journal of this city, about THE INDEPENDENT:

"We know not how large a following our able contemporary may have; but we know this, that twenty years ago the position it now takes in regard to Universalism would have utterly destroyed its influence as an accepted Orthodox journal."

This may be true. Not many years ago the influence of an Orthodox Congregational newspaper, such as the *Puritan Recorder* used to be, would have been badly damaged, if not "utterly destroyed," if it had advocated fellowship with Methodists. Between the Calvinists and the Arminians the fences were higher a few years ago than they now are between the Orthodox and the Universalists. Those old fences, on either side of which the same kind of fruit was growing, have come down, without greatly injuring the vineyard; and there are a few more which are marked for destruction. It is not true, however, that we are in favor of fellowshipping Universalists as such. The fact that a man is preaching in a Universalist pulpit is no reason why he should receive the recognition of other Christians. The fact that a minister wears the badge of any Christian denomination is no proof that he is or is not worthy of fellowship. There are plenty of Presbyterian and Baptist and Methodist ministers whom, if we were in the ministry, we would never invite to preach for us; with whom, for many reasons, we should decline to have any fraternal relations. In like manner, there are members of ministers in the pulpits of the Liberal Christians with whom we could not unite in Christian work, for the reason that the Christianity which they believe in is a radically different religion from that which we teach. But we presume that no person who heard the sermon of Dr. Chapin, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Sunday before last, felt that it would be dangerous to have such a sermon now and then in an Orthodox pulpit. When, by the invitation of President Woolsey, Dr. Rufus Ellis, of Boston, a Unitarian minister, preaches in the Yale College Chapel; and when, at the call of the assembled Orthodoxy of Boston, Dr. Peabody, of Harvard College, lectures in the course on Christianity and Skepticism; and when the editor of the *Universalist* accepts the invitation of several Orthodox ministers to defend the Christian religion in a Congregational pulpit, it is easy to see that THE INDEPENDENT is not quite alone in its opinion that a little broader Christian fellowship may be safely permitted.

POOR Barnum is out of luck. He has lost the chance of replacing "the most beautiful Fat Girl in the world" by the most beautiful Fat Woman. This great person died in Paris, on the 7th of February, in the not inappropriate locality of the "*Rue aux Ours*," or Bear street. She was a *charcutière*, or sausage and pork seller, by occupation; and had not left her shop for ten years, excepting to go to bed. Her name was Gelain, and that she was not unworthy of the superlative we have given to her description above is shown by her having been selected in 1848 to represent the Goddess of Liberty, on the occasion of some patriotic tom-foolery. She had not then, however, attained her full growth. She weighed 514 pounds, and her coffin measured nearly two yards across. The papers contained, the other day, an account of the death of a promising youth in Pennsylvania, who had attained the dignity of 425 pounds—a weight not contemptible for his years, but nearly a hundred weight short of the Parisian matron. Mr. Barnum might have furnished his visitors with an attractive spectacle could he have placed this "person of eminent gravity" alongside of his interesting Cannibals. And the proximity might have been of edification to those amiable savages, as showing them by a peculiar demonstration, how much less artificious is a missionary diet compared with one of pork.

AMONG the many sales of valuable collections in Paris consequent on the private rain caused by the war was one last month of the library of M. Gunzberger, which contained many rare works in science and literature The article which seems to have attracted the most attention, however, was No. 1,236, "*la Constitution de la Republique Française*," bound in *manskin*, or human hide—*en peau humaine*. The authenticity of this interesting relic is established by the authority of an official certificate, attached to it in 1793, the date of its manufacture. This specimen, however, of the uses to which the human cuticle may come at last is not absolutely unique. We ourselves saw in the Boston Athenæum, when we were once providentially in that city, an example of the same economy of material. The book was a thin volume, containing the Life or Confessions of a highwayman named Walton, with half a dozen *aliases*, which was bound in his own skin. On the cover is the inscription, in golden letters, "*Hic liber ex cute Waltoni compactus est.*" We believe the book-plate does not contain the name of the benefactor who bestowed this treasure on the Athenæum. It was probably the freak of some medical student who assisted at the dissection of the felon. Walton was a great villain, of no small skill and intelligence; and perhaps this posthumous cuticular contribution to the wants of mankind was the best service he ever did to it. We can testify to the sufficiency of the material—something betwixt calf and vellum—for the purpose to which it was applied, should any of our enterprising countrymen be tempted to revive the manufacture.

WE recently gave the benefit of our circulation to an astonishing prayer made by the Rev. Mr. Cudworth, chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. We notice that it has found it way to England, where it has been commented on with more or less of appreciation. That effort of the gifted chaplain was, however, quite inferior to the following, which was recently made during the pendency of a discussion on woman suffrage:

"The earth is Thine, O Lord, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein; and now another of the world's great questions presses into this chamber for an answer—What can we do for woman? And Clamor answers: 'Let her vote.' Clamor answers again: 'Don't let her vote.' Clamor thunders, Clamor whines, Clamor prays, Clamor jeers. Shall we hear the jeer of Clamor? God forbid! If there be any stain of a right withheld from those bright, blessed beings, who, as mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, companions, friends, make up so much of the happiness of the common household homes, give us wisdom clear enough to see, and will strong enough to expunge that stain from the records of our otherwise prosperous state."

THE *Index*, of Toledo, has found a very respectable but highly inoffensive windmill, upon which it charges once a week with all the chivalry of the New Religion. That windmill is the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution. The editor is distributing a counter-petition against the amendment, in behalf of which he beats his tom-tom and vociferates in a tone that would be called shrieky in an orthodox ranter. Here is a specimen of his weekly alarum, small capitals and all:

"THE INTEREST OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH DEMANDS THAT THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT SHOULD BE CARRIED. It is the only measure that can preserve to Orthodoxy its permanent dominion over society. These men see this fact as clearly as we do. Do not flatter yourself that they will cease their agitation. Meet them on their own ground. OUR AGITATE THEM! Carry them questions right before the people, and make every man decide which petition he will sign—theirs for tyranny, or ours for freedom!"

Those readers of the *Index* who do not see the religious journals of the country must have the impression that the whole Christian Church is engaged in a great politico-religious crusade for the legal establishment of the Christian religion; and that the editor of the *Index* and a few heroic souls under his leadership are fighting against the whole embattled host of the Church militant. The fact is, and nobody knows it better than the editor of the *Index*, that the people who are engaged in this so-called reform are an insignificant minority of the Christian Church in this country. A few very respectable men have attached themselves to it; but nine-tenths of the members of the churches are either opposed or indifferent to the whole scheme. The Catholic journals are, of course, hostile to it, because they regard it as a plan to make Protestantism the established religion of the state; and there are almost no Protestant newspapers of influence which favor it. Long before the editorial knight of Toledo had set his lance in rest all the leading organs of religious opinion had put themselves squarely on the record against the amendment. If they do not, like the *Index*, get themselves into a hebdomadal fury about it, is only because they know that the movement is too feeble to have much significance, and that it gains most of its importance from the attacks which are made upon it. We submit, then, that it is not only absurd but ridiculously unfair for the *Index* to make use of language such as we have quoted. The Christian Church may be trusted, perhaps, to look after its own interests, and it does not demand that the proposed amendment should be carried. The *Index* accepts and commends the logic of the Cincinnati Convention, as it has a perfect right to do; but it has no right to impute to Christians as a class any such style of reasoning. The great majority of the Christian people of this country may be inferior as logicians to the editor of the *Statesman* and the editor of the *Index*; but they have too much sagacity to permit the establishment by law of any form of religion in this country, and too much common sense to suppose that there is the slightest danger that such a thing will come to pass.

THE Convocation of the English Church is in session, with the professed purpose of church reform; though it seems to be the effort thus far to discover how not to do it. The Athanasian Creed is up for revision in the House of Bishops; and, though Mr. Ffoulkes has shown conclusively that the Creed is not authentic, and though nobody believes it to be true, the bishops are loth to alter it. The following passage from the report of the *Times* is amusing:

"The Archbishop of Canterbury: 'With regard to the damnatory clauses, there *is no person in this room who believes in them*.'

"The Bishop of Peterborough: 'That is why I want to get rid of them.' [A laugh.]" Not one of the sixteen bishops present questioned the statement of the Archbishop, and it is therefore fair to infer that they all admit its truth. Here is one of the damnatory clauses referred to: "Which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, *without doubt he shall perish everlastingly*." The meaning is, of course, that an unqualified acceptance of the whole of this medieval creed is indispensable to salvation. None of the bishops believe this, as they all admit; yet every Sunday they stand up before their congregations and solemnly say they do. And, now that they have a chance to expunge from their symbols of faith these words which they cannot speak without lying, they halt and haggle about it in a most astonishing manner. Can anything better illustrate the mischievous working of the false notion of church authority than this reluctance to repudiate an antiquated falsehood, simply because it has been told over and over for several hundred years? That would seem to be the best of all possible reasons for expunging it at once.

SHOULD we be so fortunate as to have any of the disciples of the eminent Mrs. Victoria Woodhull among our readers, they will learn with surprise and pleasure of a law long existing in Prussia which must commend itself to their ideas of the fitness of things. It was known as "Marriage on probation," which is still in force, though fallen into great disuse, through the degeneracy of modern manners. It allowed any young man, under eighteen years of age, with the consent of the family council, to marry, provided the bride and her father agreed to it, with the privilege of annulling the marriage within the six months after completing his eighteenth year. Will it be believed that Dr. Falk, the new minister of education and public worship, of whom we told our readers a week or two ago, proposes to expunge this admirable law from the statute-book of Prussia! We are confident, however, that the enlightened Free Lovers of this country will urge its adoption here, with the amendments which must suggest themselves to every advanced thinker. Of course, the privilege of annulling the marriage must be given to the women also, and not made another of the prerogatives of the baser sex. Then, there is no logical reason why such a privilege should be limited to boys and girls. It should be given to parties of all ages—as, indeed, has been already urged by a doctor in the new philosophy. We are confident that Mrs. Woodhull, when elected President, will make this suggestion, thus amended, prominent in her first message to Congress; nor can we doubt that it will meet with a ready and cordial response from that body. Then will the demon of domestic discord be put to flight. Then will the prophecy of the ancient bard be fulfilled—at least, in part; though the gods may have dispersed the rest in empty air:

"*Jam redit et Virgo: redeunt Saturnia regna!*"

....The semi-centenary of Dr. Charles Hodge's connection with Princeton Theological Seminary is to be commemorated in Princeton, N. J., on the 24th inst. The exercises will be opened at 11 o'clock A. M. with an address by Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D.D., of Brooklyn. A meeting of the alumni of the seminary will afterward be held, for the organization of an Alumni Association and the enjoyment of a dinner. In the evening a public reception will be given at the house of Dr. Hodge, and the seminary buildings will be illuminated. The invitation given by the alumni and directors of the seminary to these exercises is on a very extensive scale, embracing all those in different Christian denominations who have been educated there, in whole or in part. This renders it essential that those who desire lodgings should send their names to Rev. Mr. Harris, Princeton, that provision may be made for them.

....Its change to the quarto form is not the only improvement which we have lately noticed in the *Intelligencer*, the organ of our (Dutch) Reformed brethren. The paper is now one of the brightest and ablest of our religious exchanges, and we find a plenty in it worth reading besides the Boston letters of "Tremont," which used to be the chief attraction. We congratulate Dr. Ganse on his editorial success; and we thank him for informing us that Dr. Froelich's name cannot be quoted as of authority in the Reformed Church, because he led a secession from it, and his allowance of the reprehensible practice of public prayers by godly women would with his denomination "be just about as weighty as the example of Miriam the Prophetess Davis is in national affairs." Editorial omniscience failed us, for once.

....The Rev. John Monteith, state superintendent of public schools in Missouri, recently ventured, at a public meeting, to state, on the authority of the census, that Missouri has an adult population of two hundred thousand who can neither read nor write. The statement, failing under the eye of a member of the state legislature, greatly exasperated that public functionary; and, in defense of the honor of the state, he immediately framed a resolution, not denying the fact, for that was indisputable, nor proposing to provide better facilities of education, but calling upon Mr. Monteith to resign his office. It is true that Mr. Monteith is a thorn in the flesh of every ignoramuses, both in the legislature of Missouri and out of it; but, for their own sakes, we hope they will bear with him a little longer.

....There are other ways of recognizing Christianity besides incorporating it into the Constitution. Here, for instance, is an institution lately formed in New York, under the style of "The Christain Tailors," whose sole article of faith is "a belief in the Saviour of men." We notice, also, with profound satisfaction, the formation of "The United Farmers' Christian Milk Reform Company." "Christian milk" is good. If the United Farmers would only give us that in all its sincerity, they would deserve the everlasting gratitude of a slop-fed community; but when they go further, and propose milk reform, we cannot follow them. Reformed milk is one of the beverages to which we are unalterably opposed.

....The *Tablet* pronounces our treatment of Father Duranquet and his slanderer highly creditable to the writer and to a professedly religious journal. We are glad to observe the good opinion of the *Tablet*. And, now that we are sure of it, let us ask once more (this makes three times) what our Catholic neighbor thinks of that forgery in one of the books of The Catholic Publication Society, which was exposed in the January number of the *New Englander*. We have looked in vain in the columns of the *Tablet* for a denunciation of this pious fraud, and our diligent questioning has failed to elicit from that usually fair journal any reply. Does the *Tablet* approve of the forgery, or does it not? Silence after a question of this sort can only mean consent.

....The Universalist church near North Bennington, Vermont, is occupied jointly by the Methodists in the morning and the Universalists in the evening. The Universalist minister, who was but lately a Methodist, recently announced for the subject of his sermon "The Death of the Devil." In the morning of that day the Methodist minister illustrated the courtesies of the region by making the following statement:

"This evening, my friends, there is to be a funeral in this house. One peculiarity about the service will be the fact that the son preaches his father's funeral sermon. Mourners and relatives are invited to take the body pews."

....The Rev. Dr. Anable, who has lately been called to the Baptist church in North Adams, is vouched for by a correspondent of one of the denominational papers as no "mere church pastor," but "a Baptist pastor with the *denomination on his heart*." The idea seems to be that Dr. Anable is more a Baptist than a Christian. We have reasons for believing the imputation utterly unjust; but if it be true, he has made a mistake in going to North Adams.

...."There is a far greater ceremonial gulf," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "between an extreme Ritualist church and an extreme Evangelical church than there is between the former and a Roman Catholic church, or between the latter and a Dissenting chapel. The Church Association have done their best to produce uniformity; but their success in the law courts is, as regards results, hardly distinguishable from failure."

That is true, and it shows how futile are all attempts to secure unity of faith and practice by means of ecclesiastical legislation.

....A writer in the English *Spectator* thinks that "there is a decidedly moral aspect to such subjects and facts as the relations of labor and capital, pauperism, sanitary science, commercial morality, cheap popular literature, etc."; and that, if clergymen would occasionally treat these questions in their pulpits, they would do nothing more than their duty. We say ditto to Mr. Burke.

....The Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, pastor of the New England Congregational church in Chicago, says that only one leaf of his pulpit Bible was found in the ruins of his church, and that was so burned that only this verse was legible:

"For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

....The report that one hundred clergymen have been engaged to recite the Lord's Prayer in unison at the coming Jubilee in Boston is no doubt false; but the fact that the *Watchman and Reflector* of that city feels bound soberly to protest against such sacrilegious foolery shows that Boston has some misgivings about the management.

....At the Boston Congregational Ministers' Meeting, on Monday of last week, one of the ministers went in for "a brand-new nineteenth-century Congregational confession of faith." Doesn't he wish he may get it? The Congregational churches have gone out of the creed-making business.

....The Claimant," as all Englishmen call the butcher who would be baronet, has caused the heirs of Sir Roger to incur a total cost of $600,000 in defending their property. That is only one-tenth of the

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the one in which he denies the validity of the claim to the apostolical succession advanced by his Church, and frankly recognizes the orders of non-Episcopal communions. We shall be glad to have that question settled by authority.

....The largest Baptist church in this city is the Abyssinian church (colored), of which the Rev. William Spelman has been for seventeen years the pastor. Its house of worship is on Waverly Place, west of Washington Square. It has a membership of 900 and its public services are always crowded.

....The Congregational church in Pewtigo, Wis., was destroyed by the recent fire, and the congregation are trying to rebuild. They are impoverished by the fire, and they ask for contributions. Send them to the Rev. A. Ellis, Peshtigo, or the Rev. F. B. Doe, Fond du Lac, Wis.

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....During the past year the *Unita Cattolica* of Turin has received over $31,258 lire, or something less than $50,000, for the Peter's-pence Fund, making in all nearly $700,000 which that journal has collected for this purpose.

....The Saratoga Methodists have dedicated a new church, paying off the debt of $60,000 on the day of dedication.

....The Jews in Roumania are suffering bitter persecution from the Christians (!) of that country.

....The Catholic Cathedral of Jerusalem is soon to be consecrated.

....Mrs. Van Cott has concluded not to ask for ordination.

Publisher's Department.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We invite from our subscribers their very careful attention to this week's paper—one of the ablest and in many respects the most valuable and readable sheets ever issued from this office. Such a list of well-known contributors has never appeared, we believe, in any other single periodical, either weekly, monthy, or quarterly, affording an amount of excellent reading which could not be obtained in any bound volume at the bookstores for less than two or three dollars. All this in *one week for less than five cents.*

No other sheet has ever attempted to present such a large array of popular writers in one issue as we herewith exhibit.

Last year was the most prosperous year THE INDEPENDENT ever had; but this year beats it in cash receipts during the first three months nearly *thirty per cent.*

Our numerous advertisers are pressing us very hard, as will be seen; but we nevertheless present an amount of good reading which will satisfy the most craving appetite. We mean every subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT shall have, every week, if possible, *ten times the value of his money.*

The following, from a letter just received from St. Louis, will show how THE INDEPENDENT sells with the newsdealers:

"I bought a copy of THE INDEPENDENT this week at a news-stand here. This one dealer tells me that he sells 42 copies every week. The people of St. Louis know very well what THE INDEPENDENT is."

More copies of THE INDEPENDENT are now sold by the newsdealers throughout the country, we believe, than of all the other religious papers put together. There is scarcely one of any note in any of the large towns and cities who does not keep it on sale. It is sold also at most of the leading hotels of the country.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

"EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION."

THOSE who are entitled to this splendid steel engraving as a premium are informed that it will require nearly *thirty days* to execute all the orders now standing on our books. We have daily deliveries of the prints to us from the engraver, Mr. Ritchie, and we send them off *immediately.* It is impossible for us to answer all letters which come to us asking for particulars about the time these engravings will reach our subscribers. We shall get them off as rapidly as *possible*, and shall fill all orders according to date of receipt, as registered on our books. This magnificent steel engraving is now in greater demand than ever before, and we advise every family to possess a copy of it on the easy terms proposed. It is a wonderful picture, and worthy of a place in every palace and cottage in the country.

The demand for our other great steel engraving, entitled "Authors of the United States," is also steadily increasing. Any person sending us the name of *one new subscriber*, with the money ($2.50), will get this beautiful gift—the most valuable reward ever offered for the service performed.

THE POPULAR SEED HOUSE OF B. K. BLISS & SONS.

PROBABLY no seed house in the United States is so wide and favorably known in this country and Europe as that of B. K. Bliss & Sons, of this city. It is, doubtless, owing to the efforts of its founder, Benjamin K. Bliss, that the growing taste of the American people for flowers and plants has been so largely developed and cultivated. He was the first to supply a popular want in distributing flower and vegetable seeds, from his establishment in Springfield, Mass., through the mails, in 1853. About the same time he visited Europe and arranged for the importation of select varieties from the stocks of the best growers in the Old World. By the aid of liberal and judicious advertising and the passage of a cheap postage law he built up a trade in seed-growing and selling so large and extensive as to require the additional assistance of his two sons, Samuel B. and Elijah W. Bliss. From Springfield they removed to New York, in 1867, and established themselves at 41 Park Row, under the firm-name of B. K. Bliss & Sons. After three years' successful trade they found themselves under the necessity of removing to more spacious quarters, at Nos. 23 Park Place and 20 Murray Street, a few doors west of Broadway. Their Catalogue and Amateur's Guide for 1872 is one of the largest and best of any issued this season. A beautiful chromo, illustrating a group of twenty-five varieties of flowers, forms the frontispiece. Besides a seed catalogue, it contains valuable instruction for the amateur.

BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW.

BARNUM has harnessed up his seventy chariots and made a triumphant march through our principal streets. After showing his Cannibals, Elephants, Sea Lions, Giraffes, and Leopards to a million of people here, he will proceed Westward—the course of empire—landing finally at Omaha. From thence he will return, arriving here in November, bid good-bye to his dear native land for a season, and embark for England, on a special visit to Queen Victoria and other distinguished personages abroad.

MESSRS. DUNHAM & SONS, manufacturers of Pianos, No. 17 Union Square, New York, have been established 35 years, and their name has become thoroughly known throughout the country. Their late improvements produce a tone far superior to anything achieved by any other manufacturers. The public are cordially invited to visit their warerooms.

See the New Prize Sunday-school Books Warren, Broughton & Wyman, N. Y.

FIRE INSURANCE.

UNDER the management of J. B. Bennett, of Cincinnati, O., there was organized in that city, less than three years ago, three fire insurance companies—the Andes, Amazon, and Triumph. Their progress has been so rapid since their organization that it is believed by many they are destined to be the leading corporations of that character in the West, rivaling the success of the famous Ætna, at Hartford. The Andes has received an unprecedented amount of public confidence and patronage, in consequence of the handsome manner in which it met its Chicago obligations, paying them prompt. ly, dollar for dollar, a total amount of over $900,000. The system upon which the three companies is managed evinces not only economy, but dispatch of business. The increase of business is such as to require an entire three-story building for the various departments and to accommodate the clerical force. The Andes has issued over 150,000 policies within two years; the Amazon and Triumph each over 40,000 within eighteen months. The total assets of the three are over $30,000,000, affording not only good security to those insured, but a good chance for agents who wish to be connected with a live and pushing organization. See their statement of business, in another column.

FRUIT JARS.

THE business of making glass jars for canning fruit is comparatively new in this country. Ten years ago it was scarcely known to the trade. It is now simply enormous, with a steadily increasing demand, extending to every section of the country. Readers of THE INDEPENDENT are informed that "The Hero, Gem, and Pearl Fruit Jars," advertised in another column—manufactured by S. B. Rowley, Philadelphia—are among the most popular, reliable, and valuable articles of that class ever offered for public use. They are patented, simple in their construction, self-sealing, and cheap. Every family should have a stock of these jars constantly on hand for use through the season in preserving every description of fruit for their own table and for market. Here is a new field for money making, and a first-rate chance for every farmer's wife and daughter to earn her own "pin money." Now is the time—for strawberries are near—to think of this matter and prepare for business. All surplus fruits can and should be preserved. Let nothing be wasted.

BRIDGEPORT STEAMBOAT CO.,
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN., March 18th, 1872.

F. W. Farnell, Esq., Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co., N. Y.:

DEAR SIR:—On Friday night last I had an opportunity of practically testing the value of the Babcock Fire Extinguishers purchased of you for our line of steamers, in January. About 11 o'clock fire broke out in a secluded place over the office, in our freight house. So rapidly did the flames spread that at one time I thought it would be impossible for us to save any part of it. I dispatched the mate of the steamer for one of your Babcock Extinguishers, and with it the fire was subdued in an instant. We have some three hundred feet of hose and a hydrant in front of the freight house; but my opinion is that before we could have got these in operation (it being a large wooden structure) the whole would have been enveloped in flames, and no power on earth could have saved it. The losses to railroad and steamboat companies could not have been less than $200,000.

Respectfully,
J. B. HUBBELL, *Superintendent.*

DRY GOODS.

ONE of the most popular and successful dry goods *jobbing firms* in the city is that of L. M. Bates & Co., 451 and 453 Broadway. It is well known throughout the country as a thriving, wide-awake concern, and it has a record covering more than a quarter of a century. The business of the firm was conducted for many years in a small store in Warren street. From thence it removed to 343 Broadway. It now occupies a building with a front of 50 feet on Broadway, running back 200 feet to Mercer street, making one of the finest and most imposing business warehouses in New York. With a large capital, and large facilities in Europe to get supplies direct from the manufacturers, this house is able to offer such inducements as to attract an immense and steadily increasing trade from all sections of the country. Mr. Bates, the senior member of the firm, is a native of Burlington, Vermont.

IT is now nearly a year since the following notice was published in this paper:

"AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.—The monstrous and almost incredible impositions to which ruptured persons have long been subjected in their efforts to find relief have induced us to investigate the merits of the newly-invented Elastic Truss and Supporter. If any of our readers will send for a circular to the Elastic Truss Company, No. 683 Broadway, New York, we are confident that they will thank us for this information; for we believe that with this instrument there need be no further suffering from Hernia, as the price is within the means of all. The day of steel spring trusses has passed.—THE INDEPENDENT, *May 4*, 1871."

The experience of the year has demonstrated the truth of the above statement. In all cases of rupture where a wound will heal a rupture can be cured by the use of this truss, and no truss will be needed thereafter. The best surgical skill is employed by this company, and no charge whatever is made for a full examination of the patient, and a correct statement of the probabilities of a permanent cure. Common prudence would induce all persons so afflicted to call or send for a full descriptive circular, before wasting their money upon the worse than useless torturing metal trusses.

FLOWERS.

C. L. ALLEN & Co. make *special offers*, as follows:

12 Good mixed Dahlia for	$1 00
12 In 12 distinct sorts " "	1 00
12 " " " "	3 00
50 Double Tuberoses	1 00
15 Lilies, including the Golden-banded, for	1 00
40 Assorted Bedding Plants for	1 00
30 Papers Choice Flower Seeds for	1 00
40 Verbenas, Extra, for	1 00
8 Roses, Teas and Perpetual, for	1 00

By mail, postpaid, upon receipt of price. Our Annual Spring Catalogue, the best published, free to all applicants. Address

C. L. ALLEN & CO.,
76 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

How to obtain the Best MILK-CAN after manufactured, CHEAP, which is the IRON-CLAD. Send for circulars to the IRON-CLAD CAN COMPANY, 51 Dey street, New York.

IN THE WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET are combined Health, Cleanliness, and Comfort. Send to 36 Dey Street, New York, for descriptive pamphlet.

"THE trials of a housekeeper" are never experienced by those who use Doolay's Yeast Powder.

PLEASE try the celebrated Buffalo Baking Powder, and compare it with others you may have used. It is the strongest and purest made. W. I. AYRES, 217 Fulton street.

THE MOTHER'S REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES with which children are afflicted, is MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup.

"BURNETT'S reputation is a guaranty of the excellence of his preparations."—*Boston Journal.*

BALDWIN'S MONTHLY.

THE peculiarity of this periodical is that it is incomparably the best paper devoted to a specialty that we have ever seen. Edited and published by a merchant-editor, its columns alternate with the editorials of the one and the literary productions of the other. The merchant discovers himself when he writes, "Cash buyers are not particular of whom they purchase, so it is with the man who speaks the truth and gives them the most for their money"; and the refined taste of the editor is seen in the choice of such selections as he has made for the entertainment of his thousands of readers. Three illustrations accompany a clever and exceedingly well-told child's story, which was written expressly for this paper. Send to BALDWIN THE CLOTHIER, corner Canal street and Broadway, New York, for a copy.

PŒNIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE annual statement of this well-known Hartford institution shows a very gratifying progress. The assets have increased over *seven million of dollars*, and its yearly income is over *three millions*. Since the commencement of its business it has issued over 61,000 policies, and for the past year the officers state with considerable pride that among the old companies it has done the largest new business of any one. It has a surplus, free of all liabilities, of over *a million and a half of dollars;* and yet within the last ten years, besides its accumulation of assets and payment of its expenses, it has returned to its policyholders in dividends $1,700,000 and paid losses by death of over $2,000,000. This company is now the principal one left of the Hartford companies, which still stick to the note system; and they claim that, while it affords every reasonable security, it enables them to secure and keep up a greater amount of new business than any of the other cash plans. The company stands high in reputation, and is considered very ably managed. During its entire record we do not remember a single adverse criticism found against it by the press of the country.

AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT.

WE have before spoken of this popular paint, now in general use in every section of the country. Those who are planning to paint their buildings the present season should not fail to give this paint a trial. It is cheap, durable, and can be applied by any one, as it is all mixed and ready for use. Our readers can have a sample of all the colors of the paint sent to them by mail on application to the Company, 32 Burling Slip, New York. We know personally the managers of this Company, and believe them to be honorable and reliable men.

A NEW AMERICAN STORY, by Edward Eggleston, author of the popular story, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," is announced to begin in *Hearth and Home* next week. The New Story we are assured will be one of great interest, illustrative of life in the West thirty years ago. The same number of *Hearth and Home* will also contain a report of a LIBEL SUIT, which will interest lawyers, physicians, druggists, and all who sell or use medicine. See advertisements, "Look Out, etc."

BELLS.

AN excellent class of bells for churches, schools, public buildings, or factories is made by Vanduzen & Tift, of Cincinnati, O. They are cast of superior metal, and give a fine, mellow, ringing sound. Their facilities are of the right kind to fill orders, with promptness and guarantee satisfaction.

A VALUABLE BOOK

THE Silver Tongue Folio. $1, Postage free. 105 full pages of music, selected and newly arranged from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Haydn, and other great masters. By Karl Reden. Send $1. Address E. P. Needham & Son, 143 East 23d street, N. Y.

GOING WEST.

THOSE who think of "going West"—and there are tens of thousands who *ought* to think about it—will notice the advertisement of S. R. WELLS, 20 State street, New York, who will enlighten all who have profound meditations on this important subject.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. TOBIAS' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other. In pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

THE Best and Original Tonic of Iron Phosphorus, and Calisaya, known as Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark. The Iron restores color to the blood, the Phosphorus renews waste of the nerve tissue, and the Calisaya gives a natural, healthful tone to the digestive organs, thereby curing Dyspepsia in its various forms, Wakefulness, General Debility, and Depression of Spirits. Manufactured only by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT, AND OF SOME OF THE DISEASES PRODUCED BY IT.

A SALLOW or yellow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face and other parts of body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in mouth, dryness of throat, and internal heat; palpitation, in many cases a dry teasing cough, with sore throat, unsteady appetite, raising of food, choking sensation in throat; distress, heaviness, or bloated or full feeling about stomach and sides, pain in sides, back, or breast, and about shoulders; colic, pain and soreness through bowels, with heat; constipation, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of extremities; rush of blood to head, with symptoms of apoplexy, numbness of limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flashes; kidney and urinary difficulties; female weakness, dullness, low spirits, unsociability and gloomy forebodings. Only few of above symptoms likely to be present at one time. All who use Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery for Liver Complaint and its complications are loud in its praise. Sold by all first-class druggists.

PYLE'S O K SOAP, Saleratus, and Cream Tartar are first-class household articles, and will so prove themselves on trial. Sold by all first-class grocers. Manufactured by JAMES PYLE, 350 Washington St., New York.

CAMPHORATED AND TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP, containing nearly 40 per cent. of glycerine. For the toilet and children, beyond comparison. Sold everywhere. J. C. HULL'S SON, Manufacturer. Salesroom No. 32 Park Row, New York.

A LEISURE moment is well employed by writing for Free Price List of our $75 Four Ton Hay Scale. The Jones Scale Works, Binghamton, N. Y.

HOUSEKEEPERS and heads of families can supply themselves with the famous Halford Leceistershire Table Sauce at their grocers.

THERE is not a family in America who can safely dispense with DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR. It is safe and sure. Relieves pain instantly, and leaves no SCAR. Cures BOILS, CUTS, SPRAINS, and SKIN DISEASES. 25 cts.

RUPTURES radically cured by Therapeutic appliances. Patented in France, England, and America. DR. A. FOLLOW, office 291 Sixth Ave., N. Y., over the drug-store.

CATARRH.—LOCKWOOD'S CURE.—Sure Remedy. Sent by mail for 60 cents. Address Rev. R. B. Lockwood Hudson City, N. J.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A Great Offer. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

THE

CANADA SOUTHERN

RAILWAY COMPANY

are now offering, through the undersigned, the

REMAINING $5,000,000

OF THEIR

First Mortgage Sinking Fund

30 Years

7 Per Cent. Gold Bonds

AT

90 AND ACCRUED INTEREST.

THE ROAD runs from Buffalo to the Detroit River, connecting there with the Chicago and Canada Southern, now being built to Chicago, and will thereby form the

SHORTEST TRUNK LINE BETWEEN BUFFALO AND CHICAGO; or, in other words, will be the SHORTEST LINE in the GREAT LINE OF TRAFFIC BETWEEN THE EAST AND WEST, connecting the GREAT SYSTEM OF RAILWAYS which diverges from Buffalo, Toledo, and Chicago.

A branch also runs from St. Thomas to St. Clair, where it forms connections with the various roads leading into the lumber and mineral regions of Michigan.

The main line from Buffalo to the Detroit River is 229 miles long. The branch from St. Thomas to St. Clair is 61 miles, and runs through the great oil region of Canada.

OF THE entire line (290 miles) *Two hundred and twenty miles are graded, bridged, and ready for the superstructure.* The remaining 70 miles are under contract to be ready for the superstructure early in the summer.

OF THE 650,000 ties required 400,000 are on hand, and the remainder are coming in daily.

SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED TONS of rails are delivered and paid for, and the balance contracted to be delivered early in the summer, three for the main line being steel, all 60 pounds to the yard.

ALL the materials for the stations and a part of the equipment are purchased.

TRACK LAYING will be begun as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

The entire line will be ready for business on or before December 31, 1872.

THE ROAD is being built by the most experienced railroad men in the country, who are confident of a profitable business for it from the day of its opening.

THE ROAD will be

33 MILES SHORTER THAN ANY OTHER ROAD,

either BUILT or in contemplation, between Buffalo and Chicago.

THE MAXIMUM GRADE on the entire line does not exceed FIFTEEN FEET to the mile, and Ninety-six per cent. of the road IS STRAIGHT.

The Canada Southern, including its branch of 61 miles to St. Clair, and the Chicago and Canada Southern, with their light grades, direct alignment, being the shortest route between Buffalo and Chicago, will admit of the most SPEEDY, ECONOMICAL, and SAFE transit attainable for both passengers and freight.

The road thus far has been built by cash subscriptions, and the proceeds of the bonds now offered will complete and fully equip it. The principal and interest of the bonds are payable either in New York, London, or Frankfort.

We have no hesitation in recommending the bonds AS A PERFECTLY SAFE as well as a PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

LEONARD, SHELDON & FOSTER,

NO. 10 WALL STREET.

ANDES INSURANCE CO. CINCINNATI, O.

FIRE AND MARINE.

January 1st, 1872—Net Assets:

$1,628,215 11.

J. B. BENNETT.....President.
J. H. BEATTIE.....Secretary.
J. J. BERNS.....Superintendent.

TRIUMPH

Insurance Co.—Fire and Marine.

CINCINNATI, O.

January 1st, 1872.—Net Assets:

$727,593 11.

J. B. BENNETT.....President.
B. D. WEST.....Secretary.

AMAZON

Insurance Co.—Fire and Marine.

CINCINNATI, O.

January 1st, 1872.—Net Assets:

$714,860 37.

J. B. BENNETT.....President.
B. D. WEST.....Secretary.

Net Assets Andes, Amazon, and Triumph Insurance Cos.:

$3,070,668 59.

Having a thorough agency system in the United States and Canada, with all improved business facilities for transacting a wholesale and retail trade.

Lines commercial, forms convenient, rates and terms decidedly desirable. The quality of these corporations is well understood by the "ANDES" promptly paying over $900,000 at Chicago.

OFFICE, 126 VINE STREET, Cincinnati, O.

SAUNDERS, HARDENBURGH & KING,

Bankers,

119 AND 114 BROADWAY, N.Y.

ALVIN SAUNDERS, (Ex-Governor Nebraska), President State Bank, Nebraska.
JOHN A. HARDENBERGH.
RICHARD W. KING, member New York Stock Exchange.

TRANSACT

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS,

including the purchase and sale, on commission, of Government and Railway Bonds, Stocks, and other securities.

Deposits accounts received, in either Currency or Coin, subject to check at sight.

Interest allowed on daily balances. Certificates of Deposit issued, bearing interest at current rates. Notes and Drafts collected.

Your Savior's PRAYER.

"The Lord's Prayer," a pen drawing by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. See advertisement of above and editorial notice in THE INDEPENDENT, March 28th. Superior opportunity for Agents. Address DELWIN F. BROWN, 611 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Have you seen the CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes? Millions are being worn. All say they are the easiest and best Shoe ever made. Look out for the Patent Stamp. All others are base imitations.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, FLATULENCY, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES: SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and Breath the health and purity of the system. *The vigor of life, instantly,* Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers on the Neck, Tumors, Sores in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Scaly Skin, Pimples, Blotches, Blisters, Boils, Carbuncles, Humors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges. Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this *wonderful Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.*

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food relishes better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT as all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous Constitutional, and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,

Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stone or Calculus, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, thick, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pain in the small of the back, along the loins, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumors on the ovaries and bowels. All the Doctors say "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended—but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it; but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for twelve years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, and one box of Radway's Pills, and two bottles of your Ready Relief: and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for twelve years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels, over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose.

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders. Price, 25 cents per Box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter-stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

HAVE PROVED, FROM THE MOST AMPLE experience, an entire success. Simple—Prompt—Efficient and Reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—as simple that mistakes can not be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have raised the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

Nos.	Cures.	Cents.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	25
2.	" Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	25
3.	" Crying-Colic or teething of Infants	25
4.	" Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	25
5.	" Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6.	" Cholera-Morbus, Vomiting	25
7.	" Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	25
8.	" Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9.	" Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	25
10.	" Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	25
11.	" Suppressed, or Painful Periods	25
12.	" Whites, too Profuse Periods	25
13.	" Croup, Difficult Breathing	25
14.	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15.	" Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	25
16.	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Ague	50
17.	" Piles, blind or bleeding	50
18.	" Ophthalmy, and sore or weak Eyes	50
19.	" Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
20.	" Whooping-Cough, violent coughs	50
21.	" Asthma, oppressed Breathing	50
22.	" Scrofula, enlarged glands, Swellings	50
23.	" General Debility, Physical Weakness	50
24.	" Dropsy and scanty Secretions	50
25.	" Sea-Sickness, sickness from riding	50
26.	" Kidney-Disease	50
27.	" Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, involuntary Discharges	1 00
28.	Five Boxes, with one $2 Vial of Powder, very necessary in serious cases	5 00
29.	" Sore Mouth, or Canker	50
30.	" Urinary Weakness, wetting bed	50
31.	" Painful Periods, with Spasms	50
32.	" Sufferings at that period of life	1 00
33.	" Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance	1 00
34.	" Diphtheria, ulcerated sore throat	50

FAMILY CASES

Of 35 to 60 large vials, morocco or rosewood case, containing a specific for every ordinary disease in family, with book of directions.....from $10 to $35

Smaller cases, with 20 to 28 vials.....from $5 to $8

Sent free by express on receipt of price.

Single Boxes of Curing and for Preventive Specifics, in vest pocket case.....$2 to $5

POND'S EXTRACT.

Cures Burns, Bruises, Lameness, Soreness, Sore Throat, Sprains, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Inflammation, Piles, Hæmorrhages, Bleeding of the Lungs, Nose, Stomach, or of Piles; Cures Felons, Wounds, Ulcers.

Price, 6 oz., 50 cts.; Pints, $1.50; Quarts, $2.50.

☞ These Remedies

The Independent.

ELIOT: THE OUTLAW OF THE FOREST.

V. COMO—THE SETTLEMENT.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THEY know me well—
My long, lank, ebon locks, and stiff, set face.
(And think me proud, alas!) Once 'twas not so.
Como! they call their place. Strange names they take,
As some might deem, for spots along the prairie.
And yet the lake shows fair, and sweet the view,
Broad is its graceful swells and rolling greens,
The deep seclusion of the inland world.
On the bare cuteskirts of this Kansas life
They prize the leaves in the seashore views;
And the neat shop-boy deals his costly silks,
Christened at Paris, in fantastic French—
Reiled in with the Hoosier's patois. I must come,
Twice in the long twelvemonths, to purchase lead
And powder for my guns, and trade away
Poor spoil, the lovely furs I robbed in grief
From our poor cousins of the ambushed woods.
And oh! how slow did twenty winters fall,
And twenty summers deck with the grove with green,
Since constant to the precinct, shadow dim
Of man's civilities, I needs resort;
See the log-cabins fading off the streets,
See the old settlers sloping toward the west,
Mark the new stations, view the flying train
Glide o'er the dangerous slough, where erst the crane
Stretched his white neck and turned his wary head,
(A hundred rods), split on my rifle's flash.
Why, all doth change, all goes, all flits but me.
Their faultless curiosity ne'er cools.
As when the first day I stalked o'er the plain,
The children stared me, and the drowsy cure,
A red-eyed swarm, peevish with idleness,
Snarled in my track, scenting the game I lugged,
To-day the same.
"Who's he?" "Why, do you know,
He lives with in the forest, miles afar,
Alone—a hunter. He can spoil a deer
At eighty rod." "What! alone there in the bush?
He looks it. What a face! and eyes so deep
Sunk in his head! I should not care to meet
Him in the shadows of his forest lair,
And in a cave!" "It takes all sorts of men
To make a world." "For the last time!"
Strangely that thrilled me. 'Twas a showman's puff.
At once the presage to myself I linked;
And some one cried amid the gaping crowd:
"He'll never come this road again." A clown,
The favorite of the circus, for his wit
And shining heel potential. I once thought
These callow omens mattered most little.
Such as the blood-red circle at the west
I saw last eve, when tardy sunset slid,
That seemed to carve some gory creature there.
Questions are native here. If so my mind
Is asked, why they ne'er ask me of myself:
They never question me! Has destiny
Scarred on my form, This being's beyond life,
And all that draws to life, its interest?
Ask of the desert sands why lone they bask,
Dreary and bleaching in the lidless sun;
Ask of the surf that's combing o'er the beach
When the tall breakers lift their awful forms;
Ask the tornado, as it cuts the trees,
The whirling windrow of the prairie wood,
Like a long swath of hay, to answer questions—
Or of me, why I live and suffer still,
Who am I, or what?

I would I knew them,

If they need me not. Simply a vagrant
To their laws, I come, at these far intervals,
Tossed like the winter goldfinch on a breeze
In ranches, regard their household gods,
And, like another as another is bought,
As they are, day by day, nor sold. I learn
The lessons taught in Nature's school, her precepts;
My code is but the stream that shuts the glen;
My market is the herb-field, or the trunk
Where the industrious bee lodges his sweets;
The lights of my saloon are mournful stars,
That shine and say, "We would, we cannot rest."
To warm your pale complexion by our fires."
My living suits not them, nor with me theirs.
Fenced off and barricaded from my race;
And yet would I could please them. I could take
Not mercy of their kindness. If my heart
Would open, it might warm as a new sun.
Their help I ne'er shall seek again. Rest there,
Ye implements of hunger, fit for such
As I. Death will come sweet; hunter no more.
I shall not weep to slay the timorous deer;
Nor clutch her turquoise and her sapphires forth,
Nature's wet gems, from her cold emerald streams.
"Eliot"—I read my name upon a sign,
After I heard the warning—"for the last time."
am not stooped in form, or shuffling yet;
My hair unbleached, my gaze unerring flies.
Is misery, then, a stylite for Time's wounds?
Does sorrow, like Arabian gums, o'erspread,
Infix these poisoned images, and mask
A clear transparency that shows all light,
When there's within a upas sure to slay?
Perchance there's wisdom in that outward life,
In the red circle on the sunset sky;
And, as I neared my cell, the owlet's cry
Shook through the pines that weep the torrent's roar
That weird, unearthly knell. They say, in sooth,
That men have heard that sob brief ere their deaths—
Yes, as they died!
My life is foul and poor,
And hunger-bitten, where my sorry bones
Peer through the tightened flesh. And yet this frame
Seems strong, and I might keep another century
If 'twere not for the plague-spot at my breast.
I could embrace the sunshine as it falls,
And list the pleasant songs of matin birds,
As if the joys of children tugged my heart—
Children! those human birds, with trills of love.
And when the gems of eve sliver the fields
With their soft shower of starlight barely guessed,
And lay aside the loud and dissonant day,
Which like a noisy school-boy whistled long
His brawling catch, the old devotion dawns
In figures born of faith. That I might fly—
There is no flight for him whose memory
Burns like a meteor through all times and scenes,
And as a nerve of everlasting pain
Eats on the rusting shroud he hates—himself!
How light I made of omens, called them cheap,
Foolish dreams; in happier days laughed them to scorn.
I once could mock at them. Sorrow doth teach
Such lessons as our gayer hours forget.
I see events prefigured in each mote.
It floats across my passage, shapes from dark
And awful regions. I am now become
A sailor on the inviolate sea of fate,
That the mist covers.
With man my peace is sealed.
Again I shall not visit Como's shore—
Not in my living form; but they will find
My bones after some days, and put them there,
In sad November, when the heart is slow,
Under the prairie, "Eliot, a Stranger," marked
Upon the place. 'Tis right that men outlay
Their compliments on things to them which are
No more than the thin purple grass that flaunts
Across the graveyard's swale; for 'tis so human!
It floats upon the current of my thought,
When in such places, one of Eliza's rhymes:
"Fear not the end, the quickening hour draws near;
Rise upward, hope, dispel this earthly fear;
The shepherd waits his flock to gather in;
A truce to worldliness, good-bye to sin."
Little of me could find the villagers,
As mutely on their narrow gaze I dawned,
Denizen of the forest; lean my scrip,
Nothing my business to the eager race.
I trafficked with them, followed up the trail
Across the rolling prairie, skrek the ridge,
Took the oak-barrens, and beneath the woods
Sank, with the deer I hunted. 'Tis near night;
The journey's long; the day hangs heavy on me;
My toil is mostly o'er. Far to the north
Vibrate the waving lights that o'er their ice
Alarm the Eskimo, and furnish forth
Their freezing calendars. To me they look
Repugnant; there's no warmth, no heart to them—
Brilliant and bending as the polished friends
Who most me wounded. Hark! the owl's low sobs
Quiver from out the grove! What world lies you,
To whose depths I pass? Do spirits look therefrom
On such as I, and touch their fading hours
With the brief borrowed moonlight of the grave?

FREE THOUGHT IN ROME.

BY PROF. E. P. EVANS.

DURING the brief period that has elapsed since Rome became the capital of Italy a marked progress is perceptible in the material condition and aspect of the Eternal City. The streets are being repaved and the Tiber embanked; the shops have assumed an air of greater thrift and tidiness; and venerable accumulations of filth are gradually disappearing before the efforts of organized scavengers, upon whose frontlets is inscribed the word "*Nettezza*," in token of the purity of their aims. Indeed, it is now quite possible to walk among the ruins with both safety and comfort, and even to visit the Basilica of Constantine and the Baths of Titus without being obliged to take constant heed to your steps, and without having your enjoyment of art or interest in archæology disturbed by offensive appeals to the senses. Meanwhile, the excavations on the Palatine, undertaken by Napoleon III, have been continued with undiminished zeal and satisfactory results, and the original pavement of the Forum is being brought to light as rapidly as numerous gangs of laborers can remove the thick deposit of earth that covers it. But still more interesting and significant than these changes are the effects produced on the public mind by the introduction of free thought and free speech, luxuries which the modern Roman has never enjoyed before the establishment of the present government, and which he can now hardly learn to look upon as a part of the permanent order of things. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if he should occasionally exercise this newly-acquired right with something of the fervor and fury of a man who wishes to make the most of a transient privilege, of which he fears some sudden exaction may soon deprive him.

Within the past few weeks especially several occasions have served to show the striking contrast between Rome as the seat of the popes and Rome as the center of a free government. This was especially the case in the recent discussion between Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen as to whether St. Peter was ever really in Rome. The question, although a fundamental one so far as the pretensions of the Papacy are concerned, is in itself somewhat trite and hackneyed, and no new facts or arguments were presented by either party in support of their respective positions. But that such a discussion should have taken place at all, and that stenographic reports of the speeches should be printed and hawked about by newsdealers under the very colonnades of the Vatican, is a striking sign of the times, and indicates the dawn of a new era. The debate began with an address by Francesco Sciarelli, a minister of the Methodist Church, who proved quite conclusively, from the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul, that St. Peter could not have been in Rome from A. D. 42 to 66, the period during which, according to Catholic theologians, he held the office of pontiff. Sciarelli argued that St. Peter's mission was especially to the Hebrews; that his epistles were written from Babylon, the center of the Jewish dispersion; that St. Paul, who spent two years (A. D. 61–63) in Rome, and sent frequent greetings to the brethren from Epaphras, Marcus, Aristarchus, and other fellow-laborers, makes no allusion to St. Peter; and, finally, that the earliest and most trustworthy traditions of the Christian Church make no mention of St. Peter's presence in Rome. In reply to these statements and inferences, a lengthy discourse was delivered by the Canon Fabiani, who was followed in order by Ribelli, Cipolla, Gavazzi, and Guidi. I shall not attempt to give abstracts of the several speeches, the delivery of which occupied two evenings until nearly midnight. Suffice it to say that the Protestant disputants based their arguments chiefly upon the biblical records, which not only preserve an ominous silence as regards the sojourn of St. Peter in Rome, but also affirm that during the period in question he was in Joppa, Lydda, Antioch, and other Eastern cities, very remote from Rome. On the other hand, the Catholics appealed to the voice of tradition, and cited a long list of authorities (extending from the third to the thirteenth centuries) in support of the hypothesis that St. Peter lived and died at Rome. This testimony, being neither ocular nor contemporary, the Protestants refused to admit as valid. The Catholics also endeavored to show that Babylon, from which St. Peter wrote his epistles, was only a metaphorical expression for Rome; but, in view of the denunciations contained in the Apocalypse against the crimes and abominations of that city, it was deemed prudent not to press this point. The weapon would have been a good one, were it not for the tremendous recoil of the boomerang. The most brilliant speech was unquestionably that with which Gavazzi opened the discussion of the second evening. It was not only replete with learning and sound in logic, but very witty and sarcastic in exposing some of the puerilities of his adversaries. To Fabiani's grave assertion that we ought to give credence to what has been not only attested by holy traditions, but also delineated and glorified by painters and sculptors, for so many centuries, Gavazzi replied that the favorite field of the artist is fable and allegory, whereas the business of the philosopher is the discovery of truth; and that, if he were to make his faith depend upon the phantasies of the artist, he should be forced to believe in the three magi of three colors; in the existence of St. Veronica as a real woman, who wiped the face of Jesus, and received the true impression (*veron-icon*) of his features on her handkerchief; in cherubs consisting only of two wings and a head; and in the Eternal Father in the form of a single eye within a triangle.

The result of the controversy, as seen in the impression which it left upon the public mind, was decidedly unfavorable to the Catholics, who were finally commanded by the Pope to abstain from further discussion of the subject, although they had at first received permission from His Infallibility to take part in the debate. Indeed, Pius IX now declares that St. Peter is greatly offended because his claims to the primacy have been call in question, and has consequently proclaimed a *triduo*, in order to appease the wrath of that too choleric apostle. This service, which was held at the high altar in St. Peter's, and lasted three days, is really equivalent to acknowledging that the Papal party had the worst of the argument. A *Te Deum* would have implied a triumph, but a *triduo* is a service of reparation and a confession of defeat. Meanwhile, the warfare continues in the several pulpits of Rome. The most learned and eloquent of the Jesuits has delivered three discourses on the subject in their principal church, *Il Gesù*; and we have frequent sermons and lectures from the Protestant clergymen on such subjects as the adoration of the Virgin Mary, the worship of images, the wife of St. Peter, the falsity of the monuments which the Catholics exhibit in Rome to prove that St. Peter was in this city, the sacraments of the Papal Church, the celibacy of the clergy, etc.

An event of still greater importance is the organization of a Bible society in Rome. A meeting for this purpose was held on the 5th of the present month, in the *Sala dell' Argentina*, which was filled almost to suffocation, and hundreds of people were obliged to go away because they found it impossible to gain admittance. The meeting was called to order by Admiral Fishbourne, after which addresses were made by Ribetti, Bruce, Sciarelli, Gavazzi, Père Hyacinthe, and others. The speech which excited the most enthusiasm was that of Père Hyacinthe, who said that he was invited and came as a Catholic priest, and trusted that a better knowledge of the Bible and a more conscientious practice of the charity which it inculcated would heal the divisions of Christendom and produce the civil, political, and religious regeneration of society. He hoped that "in this city of Rome" there would now be a return to those early days when "the Bible was not the book of the priest alone, but the book of woman and of the family." He quoted the saying of Leibnitz, that there are no two drops of water in the world precisely alike, and no two men who look at these drops from the same point of view, and then added: "Truth is found everywhere. Let us then preserve our freedom and independence of judgment, our largeness and liberality; only let us not be divided in hope and love and charity." His endorsement of Bossuet, who declared that "the greatest heresy is that of domination," called forth a storm of applause. A Papal journal, edited by Monsignor Nardi and entitled *La Voce della Verità* (never was there a greater misnomer than this self-styled *Voice of Truth*), says, in referring to this meeting, that Père Hyacinthe so disappointed the general expectation and was shown so much disrespect that *after two minutes* he was obliged to resume his seat; whereas, in fact, he spoke more than three-quarters of an hour, and received from his audience the warmest tokens of approbation. Another daily paper, *La Capitale*, concludes a very faithful account of the meeting with these words: "*Ieri il Vaticano ha dovito tremare*" (Yesterday the Vatican must have trembled). But, whatever may be the hopes or fears of the Vatican, it is quite certain that free speech and a free press are gradually pouring light into the minds of the people, and contributing to their spiritual emancipation, just as the material improvements in Rome will, doubtless, aid in banishing the miasmatic influences which have been so long prejudicial to the physical health of the people. And, indeed, nowhere are both of these things more needed. Statistics reveal the awful fact that for many years there has been in Rome an average of *two deaths to one birth*, and that the population has been kept up only by immigration, while the mental degradation of the masses is seen in the ignorance and superstition which everywhere prevail, and the power which the priests still exercise over the minds and consciences of the people.

ROME, ITALY, March, 1872.

LIFE IN FLORIDA.

BY HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.

HERNANDEZ, Usina, Bravo. These and the like are the names on the shop-signs. The streets, 12 feet wide, are S. Hypolite, Tolomato, Cuna, etc. And there's a Plaza, with an ancient cathedral fronting it. Then there are broken walls, and decayed houses of *coquina*, the curious shell-stone of the neighborhood. At the north end of the town is the fort—a formidable and grand structure of a former age, with its moat, outworks, turrets, Spanish coat of arms and inscription, chapel, court-room, dungeons (in one of which two skeletons were found walled up), now only a curiosity. Yonder is the city-gate—a venerable ruin, with its bit of crumbled wall. There, on a narrow street, is the sculptured side of a treasury building of the days of the Dons. But the antiquarian shudders as he sees close upon all this a huge modern Saratoga *caracanseral*, swarming with tourists, and hears a hundred Yankees bargaining for street-lots and planning "improvements." Come and see St. Augustine quickly. It's going soon. However, Nature will hold on, and our children may come here to see figs, pomegranates, lemons, oranges, bananas, palms, shaddocks, and olives, all rejoicing on their trees in the open air, out of the reach of Boreas and the North Pole. I wonder if the railroad from Tocoi to St. Augustine will exist in all its loveliness in their day. It's a fifteen-miles road, and traveled over in five hours! One New York street-car and two native nondescripts (a cross between a swill-wagon and a "Black Maria") form the rolling stock. Four mules stand (or walk) for engines. The road lies through a snake-swamp. Its rails are of wood. When nearly a hundred passengers arrive at Tocoi for St. Augustine the rush and the result are alike entertaining. Imagine a hundred people stowed away where there is normal room for forty-six and then their baggage put in to fill up the interstices! Then add a heat of 85 degrees in the airiest place, say 95 degrees in the cars, (I think the old man in the corner, with two fat ladies on his lap, has it at 110 degrees), and you may wish you were with us, so far away from zero. We reach the St. Augustine depot. It's an old shed. A 'bus carries us in installments into the town. How dirty we are. Where are our trunks, with the clean linen? "They'll be in town to-morrow!" Well, it is a slow country, is Florida. To-morrow's clean clothes were a great deal more delicious for the waiting.

U. S. has barracks here, neat and attractive, three companies, and a noble set of officers. U. S. also has Sergeant Maguire to take care of the old fort and tell its story to the tourists. U. S. has wagons and mules and batallion drill and dress-parade and a big flag. Indeed, U. S. is the life of the sleepy old town. The cathedral is a Spanish village church, of stuccoed *coquina*, full of tinsel and decay, with a bishop (French), priests, canons, and nuns attached, taking you way back to Loyola and Xavier. How do the people live? That is what every newcomer asks. One reply made by a native was: "On fish and strangers." Strangers principally, I reckon. The sight-seers buy their grass-ware, coquina-ware, crocodiles' teeth, shell-ware, orange canes, and local photographs; and then it doesn't cost them a great deal to live in so good-natured a climate. The outside barbarians who have come to St. A. to live seem to have the inside track; and they are a nice people, full of hospitality and thrift. A little barbarous yet, however. I asked all over for an INDEPENDENT. There was not one in the town.

Two miles out of the place I found Mrs. Hildreth, living on the edge of the wilderness. She took us out into the forest, and called for the birds. Down they came at her spell, and perched on our heads, shoulders, and fingers. She has tamed the wildest. That's better than gunning. The Rev. Mr. Reynolds (whose wife is a daughter of the late veteran missionary Bingham, of Hawaiian fame) is a bishop of the first order in the Presbyterian persuasion, a man it will do anybody good to know. The Protestants are a feeble folk here; but they make their houses in the rock. If I dared to mention any more names, I could give you some splendid ones of ardent, earnest Christians here. I abstain. I must go out to the light-house, across the harbor, over Anastasia Island, among the rattlesnakes, and see the surf roll in.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 15th, 1872.

Literary Department.

WRIGHT'S LIFE INSURANCE.*

MR. ELIZUR WRIGHT has, doubtless, done more than any other individual to secure the present popularity of life insurance in this country. A graduate of Yale College, in 1826, he early became professor of mathematics in the young College of the Western Reserve, in Ohio, where he served with success, until he accepted the service of the American Anti-slavery Society, in 1833. Here his familiarity with the subtleties of the higher mathematics found little scope, except in some statistical tables; but his equal knowledge of the powers of the English language were developed, to the sorrow of many who attempted to cope with him in argument. His attention was turned practically to the subject of life insurance about thirty years ago, when, being engaged for a time as editor of the Boston *Morning Chronicle*, he exposed and demolished a stupendous humbug that had been devised and set in operation at Worcester, by a crazy person who had the sagacity to enlist in its management a number of respectable citizens. In the course of a sharp controversy, in which threats of personal injury were a part of the arguments used by his opponents, he succeeded in such a full exposure of the fallacy involved in the scheme that the sane and honest directors abandoned it, and it soon passed into forgetfulness.

Mr. Wright had shown such a comprehension as to the nature of life insurance, such familiarity with its elementary principles, and such ability to make the subject intelligible to the common mind, that he was advised to make it a special study. The appearance of several other crude schemes, with reported instances of mismanagement, amounting in some cases to intentional fraud, both in this country and in England, disclosed the want of a known standard and of settled rules by which the value of a scheme could be tested, and the solvent or insolvent condition of a company might be ascertained with mathematical precision. To meet this want he contrived and prepared a set of logarithmic tables, by which the present value of the assets of a company could be exactly ascertained, and the practicability and soundness of any new scheme could be fully tested.

These tables made it so easy for a company to ascertain its actual state and the working of its plans that no honest board of directors could henceforth allow their affairs to drift into confusion, except by inexcusable negligence. He then, by persevering efforts, obtained an act of the legislature of Massachusetts requiring every life insurance company in the state to make a yearly examination and report on the state of its affairs, and prohibiting any foreign company from doing business in the state, except on condition of making a similar yearly return. Very properly, Mr. Wright was appointed commissioner of insurance, to see this law carried into effect, which he did with the utmost faithfulness and honesty. In his yearly reports he made the mysteries of life insurance as plain as the multiplication table, while his quaint illustrations, after the manner of Dr. Franklin, helped to beat the knowledge of the subject into the dullest capacity. The public became enlightened. Life insurance no longer appeared in the light of a lottery, into which men were to plunge hap-hazard; but was recognized as a science, every point of which was capable of mathematical measurement and calculation. The insurance companies, now multiplying in all directions, felt the good effects of being brought to book once a year by the inexorable logarithms. Those which were honest and fair not only had the satisfaction of knowing that their course was right, but the advantage of being able to show the world that it was so; while those which had cherished any secret unfairness were justly exposed, and many were driven from the field.

Mr. Wright was, at length, through some local jealousy, superseded in the office of commissioner; which led him into a much more lucrative employment, as consulting actuary, resorted to as an adviser and arbiter in difficult cases, a guide for beginners, and a general helper in all insurance troubles. Here his experience has developed another want, which the publication now before us was designed to supply. The prosperity of life insurance companies, and the enormous accumulations of profits, disclosed the equity and the policy of some plan to give the insured an interest in the profits; and what was wanted was a rule by which to ascertain the safety and justice of any given plan. Up to this time this has been determined by guesswork, aided by the judgment of experienced men, approximating more or less to the right mark, without ever knowing that they were exactly right. Mr. Wright set himself boldly to the work of finding out, by mathematical analysis, the rule by which the exact value of the "premium reserve" could be ascertained, so that a company would know what terms it could offer to policy-holders, and what commissions it could offer to agents, without ever endangering its solvency; and the policy-holders could ascertain for themselves the equity of the arrangement to which they became parties. The result is the volume before us, containing two plates and 181 folio pages of tables, from which may be calculated the value of the premium reserve in any case. By these tables is to be learned, also, the equitable rule on which a policy can be surrendered at any time; and the equitable dividend, in case that is allowed, at the end of each year, in the next year's payment. Other advantages will accrue from a more general understanding of the equities of life insurance. Thus the benefits of this vast system of provisions against the ills of life will be more appreciated and sought, until everybody who needs it shall enjoy it, as they do the benefit of the aqueduct or the steamboat. Without pretending to the judgment of experts in life insurance, we have no doubt that this publication is an important addition to the literary apparatus of the business, and that it will help to strengthen the public confidence toward the well-managed companies, while it will leave those without excuse which run themselves into final bankruptcy by neglecting its instructions.

* SAVINGS BANK LIFE INSURANCE. With Illustrative Tables, analyzing the Premiums on 368 Policies. By ELIZUR WRIGHT. Weibis & Potter, Printers, 79 Milk Street, Boston.

APRIL MAGAZINES.

THE *Atlantic* opens with Mr. Longfellow's "Ballad of Carillon," which suggests oftener than we could wish Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Mr. Whittier has some didactic verses on "The Brewing of Soma"; Mr. Bret Harte makes a vivid poem out of an incident of the War of the Rebellion, "The Idyl of Battle Hollow"; and the "Diversions of the Echo Club" have for their best feature a clever and funny imitation of Tennyson, in which

"The Medoc chills
In ice, and pon champagne flask in the sun
Takes mellower warmth."

But the other burlesques are unequal to this one. From internal evidence we are able to ascribe these articles to Mr. Bayard Taylor. Among the prose pieces, Mr. Parton has an interesting article upon Jefferson; and an anonymous writer, we presume Mr. F. B. Sanborn, gives an instructive account of "John Brown in Massachusetts." Dr. Holmes continues the "Poet of the Breakfast Table," in which his highest flights of eloquence are interrupted after his distracting manner by a "popgun" and by "that boy." We should wholly enjoy Dr. Holmes's writing if he would only consent to be a little less frisky. But we suppose that he cannot help it. Mr. Edward Jarvis, in an article upon "Immigration," attacks the opinion of Mr. Clibborne, of Mr. Schade, and of Mr. Friedrich Kapp, that from the unfitness of the American climate to the European constitution the European races in North America would become extinct in three or four generations but for the supply of European immigrants. Mr. H. James, Jr., writing under what seems to us a prejudiced view of the theory of evolution, censures "Taine's English Literature," inasmuch as the work is based upon that theory. "Septimius Felton" is hardly as interesting as heretofore. Mr. T. B. Aldrich's story, "Quite So," is a pathetic bit of realistic writing; and the number, on the whole, is more than commonly good.

The Galaxy opens with an article by Mr. McCarthy upon "Charles Reade," whom the critic ranks as "unsurpassed in the second class of English novelists," while he denies him a place in the front rank. The article is executed with what we should call abundant local knowledge, if we were speaking of a landscape painting, instead of an essay. Mr. Albert Rhodes has an article upon "The French at Home," which is interesting but badly written. We defy any one to understand what the second sentence in the article means. It is one of those utterances "which no fellow can find out." "Fifteen Years a Shakeress" is concluded. Mr. J. W. DeForest tells a short story about "An Independent Ku-Klux." Miss N. M. Hutchinson has a well-written little essay on "Woman in Journalism." The most important paper in the number is Mr. Gideon Welles's account of "Lincoln's and Johnson's Plan of Reconstruction and Resumption," an acceptable contribution to the history of the period. "Very Narrow Indeed" is a clever story by Ella Williams, and Rebecca Harding Davis tells a repulsive one, "A Story of a Shadow." There is a good department of Scientific Miscellany.

—In *Scribner's Monthly* Mr. Eugene Schuyler describes "A Russian Easter." Mr. Noah Brooks declares of Japan in a variously questionable manner that the old empire "has awoke from a sleep of ages," meaning to say that it has been compelled to accept the inestimable blessing of trade with foreign nations. Mr. George P. Lathrop contributes a noticeable sonnet, entitled "In Absence," and Mr. C. D. Warner the fourth of his attractive "Back Log Studies." Mr. Julian Hawthorne has an extravaganza called "The Mullenville Mystery"; and Mr. Fitzedward Hall pronounces judgment, and apparently with sufficient reason, in favor of the verbal form exemplified in the phrase "is being built."

Lippincott's Magazine continues the republication of Mr. Whymper's and of Mr. Masters's interesting books of adventure. Were Mr. Earl Shinn as well satisfied with his name as his readers have occasion to be with the excellent papers on art which he has lately written over his initials only, for this magazine, he would have signed that name in full, we think, to his present admirable article upon the "Private Art Collections of Philadelphia." Miss Kate Hillard has a well-thought and well-written article, called "*Elle et Lui*"; and Mr. Wm. Black's story of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" goes on. The number is one of uniform and sustained merit, and is second to none of the magazines of the month.

In *Old and New* Mr. John Burroughs introduces his "March Chronicle" with the inaccurate remark that the first day of March is the first day of Spring. Had he no almanac, that he should not have known that the vernal equinox fell this year upon the 20th day of March, and that the almanacs definitely announce, in so many words, that the 20th of March is the first day of Spring? Mr. C. A. Cummings has a good article upon "The Labor Question Sixty Years Ago." The serials are continued, and in the department of the Fine Arts there is an interesting account of the controversy which for years has agitated the art critics respecting the authenticity of the Holbein Madonna at Dresden, and of the claims of the Darmstadt Holbein to be the original of that picture.

The *Catholic World* opens with an article upon "Taine's English Literature." As the critic of the *Atlantic* cannot admire this work because its author believes in the Theory of Evolution, so the critic of the *Catholic World* condemns M. Taine because he declines to believe in the supernatural. When shall we have a criticism that is critical, and not an affair of outside issues? "The Duties of the Rich in Christian Society" and "How the Church Understands and Upholds the Rights of Women" are commendable essays.

The most important article in *Harper's Magazine* is Mr. Edward Howland's description of "The Social Palace at Guise." This is an edifice erected by M. Godin, a large manufacturer of that place, for the home of the 1,500 workmen that he employs.

"The apartments are so arranged that a single room, or a lodging of two rooms, or as many more as may be desired, can be had. This allows the families to extend and contract their quarters with their own extension and contraction. In its construction it was necessary to provide lodgings which should be afforded at prices not higher than workmen could obtain elsewhere in the town such accommodations as are generally accorded to labor. It was not to be expected that the workmen were to be induced to occupy better accommodations, at higher prices, on account of their superior advantages. The question with labor is, of necessity, simply one of price, and a very small advance in rent makes a serious diminution in the guidance of wages.

"The accommodations afforded by the *Familistère*, if they were arranged as our villages usually are, would spread the population, which is now brought together in a sympathetic union, over a space a mile or two square. By some fifteen hundred persons are enabled to see each other, to visit, attend their domestic duties, meet in public, or purchase their supplies, without going from under cover, and regardless of the condition of the weather. Not only is the time thus saved, and the convenience of living thus gained, most desirable; but the general industrial spirit of the whole establishment is constantly exciting to activity, since each member sees constantly all around him the evidences that his labor is directly productive, and productive for his own benefit. For the children, too, the schools are near at hand, and the parents can constantly oversee their progress in their classes and their behavior at play among their companions. This facility of social communication, with the spirit which actuates it, renders the Social Palace peculiarly efficacious in raising the moral and intellectual standard of the people, the necessary leisure being thus gained for the cultivation of social intercourse, for reading, and for culture of every kind."

The establishment is practically, though not in its legal *status*, a co-operative household. The benefits produced by its establishment are immense and significant. In this country there are scores or hundreds of industrial enterprises that employ larger capital than that which M. Godin has employed in the creation of his "*Familistère*." Who will be first to imitate his good example? Mr. M. D. Conway has a second excellent article upon Munich. In an article called "The Mountains" Porte Crayon resumes the pencil which first delighted the readers of *Harper's* nearly twenty years ago. The second article on "Naval Architecture" brings the account of the subject down to the present day; and the editorial departments are, as usual, interesting.

—*The Moral of Accidents, and other Discourses*, by the late Thomas T. Lynch, (Routledge), is the volume recently printed in England with the title "Sermons for My Curates." Our readers will remember a sketch of the author of the "Rivulet," which appeared in these columns a few months since. The acquaintance thus formed with one of the most select spirits of our time will be happily continued by this volume. Mr. Samuel Cox, the editor, has written in the preface the biography of the book. After the death of Mr. Lynch had become so feeble that he could not endure the fatigue of two services on Sunday, he tried the experiment of writing out a sermon, and the accompanying prayers, and having them read to his congregation in the evening by gentlemen who were ready to undertake this service. These are the twelve sermons so prepared. Among the discourses of modern times there is hardly anything like them. In their keen insight, their epigrammatic force, their apposite and felicitous diction, their subtle divination of practical lessons in the minor facts of Scripture, they recall Augustine, or Hugo of St. Victor. Yet they are by no means bundles of epigrams. There is a wise discrimination and a careful balancing of truths. The preacher is the instructor, as well as the seer. The discourses of Mr. Lynch do not exhibit the philosophical breadth which distinguishes Robertson, or the sympathy with Nature which enriches the preaching of Beecher, or the rugged and masterful eloquence with which the discourses of Bushnell ring; yet they have a charm of their own, which will not fail to win the cultured reader. Here and there a light is cast upon the sacred page which will never be extinguished; now and then a truth is driven into the memory in a phrase that cannot be forgotten. If one desires to read a most admirable presentation of the relation in which Christian faith stands to the reign of law, let him read the first sermon of this book, on "The Moral of Accidents," which is just as far removed from superstition on the one side as it is from unbelief on the other. And, for a sample of the manner in which the preacher touches common things with suggestive and sacred meanings, read these detached passages from the sermon on Christ's visit to Jericho:

"Zaccheus had gone on before. You must get at your tree before you can climb it. He makes haste, runs, climbs, for he does not know who is coming. It is not only sees Jesus, but, what is much better, is seen by him. If a man looks for God, God knows that he is looking. He that seeks is sought. . . . But you, good people, which of you ever thought of doing any good to Zaccheus? How comes the man in whom you feel no interest to feel so much interest in the Prophet you will fain keep to yourselves? . . . A religious man is a man *not mended*; a religious man is often a man *spoiled in the mending*. . . . To how many houses must Christ invite himself, if he is ever to be present therein. . . . This was the salvation ['To-day is salvation come to this house'] *—the creation of a living bond of affection between Zaccheus and that Holy Love in whose presence he stood.* In this Presence Zaccheus felt at once that he grew purer, happier, stronger for good."

Owing to the infirmities of the flesh, and the bigotry of certain Pharisees of his time, the influence of Mr. Lynch as a preacher was greatly limited. But this book should serve to make him known to thousands who had never heard of him until his warfare was accomplished; so that it may be true of him, as of Robertson, and—since "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master"—of One greater than either, that in dying his earthly work is only just begun.

—If *Christian Theology and Modern Skepticism* had been written by a member of the commonalty, instead of "The Duke of Somerset, K. G.," it would hardly be thought worthy of extended notice. It may be a matter of etiquette for the English reviewers to devote considerable attention to it on account of the social position of its author; but here in America a weak book is not greatly strengthened by a noble name upon the title-page, and we shall take the liberty of dismissing His Grace with very little ceremony. This little book of short paragraphs and brief chapters is an attempt to show discrepancies in the Gospel narratives, and contradictions between the Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles, and in various ways to discredit the sources of the Christian faith. The writer speaks in the curt and decisive tone which befits a duke; he has no doubt that the objections he raises are unanswerable, he has no suspicion that they have been refuted again and again. That old theory of Baur's about a quarrel between Paul and Peter is put forward with a triumphant air, when the fact is that the theory has been exploded. Professor Fisher, of New Haven, if nobody else, has proved by a masterly historical criticism that the theory is not tenable. However, it is not to be expected that an English duke should read an American book. While, therefore, this slight volume may do something to confuse the ideas of those who are not familiar with the results of recent biblical investigation, it will give very little trouble to the theologians. "It has frequently been observed," says His Grace, "that the arguments which are accepted by one generation as conclusive are set aside in a subsequent age as feeble and unsatisfactory." Our noble theologaster will not, we imagine, be obliged to wait for the next generation to see his arguments set aside. (Appleton.)

—Dr. Charles F. Deems, the pastor of the Church of the Strangers, in this city, has contributed to Christology a large volume with the simple title *Jesus*. In many respects this life of Christ differs from those which have recently preceded it. It is not so picturesque and glowing as that of Mr. Abbot, it is not so lucid and perspicuous as that of Chancellor Crosby, it is not so eloquent and philosophical as that of Mr. Beecher; but it is more minute and circumstantial than either of them, and it throws a great amount of light upon the narratives of the Gospels. Dr. Deems has studied with patience the ancient records, and no one can read his book without respecting his scholarship and his sincerity. In addition to its historical and archæological discussions, the book contains an elaborate commentary upon the words of Jesus. These are literally translated from the original, the Sinaitic manuscript being taken as the text; and the plain rendering thus given to the words sometimes makes them more intelligible. We cannot doubt that devout students will be brought by the reading of this volume into a better acquaintance with Him for whose knowledge Paul was ready to suffer the loss of all things. Any volume, whatever its imperfections may be, which leads to this result is to be cordially welcomed. The illustrations—designed by Rawson and engraved by Linton, Filmer, and others—are of more than usual excellence. (N. Y. Publishing Co.)

—*The Parabolic Teaching of Christ*, by the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, B.A., is a new book on the illustrative teaching of the Saviour, the scope of which is wider than any of the former commentaries. Trench counts only thirty parables, but Mr. Drummond finds about seventy-five. Such passages as that in Matt. vi., 22, 23 and that in Matt. vii, 3, 5 he places among the parabolic discourses of our Lord. Whether the term parable will admit of this extension without violating the common understanding of the word may be questioned; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Drummond has written a thoughtful and instructive book upon the figurative teachings of the Gospels. These he divides into six classes: those which relate to man as a subject of Satan's kingdom, those which describe the Prince of the Kingdom of Light, those which treat of personal and experimental piety, those which are historical or prophetical, those which refer to the rejection of the Jews and the calling of the Gentiles, and those which prefigure the second coming of Christ. Trench's excellent book on the parables will not soon be superseded; but this volume of Mr. Drummond's deserves the attention of biblical students.

—The Putnams's little volume called *The Best Reading* contains hints on the selection of books, on the formation of libraries, and on courses of reading. Its principal feature is, however, a carefully prepared list of good books, classified under about four hundred different heads. The titles of such works on each subject are given as are the best known and most acceptable, either in English or American editions. The author has "aimed at a middle course between a meager catalogue of a bookseller's collection and the elaborate comprehensiveness of a general bibliography"; and the selections include mainly those works which are likely to be consulted by the general reader. A great deal of work has been spent in preparing this little manual, and we know of no other that can take its place as a guide to the selecter of a library. The large experience of the compiler of this book in the formation of private and public libraries is here made available to persons who may be contemplating the purchase of books in any considerable quantity. (G. P. Putnam & Sons.)

—The second volume of Pressensé's *History of the Early Years of Christianity* is issued by Scribner. It is divided into three sections. The first of these recounts the missions and the persecutions of the early Church, the second treats biographically of the most illustrious of the early Fathers, and the third describes the great controversies of the Church with heathenism, and contains a good outline of the Christian apologies. The work is written with the characteristic clearness and vigor of Pressensé, and is at once accurate and entertaining. The second section, which contains the biographical sketches of the Fathers, is especially valuable.

—*At Home and Abroad* is a series of essays by the late John P. Kennedy, with a European journal extending from Oct. 3d, 1866, to Sept. 17th, 1868. Of his genius we have heretofore spoken in our notice of Mr. Tuckerman's excellent "Life of Kennedy," and we can only now add our commendation of the genial spirit in which this volume has been written, and our regret for

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From thine all-patient bosom, Mother Earth,
Sung to by winds and kissed awake with rain,
The last year's leafless root renews its birth,
And bears fresh lilies, pure from blush or stain.
Alas! what Spring shall bring those years again
That once have spun their shroud and in it slept?
No heart wrung prayers, no forced appeal of pain,
No hot, slow tears, by heavy eyelids wept;
Gone by the inexorable Past are kept,
As a mine's master keeps his slave-wrought gold,
Their dreary track with lingering paces crept
Through silent wastes, each dreanier and more cold;
The harvest sheaves their vernal buds foretold
Died promising; the jewels buried deep
In their dark caverns still those caverns hold.
Gray liars grovelling in the dust they sleep,
And life's best hours like idle rosaries keep
Grasped in dead hands. They carried dreams away
That should be deeds, while we, poor shadows, weep,
With hearts and lips all wasted by delay,
Above the scattered sands that glide and glide away.

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

No. LXIV.

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

ESCAPE AND RECAPTURE OF THE "PEARL."—RIOTOUS PROCEEDINGS.

EIGHTEEN hundred and forty-eight was the "year of revolutions." A tidal wave of thought and feeling passed over Europe, toppling thrones, sweeping away dynasties, and unsettling the political and social institutions of the people. France was especially disturbed. Its king was deposed and driven into exile, and the House of Orleans ceased to be one of the reigning families of the Continent. Though the fulfillment did not come up to the promise, nor answer the sanguine expectations generated by the revolution, yet for the time being a republican government was organized, and France took her place among the democracies of the earth.

This country shared largely in the enthusiasm of the hour. Meetings and resolutions of congratulation proclaimed the general rejoicing, and nowhere were these demonstrations more noisy and extravagant than at the seat of government, in both the City of Washington and in Congress. Early in April President Polk sent a message to the latter announcing the event, and affirming that "the world has seldom witnessed a more interesting and sublime spectacle than the peaceful rising of the French people, resolved to secure for themselves enlarged liberty." On the same day Mr. Cummins, of New York, introduced a series of resolutions into the House of Representatives expressing satisfaction that "the sentiment of self-government is commending itself to the favorable consideration of the more intelligent" of the nations; announcing "the hope that downtrodden humanity may succeed in breaking down all forms of tyranny and oppression"; tendering their warmest sympathies to the people of France and Italy in their present struggle; and affirming that all the blood and treasure necessary to vindicate their rights must be charged to usurpations exercised for the benefit of the few and the oppression of the many. Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, offered, as an amendment, that "we especially see an encouraging earnest of their success in the decree which pledges the Government of *France to early* measures for the immediate emancipation of all slaves in the colonies." Mr. Schenck, of Ohio, offered, as an amendment to the amendment, the words "recognizing, as we do, that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude."

On these resolutions and amendments there were several very able and eloquent speeches, too jubilant, indeed, over what had transpired, and too extravagant in the anticipations expressed for the future, revealing what is now patent to every beholder, that none at that time fully appreciated the real power of despotism in either hemisphere, the tenacity of its hold, or the terrible struggle that would be required for its dislodgment and overthrow. "It is," said Mr. McClernand, of Illinois, "the triumph of liberty over tyranny, of truth over error, of humanity over inhumanity . . . the emancipation that the time is rapidly approaching when in Europe military force must bow to moral force, when kings must bow to the supreme majesty of the people, when the masses of Europe have only to will it to be free." "I solemnly believe," said Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, "that the time has come when kingcraft has lost its hold upon the human mind. The world is waking from its deep slumber, and manhood begin to see that the right to govern belongs not to crowned kings, but to the great masses." And yet, great as were the gratulations over the alleged downfall of kingcraft, he was not prepared to recognize the abstract doctrine of human equality, or to welcome the elevation of man as man. Indeed, he expressed his apprehension that "the *fraternity* which has been adopted may not be consistent with well-regulated liberty; it may be the dream of idealists, and not the conception of philosophical statesmen," while he reverefully alluded to the subject of Mr. Calhoun's amendment as something foreign, "as a matter which does not belong to it." He also volunteered the information that there was everywhere at the South a purpose to maintain the claim of *the masters on their* slaves "with a courage and firmness which nothing can intimidate or shake." Mr. McClernand also expressed his disapprobation of the amendment, declaring it to be a "firebrand," calculated to defeat the very purpose of the resolution." With like inconsistency Mr. Haskell, of Tennessee, while asserting that the kingdoms of Europe "were upheaving beneath the throb of liberty which was animating the bosoms of the people," and "that it was in this country that they had caught the flame," declared that he was "sick and tired of this continual thrusting in the subject of slavery," which was calculated "to stop the progress of freedom, to injure this government itself, . . . and to rout this light toward which with hope the turned the eyes of the downtrodden world."

The few anti-slavery men in Congress merely defended their principles, nor cared to point out the glaring inconsistency of singing pæans over the triumph of freedom in Europe, and at the same time allowing a persistent determination to perpetuate a far more despotic and hopeless tyranny here. Mr. Giddings, noting the inconsistency, exclaimed: "Look from this window, and there you will see a free-born, whose gloomy walls in mute but eloquent terms proclaim the hypocrisy of the dead!" And all this, he reminded the House, is sustained by laws enacted by Congress. "Will not the French cast back all such pretended sympathy with such disgust on such deception and hypocrisy, when they see a nation of slaveholders tendering their sympathy to a free people?"

Similar resolutions were introduced into the Senate, when, after a brief discussion, they were unanimously adopted. During the debate Mr. Hale, sharing in the general enthusiasm, though, as the event proved, speaking too despairingly of his own nation and too hopefully of those across the water, gave expression to both his hopes and fears. "I have sometimes thought," he said, "in dwelling upon the history of this Republic, that I had seen indications, fearful and fatal, that we were departing from the faith of our fathers; that, instead of being true to the first principles of human liberty which we have proclaimed, we were cutting loose from them; that the illustration we were about to give of the capability of man for self-government, was to be the same as that of other nations which had gone before us; and that, after our failure, the hopes of freedom would indeed be extinguished forever. But in the dawning of this revoution in France I behold the sun of hope again arise, his beams of golden light streaming along the eastern horizon. I am now inspired by the hope that, even if we fail here, if Liberty should be driven from this her chosen asylum, the divine principle would still live, and would find a sanctuary among the people of another land; that when our history should have been written, and our tale told, with its sad moral of our faithlessness to liberty, boasting of our love of freedom while we listened unmoved to the clanking of chains and the wail of the bondmen—even then, in a continent of the Old World, light would be seen arising out of darkness, life out of death, and hope out of despair."

On the 18th of the same month there was a municipal celebration in Washington of the event, accompanied with noisy outdoor demonstrations of popular delight and extraordinary and extravagant utterances of those who addressed the thronging multitudes. There was a torchlight procession, the houses of the President and the heads of the departments were illuminated, and Pennsylvania Avenue was ablaze with its many-colored lanterns. "Indeed," said Horace Mann, "stormy eloquence rushed forth from the capital of the nation, like winds from the Cave of Æolus, and roared and roared, till all but the dead must have heard it." Among the rhapsodists of that occasion was the senator from Mississippi, the same who once proffered his services as hangman to a brother senator, for his anti-slavery utterances, if he would visit his state. Alluding to the events in Europe, Mr. Foote said, "the glorious work which has been so well begun cannot possibly fail of complete accomplishment. The age of tyrants and slavery is rapidly drawing to a close. The happy period, to be signalized by the universal emancipation of man from the fetters of civil oppression, and the recognition in all countries of the great principles of popular sovereignty, equality, and brotherhood, are at this moment visibly commencing." Such language, from such a man, in such a presence, sufficiently singular in itself, was rendered more noteworthy by the subsequent fact that, when repeated by Mr. Mann, as counsel for Drayton and Sayers, in their trial for the abduction of slaves, before a Washington court, he was checked by the presiding judge because it was "inflammatory," and because, he said, "we have institutions that may be endangered by it." On the same occasion Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, declared in a similar strain that "the tree of liberty will spring up everywhere, and nations shall recline in its shade."

While these exciting scenes were in progress there was approaching quietly and unobserved up the Potomac River a plain and ordinary craft, destined soon to direct the popular mind into other channels, test the value of much of this windy rhetoric, and become, for a time, at least, a matter of national interest. That craft was the schooner "Pearl," laden with wood, but soon to relieve with the living freight of seventy-seven fugitive slaves, daring the fearful risks they soon encountered for that freedom for themselves they had just heard so highly eulogized for others. The exodus of so large a number soon became known, and an armed steamer was speedily dispatched in hot pursuit. The schooner was overtaken at the mouth of the river, and brought back, with its ill-fated company. They were met at the wharf by a mob of several thousands, and were with difficulty escorted to the city prison. They were soon visited by Mr. Gidding and Mr. Hamlin, formerly a member of Congress, at much personal hazard, not only to express their sympathy, but to tender, especially to Messrs. Drayton and Sayers, their professional services, if they were needed.

Little authentic information of the origin of that attempted escape, or of the different individuals which made up that brave but unfortunate company, has ever been made public. As usual, however, in similar cases, the recaptured were turned over to the slave-dealers, to meet the doom so much dreaded by the slave, of being sent South; and there they were lost in that world of wretchedness and woe which overspread that portion of our boasted land of freedom. There were, however, exceptions, the memory of which lingers in many minds. There was the Edmondson family, described as "the finest family for miles round," educated, religious, and refined, and valued in the market at fifteen thousand dollars. Of the six who joined that company two were the "Edmondson sisters," whose sad case interested so many, and who were ransomed by Northern contributions. There was Emily Russell, a beautiful quadroon, gentle and Christian. She, too, was consigned to the brutal Baltimore slave-dealers, who refused her ransom for a less sum than $1,800, and that for the shamefully significant reason that "she was the most beautiful woman in the country." And poor Emily was sent with the southward bound coffle to a worse doom than either slavery or death. But the latter came to her relief, extorting from her mother the startling exclamation: "The Lord be thanked, he has heard my prayers at last." This strange thanksgiving of an anguished heart reveals and epitomizes in one brief sentence the depth of anguish which must have filled her soul.

Indeed, the whole transaction, of which that was but a part, epitomized and revealed the burden of that gigantic wrong under which the nation staggered and groped for three generations, blindly and frantically pressing on to the Rebellion, and, but for the grace and providence of God, its deserved and remediless overthrow. Less is known of the rest. Mr. Giddings stated to Congress that nearly fifty of them were sold during that week to the infamous "Hope H. Slatter," the slave-dealer of Baltimore, for the Southern market. "The scene at the depot," he said, "would have disgraced Algiers or Tunis. Wives bidding adieu to their husbands; mothers, in an agony of despair, unable to bid farewell to their daughters; little boys and girls weeping amid the general distress"; and "over all that fiend in human shape, Slatter, presided, assisted by some three or four associates in depravity, each armed with pistols, bowie-knife, and club." Thus were engulfed in that Southern sea of wretchedness and death, lost to hope and friends, the hapless company of the ill-fated "Pearl." And this terrible outrage on equity and humanity was perpetrated not only under cover of laws enacted by Congress, but in accordance with its prevailing spirit and purpose, as immediately illustrated by both its debates and actions thereon.

The mob having exhausted its powers of mischief on the ill-fated ones, proceeded to the office of the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper then published in Washington, from the unfounded rumor which had been circulated that its editor had been engaged in the abduction. Assembled in front of the office, maddened by passion and excited by the inflammatory harangues of speakers, and goaded by the persuasions of its more brutal leaders, there were both the danger and the expectation of attack. But wiser counsels prevailed. The wise strategy of the moderate sympathizers with the mob, the energy and bravery of Capt. Goddard, of the police, appeals from the city government and Cabinet, both of which took special action in the premises, averted the danger and disgrace of such a violent onslaught on the liberty of the press. Dr. Bailey, the editor, was waited on with the request that he would remove his paper from the city; a request, however, he manfully declined to heed. He was also waited upon by a crowd, with the avowed purpose of throwing his press into the Canal, and giving him a coat of tar and feathers. But, craving the privilege of addressing the excited multitude, he in a speech of ten or fifteen minutes disarmed them of their fury, dissuaded them from their purpose, and thus rescued his person and his press from the contemplated outrage. In this exigency Dr. Bailey exhibited the same dignity, urbanity, and tact which ever characterized him in his editorial career, in both Cincinnati and Washington, and which enabled him to proclaim many unpalatable truths without that exasperation of feeling which usually accompanied such proclamation.

But the main interest and significance of this occurrence centered in the action of Congress. It was in itself a sad case, surely, involving much of individual and domestic outrage and suffering, which might well appal and stir the indignation of the stoutest and most apathetic. And yet it was but a single instance, a trifling installment of the vast aggregate of even one days' wretchedness and woe inflicted by American slavery. The mob was violent and lawless, it is true; but it was local and limited. Washington revealed the humiliating fact that its sympathies were with the oppressor, and not with the oppressed; but Washington was a Southern city, and that was a matter of course. Congress was national and representative, and when it spoke it gave voice to the public sentiment of the land. The more pregnant inquiry was, and is, How did Congress regard the conduct of these brave men and women, whose only crime, their enemies being judges, was that they had loved liberty "not wisely but too well"? What reception were they to meet, did they meet, at the hands of the nation's legislators, for venturing for freedom so much more than revolutionary France had done, whose conduct it had so recently and so vehemently applauded, and for whose encouragement its unanimous resolutions were even then crossing the ocean? The record will show that, instead of sympathy and admiration, they exhibited toward them a heartless contempt for their suffering, indifference to their fate, and a most vindictive purpose to punish both them and their friends for their heroic deeds. Some account of its action will be given in a subsequent number.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THIS has not been a harvest winter for the Chicago churches. Some have been strengthened by the accessions incident to such a shifting of residence and change of membership as followed the fire. A few of the Baptist churches held special meetings, with Elder Knapp to spur up a revival interest. But there have been few conversions, generally speaking, and no such kindling of religious interest as many hoped would answer the voice with which God so searchingly spoke to us. Always driven at a galop by business before, our people have been harder worked than ever since the fire. Prayer-meetings have been thinly attended, and preachers have had more than the usual proportion of tired-out and absent-minded auditors. Perhaps it is not strange. The chaplain must not expect a very attentive hearing while an army is gathering itself up after a rout.

What with these disadvantages, and all the special calls, in multitudinous ways, that relief work has made upon them, it has been a hard winter for ministers. Several overworked ones already have had to discount their summer vacations and take a rest. Wm. Alvin Bartlett, who rejoices in an ideal ministerial physique, found that his head was threatening trouble, and started last week for a trip in the South and the West Indies. Many of his people were driven out of their homes by the wave of business that inundated their premises, and they find their beautiful house of worship now far from their geographical center that they are considering a proposition to sell it to the Catholics and rebuild further south. Most of its church neighbors have already left it. The Wabash-avenue Methodist church has been rented to the Government for post-office purposes; Robert Laird Collier's Church of the Messiah is now a salesroom for gas-fixtures, and another temple near by has been transformed into a depot of musical merchandise. These emigrants mostly locate in the neighborhood of Twenty-second street, where churches hereafter will be as plenty as they are scarce further north. The First Methodist will hold its ground on the corner of Clark and Washington streets; but, with this exception, the Catholics will have, all to themselves, a field nearly a mile and a half square in the very heart of the city! *They* will be shrewd enough not to vacate it, we may be certain; for in its center will be the great hotels, crowded with guests, thousands of young men will lodge in the upper stories of its business blocks, and tenement houses teeming with families will line its alleys. Do the Protestant churches do their whole duty toward such a district—where saloons hang out their Sunday latch-strings in every corner basement—by working at arm's-length, through city missionaries?

The truth is, our churches need a stirring up. Their efforts run more to building splendid houses of worship, and paying off heavy debts therefor, than to leavening the community with the spiritual influence of their membership. Were good John Woolman to visit us, I fear he would find more to grieve than gladden his heart, even among our churchmembers. It would do him good to find so many Christian business men of sensitive conscience and clean palms—men who would go through a dozen fires, and still do their life-long best to pay one hundred cents on a dollar; men who never lend their names as "directors" to popularize a bank or an insurance company unless they are directors in fact, with a hand on the reins and an eye on the track. But what would he say to the betting on 'Change, so fatally similar to the stakes of gamblers over a box of dice or a pack of cards? of the conduct of men who petition for the defeat of the Relief Bill in Congress simply because it will lessen their business gains? of the conduct of those who petition for its passage, with no more real concern for the interests of the public than the others? We need some ringing words from the pulpit for the home use of the highest-priced pews. One of our officials, whose reputation is seriously clouded by the late investigation into aldermanic bribery, is an active member "in good standing" in one of our Presbyterian churches. An officer in one of our gas companies, brought before the grand jury recently to explain certain suspicious disbursements, refused to testify, on the ground that it would criminate himself. Yet he is now, as he has been for years, a prominent member of a prominent Baptist church. No one doubts that he paid out $40,000 to defeat a bill before the council that gave a rival company a foothold in his field. And this bribery was not in the interest of a drowning institution; but in behalf of a monopoly, whose paid-up capital, aside from its accumulated profits, is only $50,000, while its gains this year, after its revenue has been enormously reduced by the fire, will pay 10 per cent. on $4,200,000! Doubtless this brother is sound on close communion and the doctrines; but it will seem to some that he cannot have been very well instructed in the gospel of honesty and fair play.

The Relief Committee had planned to wind up their labors on the 10th of March. It was supposed that by that time work would be plenty, the weather warm, and the able-bodied, at least, in good shape to take care of themselves. But the unusually cold weather since then has upset all these calculations. The Committee have even been obliged to aid workmen who have flocked in from other places, and been unable to get employment while the cold term lasted. Week before last rations were issued to 89,000 people—if the types made no error in the printed report. Of course, the great fund is nearly gone. There will be enough, however, to last till warmer weather sets in, with something of a margin for the thousands of invalids and widows with young children who will need some aid all summer. There must be many families, too, who are placed at such a disadvantage by the loss of the slowly-accumulated savings of years—cottages, furniture, clothing, etc.—that setbacks of sickness or temporary lack of work will easily throw them on public charity. The poor man's purse needs some "head" to keep the family wheels running, as much as a mill-race.

The passage in Congress of the bill granting a rebate of duties on all imported material used in rebuilding the burnt district for one year after the fire will be a great spur to building activity this summer. The saving to those who can take advantage of the opportunity will be enormous. The duty on lumber and brick, which will now come in in large quantities from Canada, is 20 per cent.; on common window-glass from 49 to 63 per cent.; and averages full 50 per cent on paints, gas-pipes, marble, etc. A friend who is putting up a business block tells me that the duties on the glass which it will require will amount to $4,000. The tendency to plainness in business structures, which ruled in the cases of most of the blocks re-erected immediately after the fire, has passed away, and fine fronts are the rule again. Capitalists find that tenants prefer to pay the slight extra rental which their increased expense necessitates. Madam will sooner stop her carriage before the dry-goods store of carved stone front, and her liege lord likes to make his bank deposits and buy his insurance where people are not too economical in their surroundings.

The new temperance law is getting the best possible endorsement from the saloon-keepers before going into operation. They are banding together to resist its enforcement, threatening to make it a test question in politics, and altogether doing their best to convince other people that it is a first-rate temperance measure.

DUNCAN.

CHICAGO, March 28th, 1872.

Farm and Garden.

HOW WE MADE MAPLE SUGAR IN NEW ENGLAND LONG AGO.

BY M. M. FRISBELLE, M. D.

THE facilities for getting rich, or even of getting a good living, by agriculture, have never been considered great in the Eastern States, known as New England. The winters are long, the country rocky, and a great portion of the soil sterile and unproductive.

The farmer in this section that could in any sense be called such, has always been compelled to work hard, to husband with the utmost care his resources, and to allow no opportunity for increasing his scanty income to escape him. For these reasons, those who lived in sections where the sugar maple flourished were careful to secure on their farms a sufficient number of them to supply the family with "sweetening," and in some instances a surplus to exchange for other family necessities—as tea, salt, coffee, and the like. The production of a few hundred pounds of sugar in those days involved a great deal of patience and much more of hard work; but, as this work was performed at that season when little else could be done on the farm, it was regarded as an important item in the way of production.

During the latter part of winter the tubs and spouts, the store-tubs and kettles, were looked after and put in order for the sugaring campaign, which usually opened about the middle of March. The conditions most favorable for the flow of sap is when the frost is leaving the ground, and when the weather is such that it will thaw during the day and freeze during the night. When these indications of their appearance the boys were ordered to yoke the oxen, put them on the sled, load on the tubs and spouts, with other necessary utensils, and start for the "Sugar Place."

The snow was usually from two to three feet deep in the woods, and soft, requiring a large part of a day to break a path and deposit the sugaring furniture at a spot selected as the "Boiling Place." This latter was chosen with a view to having it central and conveniently located for wood. Next the spouts were distributed, leaving one each at the most thrifty maples within easy reach of the place of boiling. The trees were tapped by boring a three-quarter inch hole into the most thrifty portion of the tree near the ground, to the depth of one inch and a half, inserting the pine spout to the depth of half an inch, through which a hole had been made to conduct the sap into the tub, which was hung on a large-headed wrought-nail directly under it. After a requisite number of trees had been thus treated, all hands set to work to clear the snow from the place selected for boiling. The store-tub was put in position. Two large logs, usually of maple, were arranged parallel to each other, and sufficiently separated to receive the kettles, usually four in number, which were hung between them, and ranged in size from one holding three pails to a huge potash kettle that held forty. The sap was gathered by hand and brought to the store-tub, in two large buckets, suspended from the shoulders on a neck-yoke. This gathering sap was a hard business, for when the sap was most abundant the snow was soft and treacherous, letting the heavily-ladened carrier down at the most improper times and places, often spilling an entire pailful of sap on the poor fellow, and frequently filling one or both boots with the saccharine fluid. A good "run" of sap lasted about four days, when some change in the weather checked the flow, and gave opportunity to convert that secured into sugar. The boiling was carried on with great vigor during the day, and reduced at night to the consistency of thin syrup or molasses, strained into a tub of small diameter, and set aside to cool. After an entire "run" had been thus boiled down, it was carefully poured into a large brass kettle, to which four eggs, well beaten with a quart of milk, were added to a quantity of syrup sufficient to make one hundred pounds of sugar. This was put over a slow fire and brought to the boiling point. The heat coagulated the milk and eggs, which rose to the surface, carrying with them all impurities, which were carefully skimmed off, leaving the syrup clear and golden. This part of the process was called "cleansing the sugar." The syrup was finally reduced till it would break under a light blow with a sharp tracture when cooled on snow or ice, when it was poured into tubs or other vessels.

The entire operation of reducing the syrup to the crystallized sugar, known as "sugaring off," contained all the fun incident to sugar-making. Then it was that friends and acquaintances from city and village were invited to be on hand. Such invitations were not often refused or slighted, and the amount of sugar disposed of at such gatherings could not be mentioned without reflecting upon the sweet capacities of the guests.

This old-fashioned way of making maple sugar has pretty much passed away, and in its place has come the sugar-house, "with all the modern conveniences" of iron pans and plenty of dry wood. Besides, the sap is now gathered in casks, on a sled drawn by a horse or a yoke of oxen. Altogether, maple-sugar making in these days is a much easier business than in the olden time, besides being more agreeable and profitable.

HOW SEEDS GROW.

BY M. M.

THE mystery of growth! Do you ever think of it? What is it that enables a plant or an animal under certain conditions to gather to itself that which is necessary for its increase? Without attempting to discuss the question in its scientific aspect, passing by the curiosities of protopolasm, did you ever give a few minutes' quiet thought to the wonders of growth from a little seed? Hidden away in its dark and silent grave, somehow from it springs a plant, so many many times its bulk. It must have been in the seed, for without the seed we have no plant. But how could it be wrapped up in such a little casket? Do you wonder that the little, impatient, inquisitive young folks find it too much to wait two or three weeks to see the plant appear above ground, and that they must and do dig up their seeds, almost as soon as they are planted, to see whether they are growing or not? I do not. I have, too, distinct recollection of the time when three weeks seemed interminable. (Why is it, I wonder, that, while the days and hours of childhood are so short, weeks seem so long; yet to middle age the weeks pass with railroad speed, while the hours and days are almost interminable?) I have been watching some seeds grow. I have seen the outside process (will the scientific men ever get much beyond the outer court, even with their microscope?), and I want to tell you about it. It was no small pleasure to us all, from the dear little four-year-old nephew to the precious friend of fourscore and upward. I know you will enjoy it, too, if you have any young folks to watch them with you.

I have a little class in botany, and wanted to illustrate the teachings of the book about germination. I had only about four days before the recitation was due, and was not quite sure that anything could be done. "Nothing venture nothing win" was a motto given to me in my young days. I went to a friend in the seed business, told him what I wanted, and asked for some seeds that would sprout most easily. He gave me cabbage, radish, and cress, so that, if one failed, I might, perhaps, find another succeed. He told me how to go to work: to take a glass of water and put on it some cotton-batting, having first wet the upper part of the cotton; on this wet surface to sprinkle my seeds; then to cover them with another layer of cotton that had been dipped in water; and to set them in a warm place. I set my glasses on the mantel-piece in the sitting-room. Then he said that I ought to find some seeds started at the end of forty-eight hours. I was to examine the seeds occasionally, to see that they did not get dry. I had no need to wet my seeds a second time. Moisture enough came from the water beneath. But, in examining them at the end of twenty-four hours after planting, I found one or two seeds had burst their covering, and the little sprouts had started out into the great unknown world. After that, after every meal, sometimes oftener, the upper layer of cotton was lifted, to see what change the past few hours had made. At the end of the second day the little radicle had started from almost all the seeds; and, true to its instinct, went down through the cotton, to the water—not to seek darkness, as we used to be taught, for going down took it into the clearer daylight. Gradually the cotyledons changed into the first leaves and assumed an erect position. I had a perfect plant, and I had watched its growth from the seed. It lacked color. To give it that, I took off the upper cotton and set my tumbler-garden in the sunlight. The leaves soon gained their proper color—the cabbage a pretty dark blue-green, the cress a yellow green, and the radish about half way between the two others. Then the roots grew more vigorously, and began to branch out, showing off such pretty little rootlets, till they almost filled the glass.

It seemed such a simple thing as I write it down; but it was the source of so much pleas

Insurance.

THE following article, taken from the *Protector*, is worth perusal, as establishing the basis upon which a life insurance company may be regarded as worthy of confidence:

"Whilst the vast importance of the life insurance interest demands the most searching investigation, it is satisfactory to know that no institution can better bear the test of scrutiny.

"The millions of money that have been entrusted to the charge of life companies for safe keeping, form, carefully invested, the basis that insures a fulfillment in the future of what these companies undertake to perform. If, then, there can be any question as to the result, it must arise only from the following causes:

"*First.*—Dishonesty of management or misappropriation of assets.

"*Second.*—Insecure investments.

"*Third.*—Excessive expenditures.

"*Fourth.*—A rate of mortality beyond what has been estimated.

"*Fifth.*—The danger of the rate of interest in future years being below that on which all the calculations are based.

"*Sixth.*—Inadequate rates of premium charged for insuring lives.

"That the public may judge for themselves as to the possibility of these several causes imperilling the future existence of the life insurance system, we will briefly explain their nature, and what has been done to guard against them:

"*First.*—The success of our large and well-established companies could not have been achieved had their funds been squandered or misappropriated. The annual exhibit of their affairs would readily have betrayed any such misconduct, as their fiscal condition is carefully watched by the Insurance Department at Albany, and an ample reserve or reinsurance fund strictly required of them; this being, in fact, the complete test of solvency from year to year, and the proof of their ability to meet all claims as they arise.

"*Second.*—The new insurance law of 1859, in granting charters to life companies organized since its date, limited their investments to a class of securities which it was deemed impossible could result in loss. Real estate, bond and mortgage, Government, and the most approved state bonds were selected, being such as would alone meet the approval of our most cautious capitalists. Many companies established before that time have their funds well secured; but it must always be satisfactory to a policyholder to know that there is a legal supervision over his interests, even though he may at the same time have implicit confidence in the management of his company.

"*Third.*—Solvency is incompatible with excessive expenditure. If a company, therefore, has passed the ordeal of official examination, there is an inference that no undue expenditure has in any way weakened it or trenched upon its resources.

"*Fourth.*—So carefully have the lists of mortality been compiled that the experience of three generations have only proved their correctness. Within that period several epidemics have occurred here and in Europe, without, however, showing any material variation in the death-rates of the life insurance companies. At the outset of its career the Equitable Society of England demanded a premium much higher than is at present charged, with a view of covering this contingency, but soon discovered that it was an unnecessary precaution, and, in consequence, made a very material reduction in the rate. The results of a pestilence clearly showed that its ravages were by no means principally among such lives as would not have been accepted by a life insurance company. We may from this assert that the tables of mortality which have laid the foundation of the system are so accurate as to create perfect confidence in the soundness of the institution.

"We may here say that life insurance companies must be entirely governed in the question of mortality by the general experience of past years. Ingenious theorists may maintain that the life of individuals can, as a rule, be estimated by tracing the history of their ancestors, and by a close observation of what may indicate longevity or the reverse; but this would be dangerous ground for a company to stand upon. There are so many circumstances which surround and affect individual human life that it is impossible to predict its duration, and there is, therefore, no safety in the system unless through the law of average.

"These observations are in answer to a remark that is sometimes made, that healthy lives or inherited longevity should be charged a lower premium. The fallacy of this will be apparent when it is understood that the premium is calculated upon the average duration of life among a large number of persons at different ages, and not in respect to individual cases; and it must be remembered, also, that the healthiest are liable to casualties or to the influences of residence and occupation.

"*Fifth.*—The future rate of interest in this country is, of course, a problem, and one that has engaged the deepest attention of our political economists. There is, perhaps, no doubt that first-class and readily convertible securities will, in the course of time, yield a gradually decreasing return; but money may be invested with equal safety, and for extended periods—as in loans, for instance, on real estate—that will command the full legal rate of seven per cent. for many years to come. To such investment may be added that of improved property in the business part of this city, especially around the great financial center of Wall Street, where, according to the opinion of those best informed in regard to such matters, even the present high prices promise to be doubled within the next ten years.

"We may safely conclude, therefore, that a life insurance company which, from the nature of its business, does not require to keep its funds in readily available securities, and can therefore invest its assets where they will lie with perfect safety at the highest legal rate of interest, may look forward with confidence to obtaining, at least, the low estimate of 4½ per cent., upon which its calculations have been based.

"*Sixth.*—As the rates of premium charged have, during an experience of more than one hundred years, been found adequate to the risk incurred, it is right to infer that they will be equally so in the future. In point of fact, it has been found that every possible contingency has so far been more than covered, which has redounded to the advantage of all those who have been insured in mutual companies, whose principle it is to make annual returns to their policyholders of any surplus premium that may arise."

Financial & Commercial.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

AMONG the safest securities for permanent investment in this country first [illegible] position, besides being well secured by tangible property, in the shape of the road, its equipment, and franchises. There is an active source of revenue [illegible] from its traffic, which, as a rule, increases as the road grows older, and the population along the line multiplies, thus adding to its ability to meet all legitimate demands. Thus the price of this class of bonds frequently advances, so as to afford a handsome profit to the purchaser.

Besides these usual features, the Northern Pacific has another important advantage: it has a land grant of great value, which, under the judicious management of this company, will yield sufficient to build and equip the entire road. For each bond of $1,000 issued the company have 500 acres of average land to secure its payment, besides the road and the attendant telegraph lines. Can there be anything safer or better secured than these bonds? The road is certain to be built. Nearly one-half of it is now under contract, and the balance will, doubtless, be let during the next eight months. The bonds find such favor with the masses as an investment as to preclude the necessity of any delay in the construction; besides, there are among the directors and managers of the company a large number of capitalists—energetic, shrewd, and careful business men—possessing the ability, as well as the determination, to build this great transcontinental railway, in any event, who resolved at the outset to put in, *if necessary*, their private fortunes to complete this needed enterprise.

But it is not necessary that they should advance one dollar for this purpose. The means are being supplied by the sales of bonds as fast as needed, and the present and prospective demand for the lands are so great as to warrant us in the prediction that the whole line will be under contract during the present year.

MONEY MARKET.

THE turn of the tide in Wall Street may be said to have commenced at the beginning of the week, and it has been rapidly running to high water ever since. The rise in the speculative and investment stocks has been very steady; but in a great degree retarded by a stringency in the money market, which is altogether unaccountable and puzzling to those who do not reflect that when the supply, as shown by the Bank Statement, is only about equal to the current demand a tightness may at any moment be produced by a combination of two or three capitalists in withdrawing a comparatively small sum in greenbacks from the banks and locking it up as a special deposit. This process has been repeated over and over again, and money has been suddenly made scarce, with the view of affecting the prices of stocks. But without producing the effect intended; for in a strong and rising market brokers do not mind paying 1-32 or even ⅛ per cent. for loans to carry stocks one day. The people who suffer most from the machinations of the locking-up capitalists are the regular merchants, who cannot afford to pay more than legal interest for the use of money. The Grand Jurieş have had this gross violation of the usury laws presented to them; but they have not seen fit to take any notice of the case brought before them. At the present time the Associated New York Banks are in a very sound condition, as is shown by their statement of Saturday; but their reserve is so low, although made on rising averages, that the unprincipled manipulators of the money market had no difficulty in making money so scarce that at the close of bank hours on Monday the rate for the use of money until next morning was as high as ⅛ per cent. commission, in addition to the legal interest of 7 per cent. per annum. Earlier in the day the rates were from 1-32 to 1-16 commission. But the speculations on the Stock Exchange were on a very large scale, and money was consequently in active demand. But after this week there will be a better supply of loanable funds, in consequence of the return from the country banks of large sums of currency which had been sent to them for use in their April settlements. There will also be more money let out of the Treasury, in making payments for the purchase of 5-20s, which will be to the extent of $4,000,000 in April. The sales of gold will be to the same amount.

The weekly Bank Statement showed contraction on the part of the banks, the loans being decreased $904,100. The excess over the 25 per cent. required by law was increased $1,147,775, although the legal-tenders were less than $968,600. The details are as follows:

	March 23.	*March 30.*	*Differences.*
Specie	$23,825,600	$24,594,100	Inc. $1,968,500
Legal-tender	42,618,000	41,649,700	Dec. 968,300
Total reserve	$66,054,800	$66,244,400	Inc. $979,500
Circulation	29,098,780	29,319,460	Inc. 1,100
Deposits	203,717,000	202,812,900	Dec. 856,300
Tot. liabilities	$291,788,300	$291,492,200	Dec. $657,100
25 p. c. reserve	57,858,825	57,769,550	
Excess over 25 p. c. reserve	8,121,975	8,264,850	Inc. 1,143,775

The following statement shows the condition of the New York City banks for two weeks:

	March 23.	*March 30.*	*Differences.*
Loans	$337,246,500	$336,342,400	Dec. $904,100
Specie	10,496,000	11,384,700	Inc. 1,948,100
Circulation	19,826,200	19,826,200	
Deposits	269,717,000	268,812,900	Dec. 856,300
Legal-tenders	42,618,000	41,649,700	Dec. 968,300

The contraction of the public debt during March exceeded $15,000,000, which is putting that sum on the market, to be reinvested in other securities.

The recent rise in Erie stock would not benefit our own markets materially if the stock had changed hands here; but, as a large part of the purchases are made for foreign account, it is estimated that full $15,000,000 have been transferred to this side, which will, of course, be reinvested in other securities.

On Monday, at the commencement of business, the market immediately gave indications of a large demand for stocks, mostly of the low-priced class, from outside purchasers, and prices advanced rapidly, while the buyers were very eager. New York Central has suddenly become an active favorite, at 101 to 101¼, at which price it is absurdly cheap, when it is seen that Rock Island, which pays precisely the same dividend—4 per cent. semi-annually—was selling at 117½ to 118. Lake Shore, which pays the same dividends, sells at 97 to 98. These discrepancies are altogether unaccountable. But the eagerness of speculators was directed to the non-dividend-paying stocks which are expected to pay dividends soon, such as the Northwestern common at 84½, St. Paul common at 67¾, and Toledo and Wabash at 79. Then there are the stocks which never have paid a dividend, like Canton at 96, and Ohio and Mississippi at 51. There are stocks which have suspended their dividends for some years, and are expected to resume them—like the Western Union, which is selling at 74½, and is expected to go to par before the end of the year; Pacific Mail at 64½; and Quicksilver at 36, with rates, ranging from 42 to 44; and the Coal stocks and Express stocks; and Union Pacific, the most active of them all, which has sold up to 42. Indeed it is said is going to be put to 50. These are the favorites of the speculators, and are bought and sold to an enormous extent. If money becomes more abundant, as it is likely to do, there is probably room for a considerable advance on most of these fancies.

The regular investment stocks have all risen considerably in current value. The most promising among the cheap investment securities are the bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad. The 10 per cent. income bonds of the Union Pacific are selling exceedingly cheap. They were last week about 85; but on Monday they sold at 86 to 87, on rumors that the Company had arranged to buy up and cancel $2,000,000. The Cleveland and Pittsburgh stock—which, like the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne, is a 7 per cent. stock, guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—sells at 93, while Fort Wayne sells at 98. These two stocks are of the same intrinsic value, and are very desirable for investment purposes, as they pay their dividends [illegible]

The gold market is very quiet, and evenly maintained at about 110.

DRY GOODS.

A WALK past any of the great jobbing houses will be sufficient to satisfy any doubter that there is a very lively business doing in dry goods just now. The outward signs of an active spring business were never more apparent than they have been for the past fortnight, and we [illegible] if there has ever before been so large or a more satisfactory spring trade than there has been this season and is still in progress. The sales of domestic cotton goods from first hands have been comparatively moderate, and mostly to make up deficient assortments. But when the jobbers are busy the manufacturers' agents, commission merchants, and importers are not usually idle. They certainly are not this season. There are not many quotable variations in the market for any description of goods; but staple cotton fabrics are very firm, and for the more desirable styles of prints there has been an advance. In woolens generally prices are firm, but there are no movements in any special department to be noticed.

Unbleached sheetings have not been specially active, but the sales to meet the demands of trade have been quite large and prices are well maintained. For most of the popular standard makes the demand is fully equal to the supply, and in some instances, orders are only taken for future delivery at current rates.

For bleached shirtings and sheetings there is a steady demand, quite sufficient to prevent any accumulation of stock in first hands, and prices for all the different grades are well maintained.

The continued active demand for printing cloths in the gray has led to a further advance, with a rising tendency in the market. The manufacturers of these goods are making better profits than ever before. The supply in first hands is very limited, and contracts for future delivery, six to eight months ahead, at 8¼ to 8½ cts., for 64 standards, extra quality. The nominal price for immediate delivery is 8¼ cts.

Prints are selling actively, and prices of seasonable styles, since the recent advance, are very firmly maintained. The Dolly Varden patterns are most sought after; but it is not very easy to tell exactly what the Dolly Varden style is. Any kind of florid, sprawling, and highly-colored figures pass for Dolly Vardens in silks, worsteds, or cotton fabrics. The gayest of the Dolly Varden Sprague prints bring 13 cents and sell freely.

Ginghams continue in good demand, but without any quotable change of prices, which are generally firm.

Lawns and percales are selling more freely as the season advances, but the recent cold snap clecked the business in these light fabrics.

Muslin de laines and worsted dress goods generally are only in fair demand. The sales for the seasonable styles are to moderate extent, but prices of the different makes are very firm.

Cotton duck and osnaburgs are in steady demand, with unchanged prices.

Cotton yarns are in good demand, but the sales are restricted by the limited supply in first hands. The recent advance in prices is firmly sustained.

Cambrics are selling steadily, and the best makes of black and assorted colors are hardly in sufficient supply for the current demand. Prices are firm.

Rolled jaconets are in so good demand that the leading makes are sold in advance of the supply, deliverable at current prices.

Silesias are without material change. The sales are about equal to usual business of the season and prices are firm.

In blue and colored domestic goods there are no special changes to be noticed. There is a fair demand for apron checks, stripes and ticks, and cottonades, and prices are steady and unchanged.

Woolen goods are generally in improved demand, and prices in all classes have hardened; while an advance has been established in certain descriptions of cloths and fancy cassimeres. The increasing values of wools make the manufacturers feel very confident of the future, while the small chance of any change in the tariff affecting either the raw material or the manufactured article affords no room to hope for a reduction in the price of foreign goods.

There is no important change in the market for cloths and overcoatings. The demand is not especially active for cloths; but the agents hold their goods with great firmness, and no concession of prices is anticipated. In overcoatings there is a more active demand for special grades, but without any alteration of rates.

Doeskins are in moderate demand, but the sales are small and prices unchanged.

Fancy cassimeres of the better qualities and new styles are selling more freely, but not sufficiently to effect any change of prices. As the market becomes more active an advance of rates will undoubtedly take place.

Satinets are selling tolerably well, but the demand is by no means active. The recent advance of prices has checked sales to a certain extent.

Carpets are now in good demand, and prices are very firmly maintained.

Foreign goods are in very abundant supply, and the demand for most descriptions of fancy and staple fabrics is fairly active; but importers are not altogether satisfied with the extent of their sales, though they have reason to complain of prices. The high prices abroad may leave a smaller margin of profits, but the business of importing was never conducted on a safer business than it is at present. The backwardness of the season and the rigid observance of Lent have checked the sales of dress goods, silks, and millinery goods; but, now that the "spring openings" have commenced and the Lenten season is over, the dealers in foreign goods will feel the benefits of the change. In cloths and woolens generally there is an improved demand. The auction-rooms are well supplied with seasonable goods, and the larger jobbers are buying freely, to keep up their constantly diminishing stocks.

JAY COOKE & CO.,

Philadelphia, New York, and Washington,

Financial Agents Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

☞ For sale by Banks and Bankers generally.

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☞ WE ARE SELLING THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD FIRST MORTGAGE SIX PER CENT. GOLD BONDS, a first-class security, at the rate of 94 and accrued interest. They are in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100, registered or with coupons attached; interest payable May and November, in United States gold coin; principal payable in 1899, also in gold coin.

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☞ THE 8 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE SINKING FUND LAND GRANT BONDS OF THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY,

in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100, Coupon or Registered, can now be be obtained to a limited amount only from the undersigned, or through the principal Banks and Bankers throughout the United States.

The safety and reliability of these Bonds is evidenced in the continued and increasing demand for them by prudent and careful investors who have invested in them after a most thorough and rigid examination of the security pledged for their payment, both interest and principal.

THEY ARE SECURED by a *first* and *only mortgage* on the Company's *railroad*, *(which will soon connect the Union Pacific Road at Fort Kearney with the City of St. Joseph, Mo., already an important railroad center)*; upon the *Franchises* of the same; upon the *Equipment* and *personal property* of every description; upon the *Land Grant* of the Company, granted by Special Act of Congress, approved July 23d, 1866, *amounting to 1,700,000 acres, which has been officially Certified to the Company by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, to his official report to Congress, transmitted through the Secretary of the Interior on Jan.* 10th, 1872.

The Bonds are issued only as they represent a completed and equipped Road; all proceeds of Bonds beyond this are held by the Trustees in trust until the necessary completion entitle the Company to these proceeds.

The Road is built first-class in every particular, and has been so received and accepted by the Department of the Interior.

The Mortgage Deed of Trust prohibits the sale of any of the Company's Lands at less than four ($4) dollars per acre, payable to the Trustees, and applied to the payment of the Bonds, through the operation of the Sinking Fund. The payment of the Bonds before maturity is not compulsory upon the holders.

The Bonds are, therefore, secured by two classes of property *combined in one mortgage*, the value of either largely exceeding the amount of bonds which can be issued under the mortgage.

Trustees: Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York.

The Bonds have thirty years to run, with both principal and interest payable in gold; the principal payable in New York, the interest at eight (8 p. c.) per cent., payable in February and August, either in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, free of tax.

Price 97½ and accrued interest in currency. The Bonds are receivable at par and accrued interest in payment for the Company's land sales. Maps, circulars, documents, and full information furnished on application.

The Bonds of this Company have always been received with favor by investors and capitalists; have always commanded a ready market; and we unhesitatingly recommend them, believing this loan will rank equally with that of the Eastern Division issues, which are now selling at a premium above par.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall Street.

A STANDARD INVESTMENT.

In its First Mortgage Gold Bonds the Northern Pacific Railroad Company furnishes to the public an Investment Security which combines the ready Negotiability, the Convenience, and the High Credit of a first-class Railroad Bond with the Solidity and Safety of a Real Estate Mortgage on Land worth at least twice the amount loaned.

These Bonds, *which, after full investigation, we strongly recommend as a reliable and unusually profitable investment, and which now stand among the most solid and favorite securities*, have the following leading features:

1. The issue is limited to $50,000 per mile of road, the holders are exempt from United States tax, the principal and interest are payable in gold—the principal in thirty years, and the interest (at the Banking House of Jay Cooke & Co., New York) semi-annually, 1st of January and July, at the rate of 7 3-10 per cent. per annum—nearly 8½ per cent. currency. Denominations: Coupon, $100, $500, and $1,000. Registered, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000. Present selling price PAR AND ACCRUED INTEREST IN CURRENCY.

2. The Bonds are a First and Only Mortgage on the Road, its Equipments and Earnings, and also on a Land Grant which, on the completion of the Road, will exceed 23,000 acres to each mile of track, or 500 acres of land to secure each $1,000 bond.

3. They are at all times receivable at *ten per cent. premium* (1.10), in payment or exchange for the Company's Land at market prices—a provision which practically gives the holder of these mortgage bonds the power of foreclosure at will.

4. The proceeds of all sales of Land are required to be devoted by the Trustees of the bondholders as a Sinking Fund to the purchase and cancellation of the first mortgage bonds, or temporarily to the payment of interest thereon, if necessary. This provision will make the Railroad Company itself a constant and heavy purchaser of its own securities in the open market from the time the road is completed until the bonds mature or are all bought in. The effect of this will naturally be a steady rise in the value of the bonds.

EXCHANGING U. S. 5-20s.—In view of the ability and fixed policy of the Government to call in *all* its 5-20s, and substitute a low interest bond, many holders of 5-20s are exchanging them for Northern Pacifics, thus adding to their principal the present premium on Government Bonds, and increasing their yearly interest income nearly one-third.

All marketable stocks and bonds will be received (by express or otherwise), at current prices, in exchange for Northern Pacific seven-thirties, without expense to the investor. Pamphlets and full information will be furnished on application.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, APRIL 2D, 1872.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEVES.—As the close of the Lenten season approaches there is a better feeling in the market, and prices are firm with an upward tendency.

We quote:—Extra Bullocks..... 13 @14
First quality..... 12½@13
Good..... 12 @12½
Ordinary..... 11 @11¾
Inferior..... 10½@11
Average price..... 12 @12¾

VEAL CALVES.
Choice..... 12½@13
Good..... 11½@12
Ordinary..... 9 @10

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—
Choice..... 10 @10¾
Good..... 9½@10
Ordinary..... 8½@9

MILCH COWS WITH CALVES are in fair demand at:
Choice..... $70@$75
Good..... 55@ 65
Fair..... 45@ 50
Inferior..... 30@ 40

PRICES CURRENT.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE INDEPENDENT,"

By H. K. THURBER & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Grocers, 173 and 175 Chambers street.

Groceries and Provisions.

RAW SUGARS—DUTY 3½c Wb. — Porto Rico..... 9¾a— 10¾ Muscovado..... 9¾a— 10 Demerara..... 11 a— 11¼ Havana..... 10¼a— 11 REFINED SUGARS—Crushed..... 12¾a— 12¾ Powdered..... a— — Granulated..... a— — A..... 11¾a— 11¾ Extra C..... 10¼a— 11¼ Yellow C..... 9¾a— 10¼ Brown..... 8¾a— 9¾ Cut Loaf..... 13¼a— 13¾ MOLASSES—DUTY: 56 Pol. New Orleans..... 58 a— 60 Porto Rico, N. 8..... 54 a— 56 English Is..... 35 a— 40 Muscovado..... 35 a— 40 SYRUPS. Drips..... 1 20 a 1 30 Silver Drips..... 1 40 a— Golden..... 55 a— 65 Beehive..... 1 40 a— Common Sugar House..... 22 a— 25 TEAS—DUTY: 15c ₩ lb. Young Hyson..... 45 a— 55 Hyson..... 50 a— 115 Imperial..... 50 a— 70 Gunpowder..... 75 a— 80 Twankay..... 40 a— 50 Oolong..... 45 a— 80 Japan..... 60 a— 80 COFFEE—DUTY: 3c lb. Rio..... 20 a— 24 Maracaibo..... 23 a— 24 Laguayra..... 21¾ a 23 Java..... 28 a— 30 SPICES. Pepper..... 21 a— 22 Alspice..... 13 a— 13½ Cinnamon..... 33 a— 40 Cloves..... 19 a— 20 Ginger..... 20 a— 25 Nutmegs..... 1 15 a 1 25 FRUIT. Raisins, layer 3 75 a 6 00 " l. Muscatel 3 75 a 4 00 " Londn 1 3 50 a 3 75 " Seedless 1 00 a 1 05 Currants..... 8½a— 9¾ RICE..... 7 a— 9 CANDLES. Cit'on..... 42 a— 45 BEEF. Plain Mess, ₩ bbl..... 8 00 a 10 00 Extra Mess, ₩ bbl..... 10 00 a 12 00 Prime Mess, ₩ bbl..... 15 00 a 18 00 India Mess, ₩ bbl..... 18 00 a 21 00

Flour and Grain.

Va. and Balt. Family..... 8 25 a 11 25 Va. and Balt. Extra..... 6 85 a 8 25 St. Louis, Ohio, Ind., Ohio, and Mich. Family..... 7 25 a 8 25 Amber..... Iowa & Wis. Family..... 7 00 a 7 65 Spring W. Extra State..... 6 75 a 7 00 State & West. Superf.....

Rye Flour..... 5 25 a 6 00
No. 2..... 5 00 a 5 85
Supr Flour..... 4 75 a 6 25
Rye Flour..... 4 00 a 5 50
Corn Meal: Brdy new..... 3 40 a 4 10
Marsh's G..... 3 75 a 4 00
Oat Meal..... 7 00 a 8 00

WHEAT.
No. 1 mill spr ..... a 1 20
No. 2 Chicago..... a 1 15
Winter Red..... a 1 19
Winter Amber..... a 1 20
No. 2 Chicago..... a 1 10
White Mich..... a 1 20
CORN.
Western mixed..... 71 a— 72
Western yellow..... 72 a— 73
White Southern..... 70 a— 77
Yellow Southern..... 72 a— 73
OATS.
No. 2 Chicago..... 54 a— 56
White..... 59 a— 60
Heavy Bar. Oat..... 62 a— 63
RYE.
BARLEY.
Canada..... 75 a— 85
2 Rowed State..... 70 a— 75
Canada..... 1 05 a 1 10

Wool, Hides, Furs, Skins.

A. Sax. Fine Pa. ..... 88 a— 90
A. P. R. Merino..... 78 a— 80
A&A Merino..... 75 a— 80
Sup. pulled Co..... 72 a— 73
Sup. pulled Cs..... 70 a— 72
No. 1 pulled Cs..... 63 a— 67
No. 2 pulled Cs..... 50 a— 55
Valp. Unwash..... 24 a— 28
Texas fine..... 27 a— 30
Texas coarse..... 19 a— 22
A. Cord's ₩ lb..... 40 a— 45
A. P. Washed..... 45 a— 50
Smyrna Unw..... 27 a— 32
Smyrna Washed..... 40 a— 45
Cal. Sp'g Clip..... 45 a— 50
unwashed.....
Cal. S. C. unw..... 47 a— 52
unwashed.....
Cal. S. C. unw..... 39 a— 42
unwashed.....
Cal. S. C. unw..... 35 a— 40
unwashed.....
HIDES—DUTY: 10 ₩ cent. ad valorem, gold
B. G. & La. Acres..... 8 a— 8½
Rio Grande..... 7 a— 7½
Dodge'g Ari..... a— 37½
Maracaibo..... a— 19
Rio Janeiro..... a— 19
Para fine..... a— 24
Savanilla ante..... a— 17
Maracaibo do..... a— 17
Maracaibo ante..... a— 17
Buenos Ayres..... a— 21
P. Cabello..... 21 a— 23
Texas dry..... 19 a— 21
Texas co..... 17 a— 18
Buenos Ayres salted..... 17 a— 18
Do. Kips ..... 19 a— 21
Do. green..... 13 a— 17
California dry..... 20½a— 23
California salted..... 17 a— 18
City Slaughter..... 10¼a— 12

Drugs and Dyes.

DRUGS AND DYES—
Alcohol..... a 1 70
Aloes, s'k'n..... 21 a— 25
Aloes, Socotrine..... 45 a— 50
Annatto..... a— —
Anti. tart., pul..... a— 1 12
Arrow root, Ber..... 25 a— 30
Arsenic pow'd..... 3 a— 4
Balsam Capivi..... 1 60 a— —
Balsam Copaiba..... 55 a— 60
Balsam Fluv..... 37½a— 40
Balsam Peru..... 2 75 a— —
Barytes, Ven. pulv..... a— —
Bay berries..... a— —
Bi-carb. Soda, gd..... a— 3½
Borax refined..... 13 a— 14
Brimstone, roll..... 2½a— 3
Brimstone, flour..... 3 a— 3½
Brim. crude..... 2½a— 3
Camph. refined pow'd..... 1 10 a— 1 15
Camphor, ref..... 71 a— 75
Cantharides, Rus..... 1 75 a— 2 00
Cayenne..... 28 a— 30
Chamomile flowers..... 40 a— 45
Cochineal..... 60 a— 65
Castor Oil..... 17 a— —
Calcined Mag..... 1 60 a— 1 65
Chlorate pot ash, gold..... 25 a— 27
Cochineal, Hon..... 55 a— 60
Cream Tar'r d..... 36½a— 37
Cudbear..... 1 a— 1 10
Cutch, gold..... 7 a— 8
Epsom Salts..... 2½a— 3
Gamboge..... 80 a— 90
Gum Arabic, sorts..... 80 a— 90
Gum Benzoin..... 45 a— 50
Gum Myrrh..... 42 a— 46
Gum Shellac..... a— —
Gum Tragacanth..... 50 a— 85
Hyd. Pot. Iod..... 2 40 a— 2 50
Indigo, Bengal..... a 1 50
Indigo, Madras..... a— —
Indigo, Manilla..... a— —
Indigo, Guatemala..... 1 00 a 1 20

Metals.

IRON—DUTY: Bars $1 ₩ 100 lbs. Rolled or hammered Plate, 1 cent ₩ lb. Round, Sq. and Scroll, 1½ cents ₩ lb. Hoop, 1½ cents ₩ lb. Sheet, 2½ cents ₩ lb. Pig, English & Scotch, Wrot'n Iron..... 45 a 50 Scotch, Wrot'n Iron..... 45 a 50 Bar, Sax. Am. 1 50 a 100 00 Bar, Sax. Am. 50 a 100 00 Sheet, Russia, ₩ lb..... 17½a— 18 Sheet, Sheathing, ₩ lb..... 27 a— 27 NAILS—DUTY: 2½c ₩ lb. Wrought, 30 per cent. Cut, 1 cent ₩ lb. Horseshoe, 2 cents ₩ lb. Shot—DUTY: 2½c ₩ lb. Drop, ₩ 100 lbs..... 6 00 a— Cinch..... 6 75 a 7 25 SHOT—DUTY: 2½ c ₩ lb. Drop, ₩ 100 lbs..... 6 00 a— Buck, ₩ 100 lbs..... 6 50 a— COPPER—DUTY: Pig and Bar 5c. 40% Sheathing in Sheets..... 30 a— 31

Oils, Naval Stores, etc.

OIL—DUTY: Paint 30, Unenumerated 25 per cent. Linseed Raw, ₩ gal. 85c. Linseed Boiled, 90c. Sperm (whale and bank whale), 40c. Whale, 30c. Neat's foot, 20c. Lard, 10c. Olive, 40c. Castor, 15c. Palm, 10c. Cocoanut, 10c. Linseed, city..... 88 a— — Linseed, Kentucky..... 88 a— — Lin. Oil Whit'n..... 88 a— — Sperm, crude..... 1 60 a— — Sperm, pale..... 2 10 a 2 15 Sperm, city dis. refined..... 2 40 a— — Lard Oil No. 1..... 1 00 a— — Lard Oil No. 2..... 75 a— — Whale, crude..... 60 a— — OIL-CAKE—DUTY: 20 per ad val. Cotton seed..... 40 50 a— — NAVAL STORES—DUTY: Spirits Turpentine, 30 cts. ₩ gal. Rosin, ₩ 280 lbs. Strained..... 3 00 a— — Good Strained..... 3 10 a— — Pale..... 3 20 a— — Extra Pale..... 3 30 a— — Pale Window Glass, ₩ box..... 3 50 a— — Spirits Turpentine..... 39½a— 40

Sundries.

FEATHERS—DUTY: 20 ₩ cent. Live Geese, ₩ lb..... 72 a— 75 Tennessee..... 70 a— 75 FLAX—DUTY: $20 ₩ ton. North Riv. ₩ lb..... 15 a— 18 HEMP—Duty: Rus. $45 ₩ ton; Manilla, $25; Jute $15; Italian $70; Sun and Sisal $10 ₩ ton. Rus. outside v. g..... 22½a— — Manilla, fair to prime..... 11¾a— 12 Sisal, good..... 11c— — Sisal, fair..... 10½a— —

HOPS—DUTY: 5cts. ₩ lb. Prime..... 35 a— 40 Choice..... 45 a— 50 Fancy..... 55 a— 60 1871..... 25 a— 30 1870..... 15 a— 20 GUNPOWDER—DUTY: 4 cents ₩ lb and 30 ₩ cent. val. Blasting, ₩ keg..... 3 00 a— — Shipping..... 3 50 a— — Sporting..... 5 75 a— — RICE—Duty: Uncleaned 1½ cts. Hulling, ₩ 100 lbs. Carolina, fair to prime..... 6¾a— 8¾ Rangoon, fair to prime..... 7 a— 7¾

Ipecacuanha, Br..... 1 15 a 1 15
Jalap..... 45 a— 49
Manna..... 35 a— 40
Licorice Paste..... 24 a— 32
Madder, finest quality..... 12 a— 12¾
good..... 10 a— 10½
Manna, sorts..... a— —
flake..... 42½a— —
Mauna, large..... 1 40 a— —
Nutcalls, bl..... a— 30
Oil Bergt's..... 5 75 a— —
Oil Cassia..... 2 75 a— —
Oil Lemon..... 4 87½a— —
Oil Peppermint..... 3 25 a— —
Oil Orange..... a— —
Opium, Turk'y..... 4 00 a 4 70
Oxalic Acid..... 22½a— 25
Phosphorus..... 60 a— 65
Prus. Potass..... 40 a— 45
Quicksilver..... 80 a— 85
Rhubarb Chi..... 50 a 1 00
Sago, Pol. pearl..... a— —
Sal Am'moniac..... 11½a— 12
Salts Soda, com..... 3½a— 4
Sarsa Hda, in bd. cut..... a— 36
Sarsa Hda, Mex cut..... a— —
Senna, E. I..... 17 a— —
Senna, Alex..... 30½a— 35
Senna, Tinn..... 10½a— 12
Tapioca..... 5 a— 6
Soda Ash, gold..... 2½a— 3
Sugar Lead, White..... 13 a— 14
Bl'ch, Cake..... 12½a— 13
Tartaric Acid..... 65 a— 70
Vanilla beans..... 11 a— 12
Vitriol, Blue..... 11 a— 11½
Vitriol, White..... 7 a— 8

INDIGO—DUTY: Free.
Bengal, ₩ lb..... 1 10 a 1 15
Manilla..... 1 00 a 1 10
Guatemala..... 1 00 a 1 10

TIN—DUTY: Plates and Sheets, 25 per cent. ad val.; Plates and Sheets in Packages, 30 per cent. ad val.
Banca, ₩ lb. Shipt.....
Straits, gold..... 32½a— —
English, gold..... 30½a— 31
Plates, I. C., gold..... 8 15 a— —
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MONDAY EVENING April 1st, 1872.

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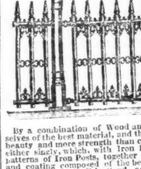

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The Independent.

OKLAHOMA.*

BY MARY B. DODGE.

A STRETCH of land from gulf to lake,
A continent between the seas;
A dole to them, for conscience' sake—
The Aborigines,
All, all but this, our vested right,
The heritage of lordly might!

A little world, that seemed away
From Progress, with its restless hoof,
Was ceded to the red man's sway,
From our world set aloof,
Ere enterprise its strength had shown
To make the whole West-world our own.

Now, with the white man's grasping needs,
We press upon the red man's home,
And with our flaming, fiery steeds
Anear his forests come.
The wild game flies their snorting breath,
The hunter's harbinger of death.

What marvel that he breaks the net
Of steel that tracks his wonted trail?
What marvel that his face is set,
Defying faces pale?
He fights for home, as myriad men
Have fought, and still will fight again.

He lifts his tomahawk anew
For liberty, or right or wrong;
He early learned the poorer few
Are nothing to the strong;
But yet he fails to understand
How Freedom faints in Freedom's land.

Freedom! Ah! must she leave the shore
Her heavenly feet aforetime trod?
Must she forsake earth evermore,
To dwell on high with God?
Is there no justice in these days,
Her standard on the plains to raise?

Must Progress lift her voice instead,
And teach the reckless, cruel creed
That tribes of men were better dead
Than fettering her greed
Of power to use a master-key,
Unlocking wealth from sea to sea?

Must Mercy sit with helpless hand
The while her garb is filched, to hide
The faithlessness of them who stand
The Indian beside,
Ready to curse him with the kiss
That presses him to Death's abyss?

No, let the cost be what it will,
Which Oklahoma's claims entail,
Her's is the right of freedom still
To choose of joy or bale:
Ours not the right to personate
The shadow of resistless Fate.

* The home of the Indian.

A RURAL EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

I ONCE spent a Sunday in a small rural village in Shropshire, where I saw the best illustration of an evangelical alliance, on a small scale, that I had ever witnessed. It was a small district, embosomed among the hills, and planted with clusters of thatched cottages, in threes, fours, and fives, the youngest looking a century old. A few houses of a better sort stood half-hidden and half-revealed, scattered along the sunny hillsides, or nestling in clumps of trees in the valley. Here was a genuine rural community, as completely English as it was a hundred years ago. Here you might enjoy to the full the reality of your earliest dreams of an English country village of the olden time. It was delightful to one who loved such dreams to think in face of all the sweeping and transforming work of "modern improvements," the community could be found, unruffled and undisturbed once by the noisy march of eager existence. The quietude of seven Sundays seemed to rest upon it. Even the very industries of the working days took its Sabbath stillness, and any more than the chirp of crickets or the caw of rooks could be distinctly numbered.

The whole parish probably and perhaps about fifty tenant-farmers, laborers, four times that number of families, three clergymen, doctors, and two or three school-teachers made up the professional class. The community was too small, poor, and quiet to support a lawyer. To go out from London, or any other large town, to spend a Sabbath in such a parish was to witness and enjoy the most salient and interesting contrasts in society; and it was one of the richest treats I ever shared. The community was too small for the play of denominational zeal or self-seeking. United, they could only stand with some effort; divided into sects each would be a willow stick in strength. Still, few as they were, they could not all be of one religious faith or form of doctrine and worship. Doubtless all the denominations in England were represented in the beliefs and predilections of the rural villagers. But they were obliged to concede and compromise in the matter of these denominational opinions and forms, in order to have any social worship at all. For there were only three small places for such worship in the parish. Two of these were unique little buildings of the Established Church, each capable of seating from sixty to eighty persons. The other was a Wesleyan chapel, which would hold a hundred.

The clergyman, as a minister of the Established Church is called, preached in one of his little churches in the morning, and in the other in the afternoon, as they were a mile and a half apart. He had watched over and ministered to these two little folds for twenty-seven years, and he had done it with a single-hearted faith, devotion, and earnestness that had never waned or weakened. The two "livings" together yielded him but a little more than $700 a year; but he had a good and comfortable parsonage and a few acres of land rent free. Here, in the quietude of this rural home and rural round of duties, he had kept his mind in full and fresh communion with the world of thought outside, with its learning and literature, and had surrounded himself with a large library, which they had filled. No educated man in London could have mingled in these intellectual fellowships or enjoyed them with greater relish. Here he had educated his own children to a high standard of attainment in classics, mathematics, and other college studies, and he had also been a teacher to many of the village children.

The Sabbath sun arose over the hills, and filled all the quiet valley with its smile of light. My host, the most considerable and intelligent farmer of the parish, was a Wesleyan; and when I asked him about the order of the day, I found it was to exemplify a very pleasant evangelical alliance. We were to go to the Wesleyan chapel in the morning, and interchange with the Episcopal church the rest of the day. So the rector went off to his most distant field in the forenoon; and we went down into the valley, by winding footpaths through meadows, across brooks, and along green hedges, to the little chapel. By similar paths, converging to it from all directions, came men with sun-bronzed faces and hobnailed shoes, and housewives and girls and boys, showing the ruddy life of outdoor work and exercise. When they entered, and walked up the bare wooden aisles to their seats, the house felt their tread to its very rafters. As their preacher was engaged elsewhere, the service consisted of a prayer-meeting, led by my host. It was characterized by all that glow of fervor of spirit and utterance which distinguish the denomination in all countries, and give their social prayers such unction and power of contagious sympathy as to draw out loud responses to their fervid sentiments from the goodly fellowship of worshipers. An incident had occurred a short time before which now quickened their supplications with a personal interest. Two sons of my host had just sailed for America, to make a home in West Tennessee for the whole family. They were only 18 and 19 years of age; but were well-educated and pious young men, most affectionately remembered by the whole communion of the chapel. It was affecting to see a row of those sunburnt men kneeling, as it were, behind a breastwork of heavy hobnailed shoes, praying with such emotion for the protection and well-being of these young men. They were mentioned in every supplication, and every man who did it on his knees prayed as if they were his own and only sons.

At three o'clock the service in the little parish church, almost opposite the residence of my host, was to commence. Its little bell, hung from a beam resting on two posts at the gable, began to call to the villagers with the smart but small voice of a large dinner-bell. They heard it up the hillsides and down in the valley, and came at its invitation by footpaths through the fields and by narrow, crooked lanes, hedged head-high with blooming hawthorn. As we were so near the church, we were to start when we saw the clergyman pass. In a few minutes he made his appearance in a companionship which showed the best elements of a true evangelical alliance, after the Gospel pattern. He had been a man of medium hight; but from some infirmity in his later years he was bent short at the breast, almost at a sharp angle. On one side of him walked his graceful and highly cultivated daughter, deeply read in Greek and all scholarly learning; but gentle, and meek, and quiet, with better graces. On the other side of the pastor walked a first-rate specimen of an English farm-laborer. He stood full six feet in his heavy, hobnailed shoes, which must, however, have added a full inch to his stature. He had on his head the round felt hat peculiar to his class. But its proud distinction he wore in the white smock-frock which it does one's eyes good to see, if he has ever delighted in stories of English rural life. It would be difficult for an American who has not actually seen it to get a good and proper idea of this unique garment. It is altogether a different thing from the old tow frocks worn by some of our farmers fifty years ago, although resembling them in shape. It is as much the uniform of the English farm-laborer as is the red coat that of the English soldier; and he wears it as proudly to church and on all public occasions. It is not only for use on week days, but for ornament on Sundays. It is literally ornamented to the highest conceptions of rustic genius in its make-up. At breast and back it shows the most elaborate embroidery of the rustic needle. Indeed, I have seen some of them (evidently kept for public appearance) that seemed to bear in their ornamentation a full mouth's work of such a needle. When put on white as snow, of a Sunday morning, Joe Dobbin walks to church with as much self-consciousness as any New York belle in Stewart's best. Then this long, embroidered robe covers, if not a multitude of worse defects, at least, defects in the clothes it conceals, which the wearer would not like to be seen at church.

It was interesting to see this evangelical triad walking to the sanctuary side by side, representing the refined and rough elements and forces of society. We followed them, and saw and realized in the little church such a pleasant fellowship of creeds and worshipers as I never witnessed before. My Wesleyan host was one of the wardens of the church, and the Wesleyan schoolmaster the pastor's clerk; so I got the readings and him and the responses. He was a stoutish man, with a square, bald head, thickly hedged at the sides with iron-gray hair. The austerities of a Calvinistic creed, or the equally serious cares and perplexities of a schoolmaster's life, had given a stern, unsunny expression to his face and voice; but he gently helped the pastor on with his black gown, and smoothed down its crumpled folds tenderly. He then took the clerk's desk, and his head in silent invocation, as if bowed by some inner born," and afterward went "to the table" the service with a reverent through all its holy emphasis. When the voice and clerk took a seat in a pew by the side of the pastor's daughter; and they sang psalms and hymns together out of the same book, he leading the whole congregation, if such a small as Wesleyans and other Dissenters could be so called, was composed all entered into the services, repeated the creeds, and uttered the responses heartily as if it were their own most and only church. The pastor looked upon them all as his own flock, and no shepherd ever watched over his sheep with more interest. Indeed, for twenty-seven years he had kept a Sunday check-book, as well as week-day diary; and in this he had put down the number and persons present at every service, for all this long period. The attendance in this one place of worship had averaged about forty persons, young and old, for this space of time.

In the evening the little evangelical alliance met in the Wesleyan chapel, which was well filled. Their local preacher, a wheelwright from a neighboring village, was now in the pulpit. If his thoughts did not suggest study by the midnight oil, his large, rough hands showed hard week-day toil from sun to sun. His heart was full of Gospel truth, and he poured it out in a volume of voice which made the building respond to his own emotion. He had the H difficulty strong upon him, and spoke of the final consummation of earthly things, when the "hellements hof hair" should be on fire, with remarkable force and fervor. But the superfluous H did not impair the meaning of his words, nor lessen their effect upon the audience. I noticed that the vicar's learned and accomplished daughter, who presided at the melodeon, listened to the sermon with meek and reverent attention. She again sat by the Wesleyan schoolmaster, and played and sang by his side as sweetly and devotionally as she did in the afternoon in her father's pew. When the service ended, it was pleasant to see Churchmen, Wesleyans, and other Dissenters walking home from the sanctuary in a goodly fellowship that lasted through the week, from Sabbath to Sabbath.

Nor was it only on the Sabbath that they met in religious worship. On every Friday evening there was a service in my host's large kitchen hall, as completely English, of the olden time, as one could be. It was to a farmer's retainers what the banqueting hall of the old feudal baron was to his hospitality. It was a long room, paved with brick, and hung overhead with sides of brown bacon, hams, and dried herbs, with a long black gun, of Queen Bess's stamp, lying in the middle, on wooden brackets. One side of the room was bright and glorious with the great jewelry of an English kitchen—shining pans and dishes of tin and copper, of wonderful disk and depth. At one end, and absorbing nearly its whole breadth, was the old-fashioned fireplace, with its seated depths into the chimney, that would hold a whole family inside the mantel. Up and down the center ran the great table, around which many generations had gathered to their meals. It was one entire slab of English oak, full four feet wide and twenty long, and just as black and smooth and polished as ebony.

Such was the place of week-night prayer, at which this little evangelical alliance met and spent an hour in Christian fellowship. The vicar was always present, and led the devotions; and what was written in their hearts they uttered in supplication and thanksgiving, without printed book or creed. It was well worth a long journey into the country to spend a Sunday in such a community, to witness "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

THE PERVERTED SOIL OF SWITZERLAND.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

ABOUT a year and a half ago I sent to your columns a letter on "The Vintage of Switzerland," in which I ventured some implications as to the innocence of Swiss wine as a beverage. I have been compelled, by subsequent observation, to modify my opinions somewhat upon this point. When I came to this fair country, during the vintage of '71, I saw only the romantic side of the wine question; and almost everybody told me that the popular drink was as harmless as lemonade or sweetened water. Now, that the "light wines," as they are called, are preferable beyond measure to the whisky, gin, and brandy of American consumption I have no doubt. And yet I am quite sure that the great majority of the Swiss men (I will not say women) are poisoned with alcohol.

A benevolent society in Geneva has lately offered a prize of several hundred francs for the best essay on the "Means of repressing drunkenness among the people." This fact tells its own story. I am afraid, however, if some philosopher should write a treatise recommending the extirpation of nine-tenths of the vineyards, and the planting of corn, potatoes, wheat, and cabbages in their stead, his essay would be rejected by the committee. Every man with five acres to plant sees more money in wine than he does in cereals. And so we have a drinking-shop on every corner, and the land is cursed with the baleful effects of alcoholic poison. The tables of longevity do not run very high in this land of the mountains, where one would naturally look for a wide prevalence of popular health. To my mind, the universal tippling and guzzling habits of the people furnish the most satisfactory cause. Just imagine nine-tenths of the farms in Orange or Dutchess Counties turned into apple orchards, and hard cider to become about as common and as cheap as Croton water, and you have very much such a state of things as prevails here. Wise agriculture and practical philanthropy must go hand in hand in this brave little republic, else its boasted political freedom will be offset by the moral bondage and degradation of the people.

VEVAY, SWITZERLAND, February, 1872.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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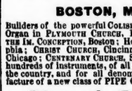

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Selections.

[From "Good Words for the Young."

THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD.

A HAREBELL hung its willful head:
"I am tired, so tired! I wish I was dead."

She hung her head in the mossy dell:
"If all were over, then all were well."

The wind he heard, and was pitiful;
He waved her about, to make her cool.

"Wind, you are rough," said the dainty bell.
"Leave me alone; I am not well."

And the wind, at the voice of the drooping dame,
Sank in his heart, and ceased for shame.

"I am hot, so hot!" she sighed and said,
"I am withering up; I wish I was dead."

Then the sun, he pitied her pitiful case,
And drew a thick veil over his face.

"Cloud, go away, and don't be rude.
I am not; I don't see why you should."

The cloud withdrew; and the harebell cried:
"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"

And the dew came down its millionfold path,
But she murmured: "I did not want a bath."

A boy came by in the morning gray;
He plucked the harebell, and threw it away.

The harebell shivered, and cried: "Oh! oh!
I am faint, so faint! Come, dear wind, blow."

The wind blew softly, and did not speak.
She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold," she said.
He rose; but lower she drooped her head.

"O rain, I am withering; all the blue
Is fading out of me. Come, please, do."

The rain came down as fast as it could;
But, for all its will, it did her no good.

She shuddered and shriveled, and, moaning, said:
"Thank you all kindly," and then she was dead.

Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next year,
She'll be simple and sweet. But I fear; I fear.

FOUR MEMORABLE YEARS AT HILO.

BY THE REV. S. J. HUMPHREY.

THE PARISH AND THE PEOPLE.

A STRIP of island seacoast from one to three miles wide, and a hundred long, dotted with groves, and seamed across by the deep chasms of mountain torrents; behind this, for twenty-five miles, a belt of impervious jungle, fencing in, since the days of Vancouver, numberless herds of wild cattle; beyond, in the interior, a rough, volcanic wilderness, culminating in a summit 14,000 feet in hight—a chaos of craters, some on the peaks of mountains, and some yawning suddenly before you in the forest, some long idle, some ceaseless active, making the night lurid with their flames, and still building up the unfinished island; one, a vast, fiery hollow, three miles across, the grandest lava caldron on the globe; 15,000 natives scattered up and down the sea-belt, grouped in villages of from 100 to 300 persons—a various, sensual, shameless, and yet tractable people, slaves to the chiefs, and herding together almost like animals—such is this parish, a strange mingling of crags and valleys, of torrents and volcanoes, of beauty and barrenness, and to this people, a race of thieves, drunkards, and adulterers, thirty-seven years ago, went the young missionary, Titus Coan. And here for four memorable years went on a work of grace scarcely paralleled elsewhere since the days of Pentecost.

A BEGINNING.

After a voyage of just six months around Cape Horn, Mr. Coan reached the islands, June 6th, 1835, and at once engaged in the work.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, most efficient coadjutors, came the charge of a boarding school, and much other labor at the home station; while to Mr. Coan, robust in health, and fervid as a speaker, the preaching and the touring naturally fell. His mental force and abounding physical life revealed themselves at the outset. In three months' time he began to speak in the native tongue, and before the year closed he had made the circuit of the island, a canoe and foot trip of 90 miles. On this first tour, occupying 30 days, he nearly suffered shipwreck, or rather canoewreck, as also twice afterward; he preached forty-three times in eight days, ten of them in two days; examined twenty schools and more than 1,200 scholars conversed personally with multitudes, and ministered to many sick persons—for he was, in a mild way, a physician withal. A letter of his, written at that time, says also: "I have a daily school of ninety teachers, and Mrs. Coan has one of 140 children, besides a large class of more advanced pupils."

This vigorous beginning, however, was but the prelude to the more incessant labor and to the marvelous scenes of the years following.

PROVIDENTIAL TRAININGS.

When God has a great work for his servants, he usually gives them some special training for it. Mr. Coan was a townsman and cousin of Nettleton. In his early ministry he was a colaborer with Finney. He had seen God's Word in the hands of these men as a fire and a hammer. He had learned what truths to use, and how to press them to immediate repentance. He had witnessed many conversions. Before he went to the islands his spiritual nature was charged with the electricity of a revival atmosphere. An exploring tour in Patagonia, where he had been sent by the Board, and where he lived for several months on horseback with savage nomads, had compacted his frame and inured him to hardship. Who shall say that the natives were not also in some sort trained for what was to follow? May it not be that there was an educating power in the volcanoes near which they lived? They were the frequent witnesses of grand and terrible sights: the shudder of earthquakes; the inflowing of great tidal waves; the dull red glow of lava streams; the leaping of fire cataracts into deep-lying pools, sending off the water in steam, and burning them dry in a night-time. There was no day when the smoke-breath of subterranean furnaces was out of their sight. Once they traced a river of lava burrowing its way to the sea, 1,500 feet below the surface, and saw it break over the shore cliff and leap into the hissing waves. Once, from their loftiest mountain, a pillar itself for three weeks 1,000 feet into the air, making darkness day for a hundred miles around, and leaving as its monument a vast cone a mile in circumference.

The people who were familiar with such scenes could understand, at least, what Sinai meant, and what are "the terrors of the Lord."

A SOUND OF GOING IN THE MULBERRY TREES.

There were signs of unusual attention to the truth on Mr. Coan's first tour, during the latter part of 1835.

"Multitudes flocked to hear" (we quote from our rescriptings of a recent interview, and from his letters to the Board); "many seemed pricked in their hearts." "I had literally no leisure, so much as to eat."

"One morning I found myself constrained to preach three times before breakfast, which I took at ten o'clock." He could not move out of doors without being thronged by people from all quarters. They stationed themselves in little companies by the wayside; and some followed him for days from village to village to hear the Gospel. Much of this, doubtless, was surface-excitement, or the mere curiosity of an idle people. But much of it, as the event proved, was the working of a divine leaven.

A TWO YEARS' CAMP MEETING.

In 1837 the great interest broke out openly. It was the time of a mighty moral stir through all the islands. Nearly the whole population of Hilo and Puna turned out to hear the Word. The sick and lame were brought on litters and on the backs of men; and the infirm often crawled to the trail where the missionary was to pass, that they might catch from his lips some word of life. And such a scene in a movement to which the history of the Church for ages no parallel since its first revival. The exigencies of the case demand unusual measures. 15,000 people, scattered up and down the coast for a hundred miles, hungry for the divine bread—what is one preacher, or at most two, among so many? He needs the wing as well as the tongue of an angel to preach to them the everlasting Gospel. But he is mortal. The preacher cannot go to each one of them. They must come to him. And so whole villages gather from many miles away, and make their homes near the mission house. Two-thirds of the entire population come in. Within the radius of a mile the 1 tle cabins clustered thick as they could stand. Hilo, the village of ten hundred, saw its population suddenly swelled to ten thousand; and here was held, literally, a camp meeting of two years. At any hour of the day or night a tap of the bell would bring together a congregation of from 3,000 to 6,000. Meetings for prayer and preaching were held daily. But this was not all. The entrance of the Word gave light in every way. The people wrought with a new industry at their little taro patches. The sea also gave them food. Schools for old and young went on. "Our wives held meetings for the native children, to teach them to attend to their persons, to braid mats, to make their *tapas*, hats, and bonnets." "Numerous and special meetings were held for all classes of the people, for the church, for parents, mothers, the inquiring, and for church candidates." There was no disorder. A Sabbath quiet reigned through the crowded hamlet, and from every booth at dawn and at nightfall was heard the voice of prayer and praise.

THE GREAT CONGREGATION.

Let us look in upon one of the great congregations. A protracted meeting is going on. The old church, 85 feet wide by 165 long, is packed with a sweltering and restless mass of 6,000 souls. A new church near by takes the overflow of 3,000 more, while hundreds press about the doors, crowding every opening with their eager faces. What a sight is there to look upon! The people sit upon the ground so close that no one, once fixed, can leave his place. You might walk over them; but to walk among them is impossible. It is a sea of heads, with eyes like stars. Yet they are far from being still. There is a strange mingling of the new interest and the old wildness, and the heated mass seethes like a caldron. An effort to sing a hymn is then made. The rude, inharmonious song would shock our ears; but the attempt is honest, and God accepts it as praise. Prayer is offered, and then the sermon comes. The occasion is most affecting, and calls for all the power of the reaper to thrust in the sickle. The great theme is: "You are sinners; Christ died to save you. Submit your hearts to God."

THE PREACHER AND THE PREACHING.

It must have required rare gifts to control such meetings, in order to secure good results. But Mr. Coan seems to have had the tact and nerve to do it. "I would rise before the restless, noisy crowd and begin. It wasn't long before I felt that I had got hold of them. There seemed to be a chord of electricity connecting them with me. I knew that I had them; that they would not go away. The Spirit would hush them by the truth, till they would sob and cry, 'What shall we do?' And the noise of the weeping would be so great that I could not go on."

The themes preached were the simple old doctrines. "It was the object of my deep and uniform attention to keep the holy law of God constantly blazing before the minds of all the people, and to hold the claims and sanctions of the Gospel in near and warm contact with their frigid hearts." "I preached as plainly and simply as I could, and enforced the texts by illustrations, until the whole congregation would be in a quiver. Yet I did not try to excite them, and did not call on them to rise to show interest. It was God's truth sent home by the Spirit that seemed to do the work.

Still there were not wanting those

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS

which have usually accompanied the mightier works of grace—especially among ruder peoples. Under the pressure of the truth there would be weeping, sighing, and outcries. "When we rose for prayer, some would fall down in a swoon. There were hundreds of such cases. I did not think much of it. On one occasion I preached from 'Madness is in their hearts.' I can see them now. It was such a scene! The truth seemed to have an intense power. A woman rose—she was a beautiful woman—and cried, 'Oh! I am the one. Madness is in my heart!' She became a noble Christian. A man cried out, "There's a two-edged sword cutting me in pieces. My flesh is all flying in the air!" There was a backwoods native, wicked, stout, who had come in to make fun. When we rose to pray, he nudged those about him with his elbows, to make them laugh. All at once he dropped like a log—fell suddenly. When he came to, he said, 'I was struck me.' He was subdued, and gave evidence of being a true Christian. Once, on a tour, I was preaching in the fields at a protracted meeting. There were perhaps 2,000 present. In the midst of the sermon a man cried out, 'Alas! what shall I do to be saved!' And he prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' And the whole congregation did the same, joining in with ejaculations. It was a most startling scene. I could get no chance to speak for half an hour, but stood still to see the salvation of God. There were many such scenes.

"But men would come and say:

"'HEY DON'N YOU PUT THIS DOWN?'

My answer was: 'I didn't get it up.' I didn't believe the Devil would set men to praying, confessing, and breaking off their sins by righteousness. These were the times when thieves brought back what they had stolen. Lost things reappeared and quarrels were reconciled. The lazy became industrious. Thousands broke their pipes and gave up tobacco. Drunkards stopped drinking. Adulteries ceased, and numerous confessed their crimes. Neither the Devil nor all the men of the world could have got this up. Why should I put it down? In the Old Testament Church there were times when the weeping of the people was heard afar. I always told the natives that such demonstrations were of no account, no evidence of conversion. I advised to quietness. I said, if they were sorry for their sins, God knew it; if they were forgiven, they need not continue to weep. And I especially tried to keep them from hypocrisy."

THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

In this work God's providences wrought with his Spirit. Notwithstanding the great interest, many opposed it and hardened themselves. But God had a sermon for them more pungent than human lips could utter. It was November 7th, 1837. The revival was at his hight, and a protracted meeting was going forward. The crescent sand beach, the most beautiful in the world, dotted all over its mile and a half of length with the native booths, and reaching up into the charming groves behind, smiled in security. A British whaler swung idly at its moorings in the harbor, and the great ocean slept in peace. The day closed as usual, and the natives out *en masse* for the daybreak prayer-meeting; and the customary routine went on—a scattering for breakfast, a flocking together for the nine-o'clock sermon (there were four preachings per day), with the accustomed crush of 6,000 inside the old church, and the swarms pressing about the doors and windows; then the usual surging of inquirers, and the crowds following the missionaries to their homes; and half, and so on through the day. There must have been a funeral that day, for the natives tell, although the preacher does not remember it, that the text was "Be ye also ready." At seven o'clock in the evening, just as Mr. Coan was calling his family together for prayers, a heavy sound was heard, as of a falling mountain upon the beach. Immediately a great cry and wailing arose, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. "The sea, by an unseen hand, had all on a sudden risen in a gigantic wave; and, rushing in with the rapidity of a race-horse, had fallen upon the shore, sweeping everything into indiscriminate ruin. Men, women, children, houses, canoes, food, clothing—everything was tossed wild upon the flood." "So sudden, so unexpected was the catastrophe that the people were literally 'eating and drinking,' and they knew not till the flood came and swept them all away." The wave fell upon them like the bolt of Heaven; and no man had time to flee, or save his garment. In a moment hundreds of people were struggling with the raging billows and in the midst of their earthly all. Some were dashed upon the shore, some were drawn out by friends who came to their relief, some were carried out to sea by the retiring current, and soon sank to rise no more till the noise of the judgment wakes them." Through the great mercy of God, only thirteen were drowned. But the loud roar of the ocean, the cries of distress, the shrieks of the perishing, the frantic rush of hundreds to the shore, and the desolation there presented, combined to make it a scene of thrilling and awful interest. There was no sleep that night.

"To the people it seemed to be the voice of Almighty God when he speaketh." The next day the meetings went on with renewed power; and through all the week, as the sea gave up, one after another, its dead, and the people with funeral rite bore them to their resting places, the Spirit sent home this new sermon with divine effect. The case of the

HIGH PRIEST AND PRIESTESS OF PELE

was of peculiar interest. He was a man of majestic presence, six feet five inches in hight; and his sister, co-ordinate was him in power, was nearly as tall. As great high priest of the volcano, thirty miles away, his business was to keep the dreadful Pele appeased. He lived upon the shore; but went up often with sacrifices to the fiery home of their deity. If a human victim was needed, he only had to look and point, and the poor native was immediately strangled. He was not only the embodiment of heathen piety, but of heathen crimes. So fierce and tyrannical was his temper that no native dared tread on his shadow. Robbery was his pastime. More than once he had struck a man dead for his food and garment—the whole of it was worth fifty cents. If he had let crept into one of the meetings, and the truth laid hold of him. He came again and again, and would sit on the ground by the preacher, weeping and confessing his crimes. "I have been deceived," he said. "I have lived in darkness, and did not know the true God. I worshiped what was no God. I renounce it all. The true God has come. He speaks. I bow down to him. I want to be his child." His sister came soon after, and they stayed months to be taught. The change in them was most wonderful. They became quiet and docile, and after due probation were received to the church. They were then about seventy years old, and a few years afterward they died in peace, witnessing to the marvelous grace of God.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.

In the year 1838 the waves of salvation rolled deep and broad over the whole field, and the converts were numbered by thousands. In us, who seldom see above a hundred accessions to a church from a revival, this appears almost incredible. And how such a work could have been managed and made to stand in permanent results seems a mystery. There were but two missionaries and a preacher, and their wives. The extremes of the parish were a hundred miles apart. Portions of it were reached only at the peril of life and of limb. It is true that thousands came into the central station and its out-off villages, and stayed several months. But this could not last. By what aids and means were such results wrought and secured in permanency? There was a marvelous conjunction of the Spirit. This was first and highest. The battle cry was "The sword of the Lord"; but it was also "The sword of Gideon." The human means used were adapted to produce the results. Mr. Coan was providentially assisted in his associates. Mr. Lyman was a true yoke-fellow, alternating with him, in addition to his school labor, in preaching at the protracted meetings. The missionaries' wives, grounded by the broad Spirit their own little children, held daily meetings with the women, the audiences sometimes numbering thousands.

[From "St. Paul's."]

SWAM DELICACY.

POSSIBLY because paint is considered to be a characteristic of a class of persons who have no other purpose in life than to look attractive, and whom we cannot wish to imitate, an unnecessary amount of contempt and contumely has been cast on cosmetics. It seems to us that (apart from the risk of injuring the cuticle of the skin, the usual result of opaque and bad pastes and powders), there is not any more loss or degradation in avowedly hiding defects of complexion, or touching the face with pink or white, than in padding the dress, piercing the ears, or replacing a lost tooth; nor can half the objections be urged against this practice that can be urged against that of wearing false hair. It seems to me generally a harmless and very common case; and necessary and decent practice. There are numberless girls who are most amiable, and who would be almost pretty, perhaps quite so, if they were not afflicted with thoroughly bad white complexions. Some by nature, some through a peculiarity of health, are martyrs to pimples and other eruptions, which might be considerably disguised. Some have been ruined by smallpox, by measles indeed, every one knows cases of the kind, where the use of cosmetics would be a real kindness to the victim's friends. But these girls, though any other personal improvements—as paddings, or false teeth—is quite allowable in their eyes, have been educated in a righteous horror of "paint," and talk with a flourish about the "superiority of honesty" as they call it. Indeed, they *are* honest where they can least afford to be so, and with the unpleasant result of disgusting their friends. But they are *not* always horribly honest; unhappily both in their honesty and dishonesty they are equally unwise and culpable. Let them take off that ridiculous bustle, and put a little harmless powder over that unsightly red scar on the cheek; let them let out their poor, wasp-like waists to something like a sane circumference, and just evaporate with one tiny bottle of a very pale liquid one spot on their nose. It seems to me an inexpressibly absurd and inconsistent "crack" of modern middle-class society that, if an heiress is known to use a *soupçon* of color or tinted powder, she is sneered at and laughed at by her virtuous female friends, and so she is; who will sternly command those who are obese beyond all limits to wear nothing but black, decently made; who will forbid the heated dreams of overworked dressmakers to dispose themselves in gigantic patterns on human drapery; who will then, perhaps, even commence a raid against the obstinacy which clothes our men in swallow-tails, straight trowsers, shirt-collars, and "anguish pipes."

[From the "National Advocate."]

THE BAR.

BY D. X. JUNKIN, D.D.

The "bar" is always supplied with the choicest liquors.—*Hotel Advertisement.*

WHY call it a bar? Say, whence is derived
This name for a *depot* of spirits of evil?
Was the name by some sly friend of virtue contrived,
Or, like the thing named, did it come from the Devil?

Be this as it may, 'tis a capital name—
Short, easily said, and of meaning most pregnant;
And I rather suspect from the Devil it came,
For e'en to his friends he is slyly malignant.

But what is its meaning? Why call it a bar?
Because, *prima facie*, it bars from the liquor.
But that's not its full, honest meaning, by far;
Just bungle the money, the rum follows quicker!

I'll tell what it means: 'tis a bar to all good,
And a constant promoter of everything evil;
'Tis a bar to all virtue—that is well understood—
A bar to the right and a fort for the Devil.

'Tis a bar to all industry, prudence, and wealth;
A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety;
A bar to clear thought, and a bar to sound health;
A bar to good conscience, to prayer, and to piety.

A bar to the sending of children to school,
To clothing and giving them good education;
A bar to the observance of every good rule,
A bar to the welfare of family and nation!

A bar to the hallowed enjoyments of home;
A bar to the holiest earthly fruition;
A bar that forbids its frequenters to come
To the joys and rewards of a virtuous ambition.

A bar to integrity, honor, and fame,
To friendship and peace and connubial love;
To the purest delights that on earth we may claim;
A bar to salvation and Heaven above!

[By Rev. Geo. B. Bacon, of "Scribner's Monthly."]

SPIRITUAL QUACKERY.

THE tendency to rely on a professional revivalist to bring about what ought to be, if it is anything worth having, a natural result, is the sure way to encourage quackery and to multiply impostors. That revival which is merely the result of spiritual jugglery, of "making believe very much" in the claims of an audacious pretender, who asserts that he has somehow a mysterious knack at saving souls, is very likely to be fruitful in various mischiefs. A revival of religion does not happen by accident. It is not an effect without a cause. It cannot be produced by artifice or trickery. Whatever mystery there is about it is in the mystery of the working of the laws of mind and spirit. It comes from God, as all good gifts do. It is the work of the Divine Spirit, if it is a revival of religion at all. But, while we reverently acknowledge that his loving will is higher than our thoughts can climb, we do not mean that it is capricious, or arbitrary, or defiant of the laws by which it has wisely ordained to operate. No human philosophy can perfectly explain the working of the spiteful and deplorable quarrels among the very people whom the revivalist assumes to benefit! What wonder if the newspapers grow black with words of conflict concerning the merits of the celebrity in question! Perhaps by and by his public performances come to be managed as if he were a star performer at a theater; threats of withdrawing him from an unappreciative community are heard; intimations that some other field is clamoring for his services; announcement of his last week, and then of possible another week, and then, owing to the importunities of friends, and contrary to general expectation, "a very few nights more!" Till, finally, when the jaded emotions and susceptibilities of the community have become wholly irresponsive, and the fire of excitement has burned out; when stories of the sanctity of the evangelist and of the exhausting nature of his labors, requiring him, as rumor says, to be rubbed down at every second hostelry after every evening's trot—stories which were singularly stimulating to public curiosity, when they were first rehearsed in confidential gossip of the tea-party and conference-room—have grown a trifle wearisome, this Bedouin shepherd of the flocks of other people moves to fresh fields and pastures new. It will be strange if there do not accompany him on his journey divers of the faithful women well stricken in years. Have we not seen him on his pilgrimage taking refreshment at the railway *kahn?* And, while one sister ministers to the wants of his inner man, one with anxious tenderness manages the spoon, and still another ties the napkin over the perpendicular vestments, he stands a helpless and much-coddled spectacle to man and angels. The picture is finished by the surgical aid of the spiritual quack there does come some Nemesis!

We leave him, then, in such an attitude, not utterly unpicturesque, going his way to fields of new ore, and, combustible community the fierce of his excitements; and for a moment we linger to poke among the ashes of the fire that has burned out—a sorrowful task; for now the sects begin to wrangle for what valuables there may be among the rubbish, and the Lord's name has set in. A peevish disgust at ordinary, wholesome spiritual food; a headaching weariness, as after a religious dissipation. The buzz and hum of the religious mayfly, with its gaudy and well-made boots? You can't help losing your teeth; but who will quarrel with you for wearing false ones? You cannot make your thin hair thick; but who will decline your acquaintance because you intermingle an artificial braid or two? Yes, a score years ago, these teeth and false hair were among the most proscribed of proscribed enormities; while now every one sensibly approves the former, and every girl carries a Christian's modest quantity of hair upon her crown. I blame some of them; I do not blame all. It is needless for a woman who has plenty of natural hair to add false hair to it; and, if carried to a very fashionable extent, the practice must in time be felt to become a folly on a young head; but I do not blame them altogether, for it is better they should study their appearance badly than not study it at all; and when England nurtures a more cultivated and intelligent race the monstrosities of fashion will grow beautifully less.

Lastly, let us have moderation and good taste. If an emaciated woman pad her dress, she must not overdo it, or pad it in the wrong place. That outrage of Nature more than if she left it alone. If a woman powder or paint, she must not smear her face carelessly with unnatural tints, like a clown in a pantomime. I should not recommend anything injurious or dangerous—belladonna for the eyes, for instance, which after a time destroys the sight, and in most cases is used so clumsily that the effect is exceedingly bad. There are numerous cosmetics, which leave the pores open, whilst they tint the skin, and will bear safe contact with soap and water. I should strenuously enjoin the wise use of these which are quite compatible with health and cleanliness. A woman who ruins her fine head of dark hair in making it yellow, to follow the fashion, is a fool; but if she does not injure it by the process, and she prefers to wear it yellow, it is her own business to criticise her. Let them leave her alone, and be more wise themselves.

Oh! women, do not pretend you are indifferent to your personal charms. It is not true; and, were it true, it would be a disastrous blunder. Remember that others are not indifferent to you. A beautiful woman is the pride of her own sex. Beauty is so precious in the eyes of women that they never fail to appreciate it even in rivals, unless they themselves happen to be ugly, in which case envy must be very strong to make them spiteful—not through real ill-nature, but more from natural impulse; not even consciously very often, but inevitably. A woman is naturally jealous of a rival; but when that which to her affectionate soul is dearer than life itself, and which begets her love of beauty—affection—is not compromised, she will always do justice to her sisters. Goldsmith put a true sentiment into the mouth of Emma Hardcastle: "The next best thing to being pretty one's self is to have pretty relations." And a pretty face is such a delight to the eye that it ought surely to be prized and cultivated. But cultivate it wisely. Women have no right to injure their health in order to enhance their beauty.

A lady who squeezes her waist into ten inches endangers her life, in order to become a disgusting object. She provokes the horrified query, "Where are her lungs and her other internal organs?" She ought to be excluded from the company of all æsthetic and sensible-minded people till she sees her folly. The same must be said of a girl who wears heels so lofty that she cannot walk without the support of an umbrella, and whose features are actually drawn with pain.

I long for the time when some acknowledged censor will issue upon the laws of propriety and beauty being observed throughout the fashionable world, who will absolutely forbid the emaciated to exhibit their bones like anatomical models; who will sternly command those who are obese beyond all limits to wear nothing but black, decently made; who will forbid the heated dreams of overworked dressmakers to dispose themselves in gigantic patterns on human drapery; as to secure the comfort and health of those employed, as well as the pleasure of its visitors, which at times number as many as twenty-five thousand in a single day.

The manner of doing this immense business is so systematized as to be entirely characteristic of Mr. Stewart himself, admitting of no confusion or delay in delivering parcels or the transaction of other business.

The salesmen in attendance are required to exercise politeness alike to the wealthy lady in quest of silks or satins and extra attention to the working-woman, who meets here daily to supply their wants, all of whom are subject to the same undeviating rule of no misrepresentation as to price or quality.

The business of this house is worldwide, having, besides the two large stores in this city, a depot in Manchester for English goods, in Belfast for linens, at Glasgow for Scotch goods, at Paris for dress and fancy goods, at Berlin for woolen and German goods, and a large warehouse at Lyons for silks. There are also numerous agents of manufactories who work exclusively for this firm—Alexandre and Couvoisier, in Paris gloves; Utica Steam Woolen Mills and others, of this state; and Cheney Bros., silk manufacturers, of Hartford, Conn.

The great element of success with Mr. Stewart is based upon a fixed integrity of purpose in all dealings, a rare skill in systematizing the details of trade, a quick perception of coming events, and the courage to utilize the same.

His career is no less remarkable as a merchant than are his deeds of great charity, bestowed in his princely manner: viz., the donation of $50,000 to women depending on their own exertions for a support, and to widows with children, without a protector, who suffered by the great fire at Chicago; the freighting of a ship with stores of food for famishing Ireland; the gift of nearly 5,000 barrels of flour to the exhausted and impoverished French, after their recent unsuccessful struggle with the German forces; the erection of the magnificent building, near completion, designed as a home for destitute working-women; and also the founding of a city of refuge at Hempstead Plains for those of small means. These are simply a few of the more noted acts of charity and benevolence for which this great merchant has become distinguished, and which are known to the public; while there are thousands of charitable acts privately performed which have been carefully concealed from the public view.

We have said this much in justice to one of our leading citizens, whose success is based upon the fundamental principles of truth, which should underlie the elements of society, and whose business example should be held up for imitation and regard to the young business men of the country.

[From "Lippincott's Monthly."]

LOT AND HIS WIFE: A NEW VERSION.

AS I approached a pond, a few days ago, where some negroes were cutting ice, I chanced to hear the conclusion of a conversation between two of the hands on the subject of religion.

"What you know 'bout 'ligion? You don't know nuthin' 'tall 'bout 'ligion."

"I know heap 'bout 'ligion: ain't I bin done read de Bible?"

"What you read in de Bible? I lay you carn't tell me nuthin' what you read in de Bible."

"But I kin, dough (though). I read 'bout 'Morro."

"What sort o' 'Morro—to-morrow?"

"No, Go-Morro."

"Well, whar he go, and what he go for?"

"Shoh, man! He didn' go nowhar, 'coz he was a town."

"Dar! didn' I tell you you didn' know nuthin' 'bout nuthin'? You read de Bible! Hoccum (how come) de town name 'Morro, and how de town gwine go anywhar? Town ain't got no legs."

"Man, you's a born fool, sho'. De 'town named Go-Morro; but dey call it Morro coz dey didn' have no time to stay dar talkin' long talk."

"Debbil dey didn'! Ef dey stay dar to-day, why can't dey stay dar to-morrow? 'Splain me dat."

"But dey all gone, and de town too. All done bu'n up."

"Ef dere ain't no pepul, and dere ain't no town, how de town name 'Morro? G'long, nigger! Didn't I know you didn' know nuthin' 'tall 'bout 'ligion? But" (sarcastically) "tole me some mo' what you read in de Bible."

"Well, 'Morro was a big town—'bout mighty nigh's big as Wa-hin'ton City. And de pepul dat live dar was de meanes' pepul in de whole worl'. Dey was dat mean dat de Lord he couldn' abear 'em, and he make up his min' dat he gwine bu'n de town clean up. But dar was one good man dar—member uv de church, a p'sidin' elder—name Lot."

"Yass, I know'd him."

"Whar you know'd him?"

"On de cannell (canal). He owned a batto, and dror'd it bisse'f."

"Heist, man! I talkin' sense, now. Den de Lord he come to Lot, and he say, 'Lot, I gwine bu'n dis town. You and you wife git up and gether your little alls, and put out 'fo de crack o' day, 'coz I cert'n'y gwine bu'n dis town and de pepul to-morrow.' Den Lot he and he wife riz, and snatched up their little alls, and traveled soon in de mornin'. And the Lord he tuk two light'ud (lightwood) knots and some shavin's, and he set fire to dat ar town uv 'Morro, and he bu'n it spang up, clear down to de ground."

"What 'came o' Lot?"

"He and he wife, dey went, and dey went, and dey went, twell pres'n'ly he wife, she don't gone and let a big meal-sifter and de rollin'-pin, I wisht I may die!" And she turn roun' to go fetch 'em, and she turn roun', and—and—*she dar now!*"

"What she doin' dar?"

"Nuthin'."

"Must be mons'us lazy 'coman."

"No, she ain't. De Lord he tu'n her to pillow uv salt, 'coz she too 'quisitive."

"Dat's jes' like him! he know 'bout sack o' salt: who ever hear 'bout pillow uv salt? But what 'come o' Lot?"

"Lot, he weren't keerin' nuthin' 'tall 'bout no rollin'-pin and no meal-sifter; so he kep' right along, 'thout turnin' he head, neither to the right, neither to the lef'."

"And lef' de ole 'coman dar?"

"Yass."

"In di middle of de road?"

"Yass."

"Must keer'd mighty little fur her—want to get married to seek'n' wife, I spec'. But de fus' man come 'long, and want to git some salt to bake salcake, he done bust a piece out'n Lot's wife, and 'stroy her; and what you think o' dat? Call dat 'ligion? And de ole man done lef' her?"

And you read dat—"

Here a peremptory order from the foreman to "go to work" broke short the conversation.

A WOMAN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O, DWARFED and wronged, and stained with ill,
Behold! thou art a woman *still!*
And, by that sacred name and dear,
I bid thy better self appear.

Still, through thy foul disguise, I see
The rudimental purity,
That, spite of change and loss, makes good
Thy birthright claim of womanhood;
An inward loathing, deep, intense;
A shame that is half innocence.

Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin!
Rise from the dust thou liest in,
As Mary rose at Jesus's word,
Redeemed and white before the Lord!
Reclaim thy lost soul! in his name,
Rise up and break thy bonds of shame?

Art weak? He's strong. Art fearful? Hear
The world's O'ercomer: "Be of cheer!"
What lip shall judge when he approves?
Who dare to scorn the child he loves?

[From "Scribner's Monthly."]

HEPWORTH AND HETERODOXY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

ONE after another Huntington, Osgood, and Hepworth have come out from the Unitarian Church, and joined the ranks of those who believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, as the Trinitarians believe in it. One needs not to seek far to find the reason. Mr. Hepworth gave it very naturally at the Congregational Conference, on the 18th of January, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Asking himself to represent the average man in moral weakness, wickedness, and need, he had said of himself: "A man cannot save me, I don't care how big he is. I cannot be saved by a Hebrew philosopher. He must be more than that." That little statement covers or suggests the whole philosophy of the matter. Earnest men who believe in anything believe that Jesus Christ was only man, or only God, according to their views of their own natures and needs. A man who believes that his nature is wholly good, that he bears within himself no hereditary depravity and no dominant principle of selfishness, necessarily, that he does not need to be saved. Jesus Christ the man—the great human teacher—is enough for him. In his opinion, all he needs is to be led and taught. He apprehends and feels no need of a divine Saviour. On the other hand, the man who believes his nature to be depraved, and realizes that he needs something more than instruction—that he needs and must have help, inspiration, salvation—must believe in a Jesus who can save so far as he is concerned.

We suppose it must be a matter of common observation that as soon as a Unitarian clergyman really begins in earnest the work of saving men he begins to drift toward the evangelical view of Christ. So long as Unitarianism works among the refined and the highly educated, even, if they are politely selfish, it gets along (even if well; but the moment it is called to carry present the motives of reformation upon to the wicked, the heresy upon to the wicked, the heresy upon to the wicked, the degradation to the itself inexpressibly weak. Added it finds preaches nurture and culture and the man who ment to a congregation of refined men and vicious women—a congregation of brutal men and refined women—it preaches that which every one of the Unitarian Church; and these will make their deposits in the future as they have made them in the past. One has borne Huntington, Osgood, and Hepworth out of the church into Trinitarianism; the other ought long ago to have carried out of the church, in the opposite direction, others as well known as those whose names we have mentioned. One can hardly understand the motive which induces a certain class of rationalists to cling to a church which calls itself Christian. If they were as candid and conscientious as those from whom they have so widely separated, they would cut loose from the body whose strength they so sadly weaken. Another fact is just as evident as that these drifts of opinion exist within the Unitarian Church—viz., that the mightier the Christ of a church is the mightier the church as an influence for good in the world. Christ disarmed of divine power, shorn of divine authority, stripped of his infinite loveliness, and despoiled of those glories which he shared "with the Father before the world was," is only a milder Mohammed or a finer Joseph Smith. We can say so much without pushing any partisan view of the subject. If any proposition can be more nearly self-evident than that the power of a religion depends upon the power of its inspiring source, we have never met with it.

[From "Appincott's Monthly."]

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NURSERY RHYMES FOR LITTLE SCI